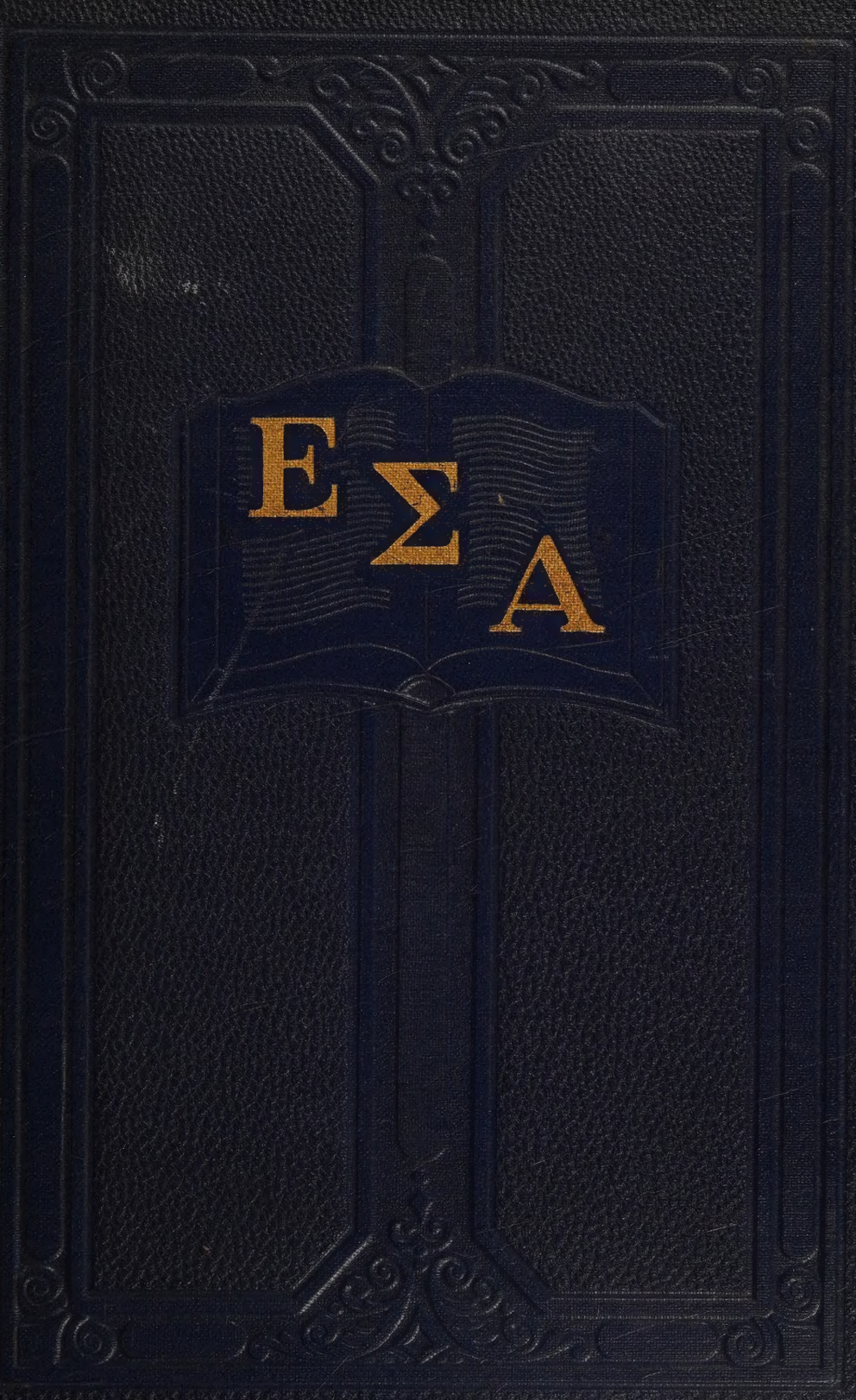
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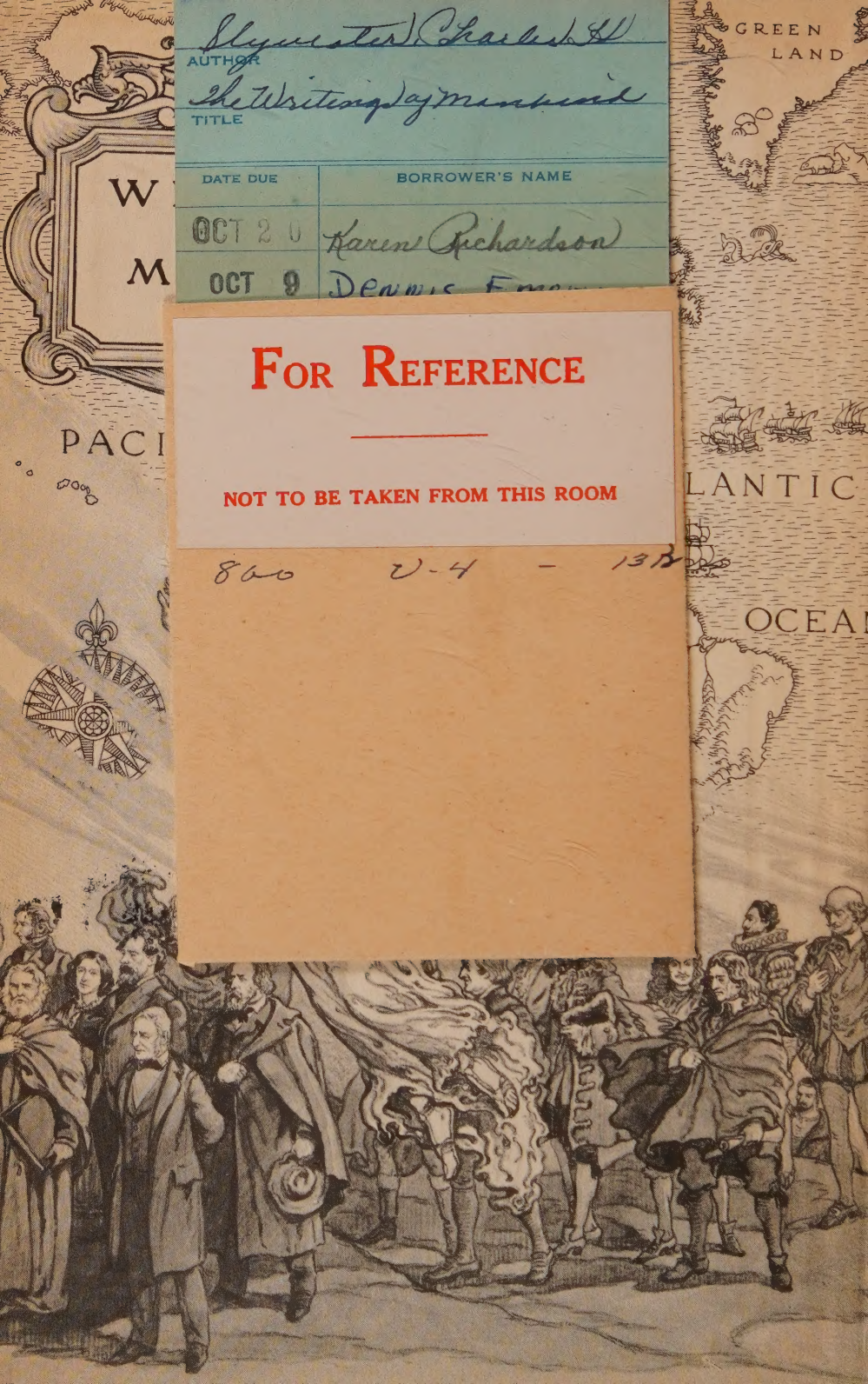

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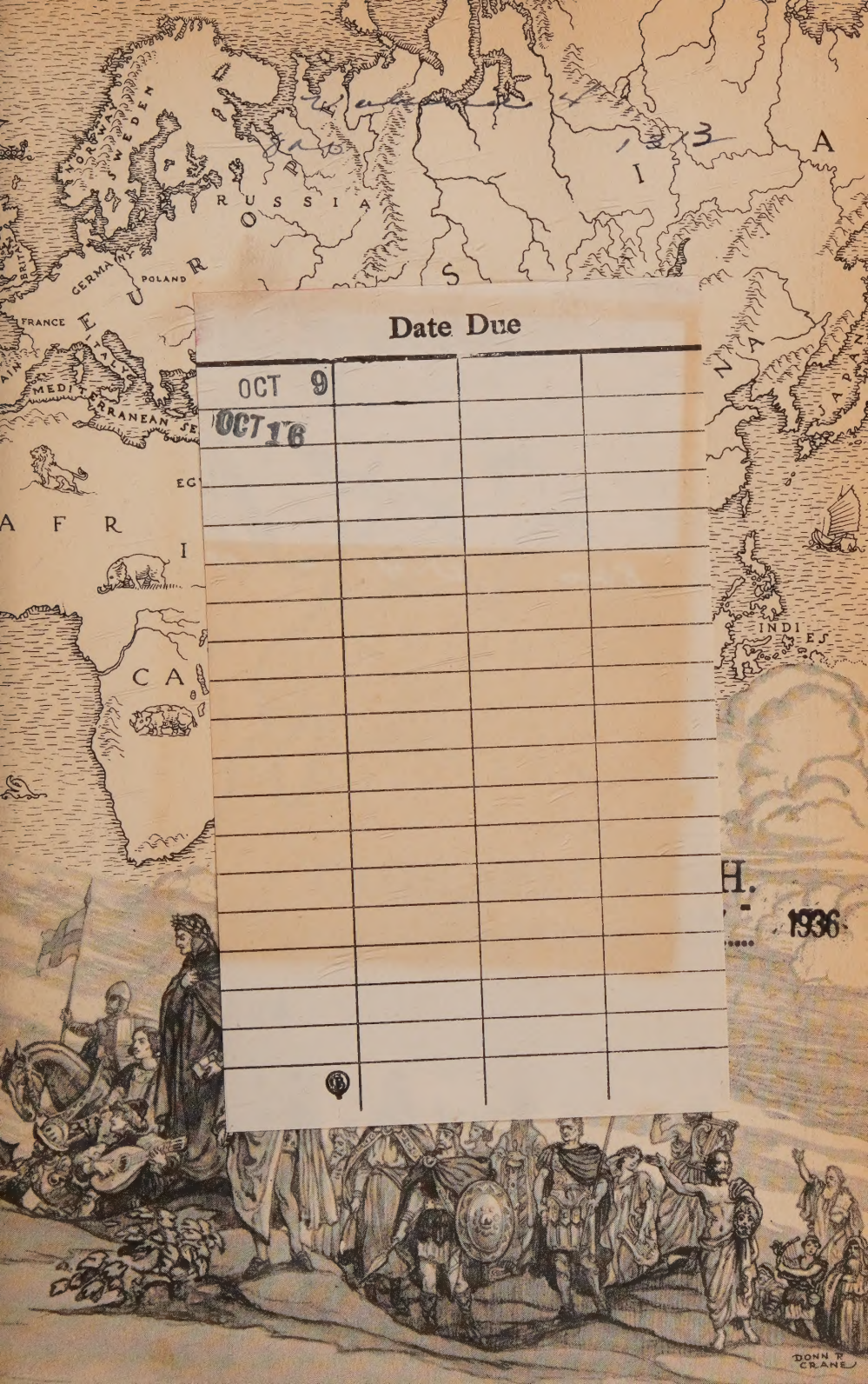

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THE
WRITINGS OF MANKIND

From Painting by F. Cormon

VICTORS OF SALAMIS

The Epsilon Sigma Alpha Sorority

Authorized Text

THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philosophies and Religions, of Those Nations That Have Contributed Most to Civilization

By

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES
Illustrated

VOLUME FOUR
GREECE

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
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CHAPTER XV

SOPHOCLES

BIOGRAPHY. Sophocles, whose father was a prosperous Athenian armorer, was born about 496 B. C., and thus was a contemporary of Aeschylus and Euripides, both of whom he survived, dying a few months after the younger Euripides. Sophocles was the type of the serene, happy, intellectual Athenian; born a little too late to have known Marathon and Salamis, he died before the fall of Athens. So in his long life, during which he was the trusted friend of Pericles, he saw Athens at its best, and reflected the highest genius of that fertile epoch. He was so comfortable in Athens that he never felt the necessity for going to foreign courts, but lived content with the honors that were showered upon him. As a youth he was considered graceful, beautiful,

and made himself popular by dancing in the character of Nausicaa playing ball with her attendant maidens, before their discovery by Ulysses.

He was twenty-eight when he gained his first victory over Aeschylus in a drama, which was perhaps the *Triptolemus*. It is said that during this contest the factions in the case grew so excited that the archon removed the five judges and appointed in their places ten generals who had just returned from the campaigns, and delighting in the patriotism of the young author, they awarded him the victory.

One anecdote, which, however, does not seem reasonable, tells us that late in life his son Iophon, irritated by his father's familiarity with a pretty slave, tried to secure control of the property by charging Sophocles with mental incapacity, but the old poet recited to the judges an ode he was then writing and established his sanity.

Sophocles held a number of important offices. He was named a general, but saw little active service; he was treasurer of the empire, and was not accused of theft; he served as ambassador, and at one time held a minor priesthood. In all those various capacities he filled his office "as any good Athenian ought," but apparently was not ambitious for public life. After his death, about 406 B. C., he was worshiped with heroic honors.

II. Sophocles as a Dramatist. Sophocles made a number of changes in the economy of

the Greek drama, perhaps the most noteworthy of which was his abandonment of the idea of the trilogy and establishing in its place three separate and distinct plays, each complete in itself. Another improvement was the introduction of the third actor upon the stage, which gave him much greater freedom in carrying out his plots. Besides these changes, he subordinated the chorus and considered its chief function to lie in explaining the thought-processes of his actors, and lessened the importance of the lyrics, although he never excluded them, as did some of his successors. It is said that at one time he remarked that Aeschylus wrote properly without knowing it, that Euripides painted men and women as they are, but that he himself exhibited human nature as it ought to be.

His plots are comparatively simple, but he elaborates the mental processes of his characters and creates a strong interest in their actions, however unimportant they may be. In the hands of Aeschylus a certain situation might appear as full of horror and reeking with unutterable woe; Sophocles, using the same incident, would not destroy the pathos, but would, by his consummate art, take away much of the horror and distress and leave in their place a feeling of sympathy with human suffering and reconcilement with the inevitableness of human destiny. His work, then, represents the highest refinement of the Age of Pericles. Through his writings flows con-

tinually that charm of which only occasional reflections are seen in the other tragic poets. After all is said, however, we must regard him as the poet of the human mind, the one to whom was revealed its innermost workings, the one who saw into the very souls of humanity and read clearly the laws which governed them. If as a poet he has less of sublime imagination than Aeschylus and less of ingenuity than Euripides, he stands first as an artist and occupies a position above and between the two great rivals.

III. The Dramas of Sophocles. For upwards of sixty years Sophocles was writing, with few serious interruptions, for he never allowed his public duties to divert the real purpose of his life. During those long years he produced over one hundred twenty dramas, of which seven survived, together with more or less extended fragments of about ninety others. The seven plays are *Ajax, Antigone, Electra, Oedipus Tyrannus, Trachiniae, Philoctetes* and *Oedipus at Colonus.* The fragments from the lost dramas number some eight hundred, in some cases consisting of single lines, while in other cases they extend to whole stanzas. In some instances scholars have been able to identify the name of the play to which the fragments belong, while in other instances it cannot be placed. Altogether we have the names of about one hundrd of the lost dramas.

IV. The "Ajax." *Ajax* is undoubtedly one of the earliest of the extant plays, and few

SOPHOCLES
496–406 B. C.

THE GREAT DRAMATIST OF THE AGE OF PERICLES.

critics place it later than the *Antigone*. The scene of the play goes back to the Trojan War, with Ajax brooding over his dishonor when the arms of Achilles were given to Ulysses instead of to him. At the same time Athena becomes his bitter enemy because of his presumptuous talk, and drives him mad. In his frenzy he fights with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, thinking them to be Ulysses and the Greeks. When his reason returns and he learns the absurd things he has done, he is so humiliated that he gives up all hope of honorable life and, bidding farewell to his concubine and infant son, falls upon his sword and dies. The latter part of the play is taken up with the dispute concerning his burial and shows the magnanimity of Ulysses, who wishes him to have full honors. This is not one of the greatest of the Sophoclean dramas, but the character of Tecmessa is remarkably well drawn; the farewell of Ajax to his infant son, a pathetic scene; the great chief's final speech, a noble one.

In the extract which we make, Ajax has recovered his reason, and burning with shame, has decided to take his life. Tecmessa speaks:

Tecmessa. O my lord Ajax, in the ills of men
There is none sorer than Necessity.
I was the offspring of a sire free-born,
Strong in his wealth, no Phrygian more than he;
And now, I am a slave. So the gods willed it,
And thy right hand determined. Coming thus
Unto thy bed, I am on thy side, now.
And I beseech thee by our household Jove,

And by thy couch, which thou didst share with me,
Leave me not open to contemptuous talk
From thy foes' tongues, bequeathing me to be
Handmaid to some one! For the very day
Thou diest, and dying puttest me away,
Think how the Argives will lay violent hands
On me who, with thy son, must thenceforth eat
The bread of bondage! And some master then,
In bitter language aiming taunts me,
Will word me—"'Look at Ajax' concubine!
His, who was once the mightiest of the host;
What servitude, after such envied state,
Is come on her!" Such things will some one say,
And I shall be the sport of destiny,
But thee and thine these sayings will bring to shame.
O tremble, ere in sorrowful old age
Thou leav'st thy father—leav'st thy mother, too,
Who has seen so many years, and oft to Heaven
Is praying for thy return in safety home!
And pity, O King, thy son—if he, bereft
Of childish nurture, must survive alone,
Under unfriendly guardians—what sore trouble
Is this which, by thy death, thou wilt impart
To him and me? For I no longer know
To whom to look, save thee; my native land
Thy spear destroyed; and yet another stroke
Brought low my mother and my sire, to be
Inhabitants of Hades with the dead.
What home, then, could supply thy place to me?
What wealth? All my existence is in thee.
Have thou some care for me. Some mindfulness
A man should surely keep, of anything
That pleased him once. Kindness is kindness' mother;
Nor can we count him gentle any more,
Whose memory fails him of a benefit.

1 *Mariner.* Ajax, I wish that you felt pity at heart
As I do; then you would approve her words.

Ajax. Approval she shall have from me—at least
If she resolves to do my bidding well.

Tecmessa. O my dear Ajax, wholly I obey.
Ajax. Bring me my son, that I may see him, now.
Tecmessa. I was afraid, and let him go away.
Ajax. During these troubles, was it? Or what mean you?
Tecmessa. Lest he should meet you and be killed, poor child!
Ajax. Truly it would have matched my fortunes well!
Tecmessa. Oh but I watched well, and prevented it.
Ajax. Praised be the work, and your good providence!
Tecmessa. How can I be of service to you now?
Ajax. Give me a sight of and a word with him.
Tecmessa. Yes. He is in the servants' charge, hard by.
Ajax. Why is he not yet here, though?
Tecmessa. Here, my boy,
Your father calls you. Bring him hither, you,
Whichever of the men is minding him.
Ajax. Lags he behind, or comes he at your call?
Tecmessa. Oh yes, the servant here is bringing him.

Enter Servant with EURYSACES

Ajax. Lift him up, lift him hither; he will not quail
To gaze upon this slaughter freshly wrought,
If he be mine of right paternity.
He must begin, now, to be broken in
To the rough fashions of his father's way,
And grow the same in nature. O my son,
May you be luckier than your father! else
As good as he was; and you will do bravely.
Ay, and already I could well envy you,
Because you have no inkling of these ills;
The happiest life consists in ignorance,
Before you learn to grieve and to rejoice;
But, when you come to it, it will be for you
To approve, upon your father's enemies,
Your birth and breeding. Gentle airs, meanwhile,
Give thee repast; dally with infancy,
And be thy mother's darling! Well I know
There is no Greek will try to injure thee
With foul reproach, though thou be fatherless;
So watchful is the guardian I shall leave

About thee—Teucer—tireless in thy care,
Albeit now, chasing the common foe,
He wanders far. Seamen and shield-bearers!
To you as well do I commit this charge,
And tell him my behest; to take this boy
Home, and present him there to Telamon,
And Eriboea my mother; let him be
The unremitting solace of their age.
And for my arms—they shall not be a stake
Set for the Argives, by some arbiter—
By him, my bane! Eurysaces, my son—
Take it—the broad impenetrable shield
Of seven-fold hide, from which thou hast thy name,
And in the knotted cordage of the loop
Entwine thy grasp. The rest shall share my grave.
—Now take the boy away immediately;
Make the house fast, and raise no noise of crying
At the tent door. 'Tis a most piteous thing,
Truly—a woman! Quicker, fasten it!
He's but a sorry leech, who mutters spells
Over a sore that must be cut away!

1 *Mariner.* I do not like the tone of this resolve.
It is no pleasure that your tongue is keen.

Tecmessa. O my lord Ajax, what is thine intent?

Ajax. Ask not: inquire not. Self-restraint is good.

Tecmessa. O how my spirit sinks! In thy child's name
And Heaven's, I supplicate, betray us not!

Ajax. Thou art too troublesome. Art ignorant
That, once for all, I have cleared scores with Heaven?

Tecmessa. Speak not so harshly!

Ajax. Talk to those who listen!

Tecmessa. Wilt not thou hearken?

Ajax. Far too much already
Hast thou complained.

Tecmessa. Because I fear, my King.

Ajax. Take her and shut her up immediately.

Tecmessa. Relent, for Heaven's sake!

Ajax. I must think thee fool,
To deem that thou canst school my temper, now.

Omitting a few pages, we find the scene changed to a lonely part of the seashore, upon which Ajax enters and, fixing his sword to the ground, speaks as follows:

Ajax. Now he stands fast, my executioner;
Most trenchant so—if there were leisure left
To reason about it; being, first, Hector's gift,
The most unwelcome foeman to my sight
And worse detested; he is fixed, besides,
In hostile soil, the Troad; newly edged
Upon the whetting-stone that feeds on steel;
And I myself fixed him, and set him well,
Of my quick death the officious instrument!
So we are ready; and in due course thou first,
Zeus, as is right, befriend me! I shall demand
No mighty boon of thee; send us some herald
To carry the ill news to Teucer's ear,
That he may raise me first, where I have fallen
Upon this sword, while my blood reeks on it,
Lest I be seen first by some enemy,
And be cast out, a prey for dogs and fowl,
Headlong. So much, Zeus, I implore of thee.
Hermes, our convoy to the under-world,
Alike I summon; when upon this blade
With no distracted or irresolute leap
I force a mortal passage through my side,
Give me good rest! And to my aid I call
The dread Erinyes, with no lagging stride
Pursuing, virgin ever, evermore
Noting whate'er mankind endure, to mark
How I by the Atridae's malice perish!
Whom let them seize on most perniciously,
Pernicious and abandoned utterly,
Even as they see me abandoned. Up,
You swift avenging Furies, glut yourselves,
Spare nothing, on the general host!—Thou too,
Driving thy chariot up the steep of heaven,
When thou revisitest my native land,

Sun, draw thy gilded rein, and tell of me,
My woes and ruin, to the old man my sire,
And that unhappy dame who nurtured me.
How will that sad one utter loud laments
To the whole city, when she hears this tale!
But idle wailings are of no use now;
I must to work, and briskly. O Death, Death,
Come, look me in the face! And yet with thee
I can hold converse when I meet thee, there;
But you, the instant beams of shining day
And the careering Sun, once more I name,
And ye shall never hear my voice again.
O Light! O sacred soil of Salamis
My native land! O altar of my home!
Thou glorious Athens, and thy sons, my playmates,
You springs, you rivers here, and plains of Troy—
You I address—Comrades of mine, farewell!
This his last word Ajax bestows on you;
The next is greeting to the Shades below.
[*Falls on his sword and dies.*

V. The Family of Laius. It is a notable fact that all three of the great tragic dramatists used in their plays some phase of the tragic history of the Labdacidae, to which we have more than once alluded. The beginning of the tragedy lay in the crime of Laius, but punishment came to his family in the person of his son Oedipus and his children. Laius has been warned that his death would be compassed by the hand of one of his children, so when Oedipus was born he was exposed on Mount Cithaeron, but was rescued by a shepherd and brought up in the household of the King of Corinth. Following the course of the prophecies, Oedipus, ignorant of his parentage, started for

Thebes, met Laius, and not recognizing him killed him in a quarrel. Proceeding on his journey, he unraveled the riddles of the Sphinx, was elected King of Thebes, and unwittingly married his own mother. The children of this incestuous union were Eteocles and Polynices and two daughters, Antigone and Ismene. The gods interfered by devastating Thebes with a pestilence, which upon inquiry it was found could be satisfied only by expulsion of the murderer of Laius. When it was found that Oedipus was the guilty party, he put out his eyes and, led by his daughter Antigone, wandered to Colonus, near Athens, where he died.

After the departure of Oedipus, Polynices and Eteocles agreed to rule successively each for a year, but at the end of the first year Eteocles declined to give way to his brother, who, aided by five other heroes, marched against Thebes and brought about a war which Aeschylus uses as the subject for his drama, *Seven Against Thebes.* The expedition was unsuccessful, and the brothers killed each other in a duel.

Creon then came to the throne and decreed that the corpse of Polynices should lie unburied because of his rebellion. Antigone, with whom Haemon, son of Creon, was in love, disregarded the edict, buried her brother, and was by order of the King immured in a cave, where she died. Here Haemon, finding her body, slew himself.

VI. The "Antigone." The *Antigone* of Sophocles may be considered the most celebrated drama among the Greek classics, if not in the literature of the world. It begins at the time when Polynices has been slain, but Creon has decreed death to any one who shall bury the body, and it ends with the grief of Creon when he learns the results of his edict. In subtlety of character drawing, in beauty of language and in skillful handling of the plot, the genius of Sophocles shows at its best, and so remarkable is the play that we give entire the excellent translation of Sir George Young. The chorus is composed of senators of Thebes and, besides the persons named below, there are guards and attendants and a boy leading Tiresias. The persons represented in the play are as follows:

ANTIGONE

Antigone, Ismene, *daughters of Oedipus, late King of Thebes.*

Creon, *brother to Jocasta, late Queen of Thebes, Captain-general of the army, and successor to the throne.*

A Sentinel.

Haemon, *son of Creon, betrothed to Antigone.*

Tiresias, *a seer.*

A Messenger, *in attendance on Creon.*

Eurydice, *wife to Creon.*

Scene, before the Royal Palace at Thebes. Time, early morning. Enter Antigone *and* Ismene.

Antigone. Ismene, dear in very sisterhood,
Do you perceive how Heaven upon us two
Means to fulfill, before we come to die,
Out of all ills that grow from Oedipus—
What not, indeed? for there's no sorrow or harm.

No circumstance of scandal or of shame
I have not seen, among your griefs, and mine.
And now again, what is this word they say
Our Captain-general proclaimed but now
To the whole city? Did you hear and heed?
Or are you blind, while pains of enemies
Are passing on your friends?

Ismene. Antigone,
To me no tidings about friends are come,
Pleasant or grievous, ever since we two
Of our two brothers were bereft, who died
Both in one day, each by the other's hand.
And since the Argive host in this same night
Took itself hence, I have heard nothing else,
To make me happier, or more miserable.

Antigone. I knew as much; and for that reason made you
Go out of doors—to tell you privately.

Ismene. What is it? I see you have some mystery.

Antigone. What! has not Creon to the tomb preferred
One of our brothers, and with contumely
Withheld it from the other? Eteocles
Duly, they say, even as by law was due,
He hid beneath the earth, rendering him honor
Among the dead below; but the dead body
Of Polynices, miserably slain,
They say it has been given out publicly
None may bewail, none bury, all must leave
Unwept, unsepulchered, a dainty prize
For fowl that watch, gloating upon their prey!
This is the matter he has had proclaimed—
Excellent Creon! for your heed, they say,
And mine, I tell you—mine! and he moves hither,
Meaning to announce it plainly in the ears
Of such as do not know it, and to declare
It is no matter of small moment; he
Who does any of these things shall surely die;
The citizens shall stone him in the streets.
So stands the case. Now you will quickly show
If you are worthy of your birth or no.

Ismene. But O rash heart, what good, if it be thus,
Could I effect, helping or hindering?
Antigone. Look, will you join me? will you work with me?
Ismene. In what attempt? What mean you?
Antigone. Help me lift
The body up—
Ismene. What, would you bury him?
Against the proclamation?
Antigone. My own brother
And yours I will! If you will not, I will;
I shall not prove disloyal.
Ismene. You are mad!
When Creon has forbidden it?
Antigone. From mine own
He has no right to stay me.
Ismene. Alas, O sister,
Think how our father perished! self-convict—
Abhorred—dishonored—blind—his eyes put out
By his own hand! How she who was at once
His wife and mother with a knotted noose
Laid violent hands on her own life! And how
Our two unhappy brothers in one day
Each on his own head by the other's hand
Wrought common ruin! We now left alone—
Do but consider how most miserably
We too shall perish, if despite of law
We traverse the behest or power of kings.
We must remember we are women born,
Unapt to cope with men; and, being ruled
By mightier than ourselves, we have to hear
These things—and worse. For my part, I will ask
Pardon of those beneath, for what perforce
I needs must do, but yield obedience
To them that walk in power; to exceed
Is madness, and not wisdom.
Antigone. Then in future
I will not bid you help me; nor henceforth,
Though you desire, shall you, with my good will,

Share what I do. Be what seems right to you;
Him will I bury. Death, so met, were honor;
And for that capital crime of piety,
Loving and loved, I will lie by his side.
Far longer is there need I satisfy
Those nether Powers, than powers on earth; for there
Forever must I lie. You, if you will,
Hold up to scorn what is approved of Heaven!

Ismene. I am not one to cover things with scorn;
But I was born too feeble to contend
Against the state.

Antigone. Yes, you can put that for forward;
But I will go and heap a burial mound
Over my most dear brother.

Ismene. My poor sister,
How beyond measure do I fear for you!

Antigone. Do not spend fear on me. Shape your own course.

Ismene. At least announce it, then, to nobody,
But keep it close, as I will.

Antigone. Tell it, tell it!
You'll cross me worse, by far, if you keep silence—
Not publish it to all.

Ismene. Your heart beats hotly
For chilling work!

Antigone. I know that those approve
Whom I most need to please.

Ismene. If you could do it!
But you desire impossibilities.

Antigone. Well, when I find I have no power to stir,
I will cease trying.

Ismene. But things impossible
'Tis wrong to attempt at all.

Antigone. If you will say it,
I shall detest you soon; and you will justly
Incur the dead man's hatred. Suffer me
And my unwisdom to endure the weight
Of what is threatened. I shall meet with nothing
More grievous, at the worst, than death, with honor.

Ismene. Then go, if you will have it: and take this with you,
You go on a fool's errand! [*Exit* ANTIGONE.
Lover true
To your beloved, none the less, are you! [*Exit.*

Enter THEBAN SENATORS, *as Chorus*

CHORUS

I 1

Sunbeam bright! Thou fairest ray
That ever dawned on Theban eyes
Over the portals seven!
O orb of aureate day,
How glorious didst thou rise
O'er Dirca's streams, shining from heaven,
Him, the man with shield of white
Who came from Argos in armor dight
Hurrying runagate o'er the plain,
Jerking harder his bridle rein;
Who by Polynices' quarrelous broil
Stirred up in arms to invade our soil
With strident cries as an eagle flies
Swooped down on the fields before him,
'Neath cover of eagle pinion white
As drifted snow, a buckler bright
On many a breast, and a horsetail crest
From each helm floating o'er him.

I 2

Yawning with many a blood-stained spear
Around our seven-gated town
High o'er the roofs he stood;
Then, or ever a torch could sear
With flames the rampart-crown—
Or ever his jaws were filled with blood
Of us and ours, lo, he was fled!
Such clatter of war behind him spread,
Stress too sore for his utmost might
Matched with the Dragon in the fight;

For Zeus abhors tongue-glorious boasts;
And straightway as he beheld their hosts,
Where on they rolled, covered with gold,
Streaming in mighty eddy,
Scornfully with a missile flame
He struck down Capaneus, as he came
Uplifting high his victory-cry
At the topmost goal already.

II 1

Tantalus-like aloft he hung, then fell;
Earth at his fall resounded;
Even as, maddened by the Bacchic spell,
On with torch in hand he bounded,
Breathing blasts of hate.
So the stroke was turned aside,
Mighty Ares rudely dealing
Others elsewhere, far and wide,
Like a right-hand courser wheeling
Round the goals of fate.

For captains seven at portals seven
Found each his match in the combat even,
And left on the field both sword and shield
As a trophy to Zeus, who o'erthrew them;
Save the wretched twain, who against each other
Though born of one father, and one mother,
Laid lances at aim—to their own death came,
And the common fate that slew them.

II 2

But now loud Victory returns at last
On Theban chariots smiling,
Let us begin oblivion of the past,
Memories of the late war beguiling
Into slumber sound.
Seek we every holy shrine;
There begin the night-long chorus;
Let the Theban Boy divine,

Bacchus, lead the way before us,
Shaking all the ground.

Leave we the song; the King is here;
Creon, Menoeceus' son, draws near;
To the function strange—like the heaven-sent change
Which has raised him newly to power:
What counsel urging—what ends of state,
That he summons us to deliberate,
The elders all, by his herald's call,
At a strange unwonted hour?

Enter CREON, *attended*

Creon. Sirs, for the ship of state—the gods once more,
After much rocking on a stormy surge,
Set her on even keel. Now therefore you,
You of all others, by my summoners
I bade come hither; having found you first
Right loyal ever to the kingly power
In Laius' time; and next, while Oedipus
Ordered the commonwealth; and since his fall,
With steadfast purposes abiding still,
Circling their progeny. Now, since they perished,
Both on one day, slain by a two-edged fate,
Striking and stricken, sullied with a stain
Of mutual fratricide, I, as you know,
In right of kinship nearest to the dead,
Possess the throne and take the supreme power.
Howbeit it is impossible to know
The spirit of any man, purpose or will,
Before it be displayed by exercise
In government and laws. To me, I say,
Now as of old, that pilot of the state
Who sets no hand to the best policy,
But remains tongue-tied through some terror, seems
Vilest of men. Him too, who sets a friend
Before his native land, I prize at nothing.
God, who see'st all things always, witness it!
If I perceive, where safety should have been,

Mischief advancing toward my citizens,
I will not sit in silence; nor account
As friend to me the country's enemy;
But thus I deem: she is our ark of safety;
And friends are made then only, when, embarked
Upon her deck, we ride the seas upright.
Such are the laws by which I mean to further
This city's welfare; and akin to these
I have given orders to the citizens
Touching the sons of Oedipus. Eteocles,
Who in this city's quarrel fought and fell,
The foremost of our champions in the fray,
They should entomb with the full sanctity
Of rites that solemnize the downward road
Of their dead greatest. Him the while, his brother,
That Polynices who, returning home
A banished man, sought to lay waste with fire
His household gods, his native country—sought
To glut himself with his own kindred's blood,
Or carry them away to slavery,
It has been promulgated to the city
No man shall bury, none should wail for him;
Unsepulchered, shamed in the eyes of men,
His body shall be left to be devoured
By dogs and fowls of the air. Such is my will.
Never with me shall wicked men usurp
The honors of the righteous; but whoe'er
Is friendly to this city shall, by me,
Living or dead, be honored equally.

1 *Senator.* Creon, Menoeceus' son, we hear your pleasure
Both on this city's friend, and on her foe;
It is your sovereignty's prerogative
To pass with absolute freedom on the dead,
And us, who have survived them.

Creon. Please to see
What has been said performed.

1 *Senator.* That charge confer
On some one who is younger.

Creon. Of the body?

Sentries are set, already.

1 *Senator.* Then what else
Is there, besides, which you would lay on us?

Creon. Not to connive at disobedience.

1 *Senator.* There's no such fool as to embrace his death.

Creon. Death is the penalty. But men right often
Are brought to ruin, through their dreams of gain.

Enter a Sentinel

Sentinel. My lord, I will not say—"breathless with speed
I come, plying a nimble foot;" for truly
I had a many sticking-points of thought,
Wheeling about to march upon my rear.
For my heart whispered me all sorts of counsel;
"Poor wretch, why go, to meet thy sentence?"—
"Wretch,
Tarrying again? If Creon hear the news
From others' lips, how shalt thou then not rue it?"
Out of this whirligig it came to pass
I hastened—at my leisure; a short road,
Thus, becomes long. Nevertheless at last
It won the day to come hither, to your presence;
And speak I will, though nothing have to say;
For I come clinging to the hope that I
Can suffer nothing—save my destiny.

Creon. Well—and what caused you this disheartenment?

Sentinel. First let me tell you what concerns myself.
I do protest, I neither did the deed,
Nor saw it done, whoever 'twas who did it;
Nor should I rightly come to any harm.

Creon. At all events you are a good tactician,
And fence the matter off all round. But clearly
You have some strange thing to tell?

Sentinel. Yes. Serious tidings
Induce much hesitation.

Creon. Once for all
Please to speak out, and make an end, and go.

Sentinel. Why, I am telling you. That body some one
Has just now buried—sprinkled thirsty dust

Over the form—added the proper rites,
And has gone off.

Creon. What say you? What man dared
To do it?

Sentinel. I know not. There was no dint there
Of any mattock, not a sod was turned;
Merely hard ground and bare, without a break,
Without a rut from wheels; it was some workman
Who left no mark. When the first day-sentry
Showed what had happened, we were all dismayed.
The body had vanished; not indeed interred,
But a light dust lay on it, as if poured out
By one who shunned the curse; and there appeared
No trace that a wild beast, or any hound,
Had come, or torn the carcass. Angry words
Were bandied up and down, guard blaming guard,
And blows had like to end it, none being by
To hinder; for each one of us in turn
Stood culprit, none convicted, but the plea
"I know not" passed. Ready were we to take
Hot iron in hand, or pass through fire, and call
The gods to witness, that we neither did it,
Nor were accessory to any man
Who compassed it, or did it. So at last,
When all our searching proved to be in vain,
There speaks up one, who made us, every man,
Hang down our heads for fear, knowing no way
To say him nay, or without scathe comply,
His burden was, this business must be carried
To you, without reserve. That voice prevailed;
And me, poor wretch, the lot condemns to get
This piece of luck. I come a post unwilling,
I well believe it, to unwilling ears;
None love the messenger who brings bad news.

1 *Senator.* My lord, my heart misgave me from the first
This must be something more than natural.

Creon. Truce to your speech, before I choke with rage,
Lest you be found at once gray-beard and fool!
To say that guardian deities would care

For this dead body, is intolerable.
Could they, by way of supereminent honor
Paid to a benefactor, give him burial,
Who came to fire their land, their pillared fanes
And sacred treasures, and set laws at nought?
Or do you see gods honoring the bad?
'Tis false. These orders from the first some people
Hardly accepted, murmuring at me,
Shaking their heads in secret, stiffening
Uneasy necks against this yoke of mine.
They have suborned these sentinels to do it,
I know that well. No such ill currency
Ever appeared, as money to mankind:
This is it that sacks cities, this routs out
Men from their homes, and trains and turns astray
The minds of honest mortals, setting them
Upon base actions; this made plain to men
Habits of all misdoing, and cognizance
Of every work of wickedness. Howbeit
Such hireling perpetrators, in the end,
Have wrought so far, that they shall pay for it.
So surely as I live to worship Jove,
Know this for truth; I swear it in your ears;
Except you find and bring before my face
The real actor in this funeral,
Death, by itself, shall not suffice for you,
Before, hung up alive, you have revealed
The secret of this outrage; that henceforth
You may seek plunder—not without respect
Of where your profit lies; and may be taught
It is not good to covet all men's pay;
For mark you! by corruption few men thrive,
And many come to mischief.

Sentinel. Have I leave
To say a word, or shall I turn and go?

Creon. Cannot you see your prating tortures me?

Sentinel. Pricks you how deep? In the ears, or to the spleen?

Creon. Why do you gauge my chafing, where it lies?

Sentinel. Your heart-ache were the doer's, your ear-ache mine.

Creon. Out, what a bare-faced babbler born art thou!

Sentinel. Never the actor in this business, though!

Creon. Yes, and for money you would sell your soul!

Sentinel. Plague on it! 'tis hard, a man should be suspicious,
And with a false suspicion!

Creon. Yes, suspicion;
Mince it as best you may. Make me to know
Whose are these doings, or you shall soon allow
Left-handed gains work their own punishment.
[*Exit.*

Sentinel. I wish he may be found. Chance must decide.
Whether or no, you will not, certainly,
See me returning hither. Heaven be praised
I am in safety, past all thought or dream! [*Exit.*

CHORUS

I 1

Much is there passing strange;
Nothing surpassing mankind.
He it is loves to range
Over the ocean hoar,
Through the surges' roar,
South winds raging behind·

Earth, too, wears he away,
The Mother of gods on high,
Tireless, free from decay;
With team he furrows the ground,
And the ploughs go round and round,
As year on year goes by.

I 2

The bird-tribes, light of mind,
The races of beasts of prey,
And sea-fish after their kind,

Man, abounding in wiles,
Entangles in his toils
And carries captive away.

The roamers over the hill,
The field-inhabiting deer,
By craft he conquers, at will;
He bends beneath his yoke
The neck of the steed unbroke,
And pride of the upland steer.

II 1

He has gotten him speech, and fancy breeze-betost,
And for the state instinct of order meet;
He has found him shelter from the chilling frost
Of a clear sky, and from the arrowy sleet;
Illimitable in cunning, cunning-less
He meets no change of fortune that can come;
He has found escape from pain and helplessness;
Only he knows no refuge from the tomb.

II 2

Now bends he to the good, now to the ill,
With craft of art, subtle past reach of sight;
Wresting his country's laws to his own will,
Spurning the sanctions of celestial right;
High in the city, he is made city-less,
Whoso is corrupt, for his impiety;
He that will work the works of wickedness,
Let him not house, let him not hold, with me!

At this monstrous vision I stand in
Doubt! How dare I say, well knowing her,
That this maid is not—Antigone!
Daughter of Oedipus!
Hapless child, of a hapless father!
Sure—ah surely they did not find thee
Madly defying our King's commandments,
And so prisoner bring thee here?

Enter Sentinel with ANTIGONE

Sentinel. This is the woman who has done the deed.
We took her burying him. Where's Creon?
1 *Senator.* Here
Comes he again, out of the house, at need.

Enter CREON

Creon. What is it? In what fit season come I forth?
Sentinel. My lord, I see a man should never vow
He will not do a thing, for second thoughts
Bely the purpose. Truly I could have sworn
It would be long indeed ere I came hither
Under that hail of threats you rained on me.
But since an unforeseen happy surprise
Passes all other pleasing out of measure,
I come, though I forswore it mightily,
Bringing this maiden, who was caught in act
To set that bier in order. Here, my lord,
No lot was cast; this windfall is to me,
And to no other. Take her, now, yourself;
Examine and convict her, as you please;
I wash my hands of it, and ought, of right,
To be clean quit of the scrape, for good and all.
Creon. You seized—and bring—her! In what way, and whence?
Sentinel. Burying that man, herself! You know the whole.
Creon. Are you in earnest? Do you understand
What you are saying?
Sentinel. Yes, that I saw this girl
Burying that body you forbade to bury.
Do I speak clear and plain?
Creon. How might this be,
That she was seen, and taken in the act?
Sentinel. Why thus it happened. When we reached the place,
Wrought on by those dread menacings from you,
We swept away all dust that covered up
The body, and laid the clammy limbs quite bare,

And windward from the summit of the hill,
Out of the tainted air that spread from him,
We sat us down, each, as it might be, rousing
His neighbor with a clamor of abuse,
Wakening him up, whenever any one
Seemed to be slack in watching. This went on,
Till in mid air the luminous orb of day
Stood, and the heat grew sultry. Suddenly
A violent eddy lifted from the ground
A hurricane, a trouble of the sky;
Ruffling all foliage of the woodland plain
It filled the horizon; the vast atmosphere
Thickened to meet it; we, closing our eyes,
Endured the Heaven-sent plague. After a while,
When it had ceased, there stands this maiden in sight,
And wails aloud, shrill as the bitter note
Of the sad bird, when as she finds the couch
Of her void nest robbed of her young; so she,
Soon as she sees the body stripped and bare,
Bursts out in shrieks, and calls down curses dire
On their heads who had done it. Straightway then
She gathers handfuls of dry dust, and brings them,
And from a shapely brazen cruse held high
She crowns the body with drink-offerings,
Once, twice, and thrice. We at the sight rushed forward,
And trapped her, nothing daunted, on the spot;
And taxed her with the past offense, and this
The present. Not one whit did she deny;
A pleasant though a pitiful sight to me;
For nothing's sweeter than to have got off
In person; but to bring into mischance
Our friends is pitiful. And yet to pay
No more than this is cheap, to save one's life.

Creon. Do you, I say—you, with your downcast brow—
Own or deny that you have done this deed?

Antigone. I say I did it; I deny it not.

Creon. Take yourself hence, whither you will, sir knave;
You are acquitted of a heavy charge.

[*Exit Sentinel.*

Now tell me, not at length, but in brief space,
Knew you the order not to do it?
Antigone. Yes,
I knew it; what should hinder? It was plain.
Creon. And you made free to overstep my law?
Antigone. Because it was not Zeus who ordered it,
Nor Justice, dweller with the nether gods,
Gave such a law to men; nor did I deem
Your ordinance of so much binding force,
As that a mortal man could overbear
The unchangeable unwritten code of Heaven;
This is not of to-day and yesterday,
But lives for ever, having origin
Whence no man knows: whose sanctions I were loath
In Heaven's sight to provoke, fearing the will
Of any man. I knew that I should die.
How otherwise? even although your voice
Had never so prescribed. And that I die
Before my hour is due, that I count gain.
For one who lives in many ills, as I—
How should he fail to gain by dying? Thus
To me the pain is light, to meet this fate;
But had I borne to leave the body of him
My mother bare unburied, then, indeed,
I might feel pain; but as it is, I cannot;
And if my present action seems to you
Foolish—'tis like I am found guilty of folly
At a fool's mouth!
1 *Senator.* Lo you, the spirit stout
Of her stout father's child—unapt to bend
Beneath misfortune!
Creon. But be well assured,
Tempers too stubborn are the first to fail;
The hardest iron from the furnace, forged
To stiffness, you may see most frequently
Shivered and broken; and the chafing steeds
I have known governed with a slender curb.
It is unseemly that a household drudge
Should be misproud; but she was conversant

With outrage, ever since she passed the bounds
Laid down by law; then hard upon that deed
Comes this, the second outrage, to exult
And triumph in her deed. Truly if here
She wield such powers uncensured, she is man,
I woman! Be she of my sister born,
Or nearer to myself than the whole band
Of our domestic tutelary Jove,
She, and the sister—for her equally
I charge with compassing this funeral—
Shall not escape a most tremendous doom.
And call her; for within the house but now
I saw her, frenzied and beside herself;
And it is common for the moody sprite
Of plotters in the dark to no good end
To have been caught, planning its knavery,
Before the deed is acted. None the less
I hate it, when one taken in misdoing
Straight seeks to gloss the facts!

Antigone. Would you aught more
Than take my life, whom you did catch?

Creon. Not I;
Take that, take all.

Antigone. Then why do you delay?
Since naught is pleasing of your words to me,
Or, as I trust, can ever please, so mine
Must needs be unacceptable to you.
And yet from whence could I have gathered praise
More worthily, than from depositing
My own brother in a tomb? These, all of them,
Would utter one approval, did not fear
Seal up their lips. 'Tis tyranny's privilege,
And not the least—power to declare and do
What it is minded.

Creon. You, of all this people,
Are singular in your discernment.

Antigone. Nay,
They too discern; they but refrain their tongues
At your behest.

Creon. And you are not ashamed
That you deem otherwise?
Antigone. It is no shame
To pay respect to our own flesh and blood.
Creon. And his dead foeman, was not he your brother
As well?
Antigone. Yes, the same sire's and mother's son.
Creon. Why pay, then, honors which are wrongs to him?
Antigone. The dead clay makes no protest.
Creon. Not although
His with a villain's share your reverence?
Antigone. It was no bondman perished, but a brother.
Creon. Spoiling, I say, this country; while his rival
Stood for it.
Antigone. All the same, these rites are due
To the underworld.
Creon. But not in equal measure
Both for the good man and the bad.
Antigone. Who knows
This is not piety there?
Creon. The enemy
Can never be a friend, even in death.
Antigone. Well, I was made for fellowship in love,
Not fellowship in hate.
Creon. Then get you down
Thither, and love, if you must love, the dead!
No woman, while I live, shall order me.

CHORUS

See where out by the doors Ismene
Weeping drops of sisterly grieving
Comes; and a cloud o'erhanging her eyebrows
Mars her dark-flushed cheek, and moistens
Her fair face with pitiful tears.

Enter Attendants with ISMENE

Creon. And you—who like a viper unawares
Have crept into my house, and sucked me bloodless,
While I unknowingly was fostering you,

Twin furies, to the upsetting of my throne—
Come, tell me, will you say you also shared
This burying, or protest your innocence?
Ismene. Yes, I have done it—if Antigone
Says so—I join with her to share the blame.
Antigone. That justice will not suffer; you refused,
And I—I had no partner.
Ismene. In your trouble
I do not blush to claim companionship
Of what you have to endure.
Antigone. Whose was the deed
Death and the spirits of the dead can tell!
A friend in words is not a friend for me.
Ismene. Shame me not, sister, by denying me
A death, for honoring the dead, with you!
Antigone. Mix not your death with mine. Do not claim work
You did not touch. I shall suffice to die.
Ismene. And what care I for life, if I lost you?
Antigone. Ask Creon; you are dutiful to him.
Ismene. Why do you cross me so, to no good purpose?
Antigone. Nay, I am sick at heart, if I do make
My mock of you.
Ismene. Nay, but what can I do,
Now, even yet, to help you?
Antigone. Save yourself;
I do not grudge you your escape.
Ismene. O me
Unhappy! And must I miss to share your fate?
Antigone. You made your choice, to live; I mine, to die.
Ismene. Not if you count my words unsaid.
Antigone. By some
Your judgment is approved; by others mine.
Ismene. Then our delinquency is equal, too.
Antigone. Take courage, you are living; but my life
Long since has died, so I might serve the dead.
Creon. Of these two girls I swear the one even now
Has been proved witless; the other was so born.
Ismene. Ah sir, the wretched cannot keep the wit

That they were born with, but it flits away.
Creon. Yours did so, when you chose to join ill-doers
In their misdoing.
Ismene. How could I live on
Alone, without my sister?
Creon. Do not say
"My sister;" for you have no sister more.
Ismene. What, will you put to death your own son's bride?
Creon. He may go further afield—
Ismene. Not as by troth
Plighted to her by him.
Creon. Unworthy wives
For sons of mine I hate.
Antigone. O dearest Haemon,
How are you slighted by your father!
Creon. I
Am weary of your marriage, and of you.
Ismene. Your own son! will you tear her from his arms?
Creon. Death will prevent that bridal-rite, for me.
1 *Senator.* I see, the sentence of this maiden's death
Has been determined.
Creon. Then we see the same.
An end of trifling. Slaves, there, take them in!
As women, henceforth, must they live—not suffered
To gad abroad; for even bold men flinch,
When they view Death hard by the verge of Life.
[*Exeunt* ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE, *guarded.*

CHORUS

I 1

Happy the man whose cup of life is free
From taste of evil! If Heaven's influence shake them,
No ill but follows, till it overtake them,
All generations of his family;
Like as when before the sweep
Of the sea-borne Thracian blast
The surge of ocean coursing past

Above the cavern of the deep
Rolls up from the region under
All the blackness of the shore,
And the beaten beaches thunder
Answer to the roar.

I 2

Woes upon woes on Labdacus' race I see—
Living or dead—inveterately descend;
And son with sire entangled, without end,
And by some God smitten without remedy;
For a light of late had spread
O'er the last surviving root
In the house of Oedipus;
Now, the sickle murderous
Of the Rulers of the dead,
And wild words beyond control,
And the frenzy of her own soul,
Again mow down the shoot.

II 1

Thy power, O God, what pride of man constraineth,
Which neither sleep, that all things else enchaineth,
Nor even the tireless moons of Heaven destroy?
Thy throne is founded fast,
High on Olympus, in great brilliancy,
Far beyond Time's annoy.
Through present and through future and through past
Abideth one decree;
Nought in excess
Enters the life of man without unhappiness.

II 2

For wandering Hope to many among mankind
Seems pleasurable; but to many a mind
Proves but a mockery of its wild desires.
They know not aught, nor fear,
Till their feet feel the pathway strewn with fires.

"If evil good appear,
That soul to his ruin is divinely led"—
(Wisely the word was said!)
And short the hour
He spends unscathed by the avenging power.
Haemon comes, thy last surviving
Child. Is he here to bewail, indignant,
His lost bride, Antigone? Grieves he
For a vain promise—her marriage-bed?

Enter HAEMON

Creon. We shall know soon, better than seers can tell us.
Son, you are here in anger, are you not,
Against your sire, hearing his final doom
Upon your bride to be? Or are we friends,
Always, with you, whate'er our policy?
Haemon. Yours am I, father; and you guide my steps
With your good counsels, which for my part I
Will follow closely; for there is no marriage
Shall occupy a larger place with me
Than your direction, in the path of honor.
Creon. So is it right, my son, to be disposed—
In everything to back your father's quarrel.
It is for this men pray to breed and rear
In their homes dutiful offspring—to requite
The foe with evil, and their father's friend
Honor, as did their father. Whoso gets
Children unserviceable—what else could he
Be said to breed, but troubles for himself,
And store of laughter for his enemies?
Nay, never fling away your wits, my son,
Through liking for a woman; recollect,
Cold are embracings, where the wife is naught,
Who shares your board and bed. And what worse sore
Can plague us, than a loved one's worthlessness?
Better to spurn this maiden as a foe!
Leave her to wed some bridegroom in the grave!
For, having caught her in the act, alone

Of the whole city disobeying me,
I will not publicly bely myself,
But kill her. Now let her go glorify
Her god of kindred! If I choose to cherish
My own born kinsfolk in rebelliousness,
Then verily I must count on strangers too.
For he alone who is a man of worth
In his own household will appear upright
In the state also; and whoe'er offends
Against the laws by violence, or thinks
To give commands to rulers—I deny
Favor to such. Obedience is due
To the state's officer in small and great,
Just and unjust commandments; he who pays it
I should be confident would govern well,
And cheerfully be governed, and abide
A true and trusty comrade at my back,
Firm in the ranks amid the storm of war.
There lives no greater fiend than Anarchy;
She ruins states, turns houses out of doors,
Breaks up in rout the embattled soldiery;
While Discipline preserves the multitude
Of the ordered host alive. Therefore it is
We must assist the cause of order; this
Forbids concession to a feminine will;
Better be outcast, if we must, of men,
Than have it said a woman worsted us.

1 *Senator.* Unless old age have robbed me of myself,
I think the tenor of your words is wise.

Haemon. Father, the gods plant reason in mankind,
Of all good gifts the highest; and to say
You speak not rightly in this, I lack the power;
Nor do I crave it. Still, another's thought
Might be of service; and it is for me,
Being your son, to mark the words, the deeds,
And the complaints, of all. To a private man
Your frown is dreadful, who has things to say
That will offend you; but I secretly
Can gather this; how the folk mourn this maid,

"Who of all women most unmeriting,
For noblest acts dies by the worst of deaths,
Who her own brother battle-slain—unburied
Would not allow to perish in the fangs
Of carrion hounds or any bird of prey;
And" (so the whisper darkling passes round)
"Is she not worthy to be carved in gold?"
Father, beside your welfare there is nothing
More prized by me; for what more glorious crown
Can be to children, than their father's honor?
Or to a father, from his son, than theirs?
Do not persist, then, to retain at heart
One sole idea, that the thing is right
Which your mouth utters, and nought else beside.
For all men who believe themselves alone
Wise, or that they possess a soul or speech
Such as none other, turn them inside out,
They are found empty; and though a man be wise,
It is no shame for him to live and learn,
And not to stretch a course too far. You see
How all the trees on winter torrent banks,
Yielding, preserve their sprays; those that would stem it
Break, roots and all; the shipman too, who keeps
The vessel's main-sheet taut, and will not slacken,
Goes cruising, in the end, keel uppermost:
Let thy wrath go! Be willing to relent!
For if some sense, even from a younger head,
Be mine to afford, I say it is far better
A man should be, for every accident,
Furnished with inbred skill; but what of that?
Since nature's bent will have it otherwise,
'Tis good to learn of those who counsel wisely.

1 *Senator.* Sir, you might learn, when he speaks seasonably;
And you, from him; for both have spoken well.

Creon. Men that we are, must we be sent to school
To learn discretion of a boy like this?

Haemon. None that's dishonest; and if I am young,

It is not well to have regard to years
Rather than services.
Creon. Good service is it,
To pay respect to rebels?
Haemon. To wrongdoers
I would not even ask for reverence.
Creon. Was it not some such taint infected her?
Haemon. So say not all this populace of Thebes.
Creon. The city to prescribe me my decrees!
Haemon. Look, say you so, you are too young in this!
Creon. Am I to rule this land after some will
Other than mine?
Haemon. A city is no city
That is of one man only.
Creon. Is not the city
Held to be his who rules it?
Haemon. That were brave—
You, a sole monarch of an empty land!
Creon. This fellow, it seems, fights on the woman's side.
Haemon. An you be woman! My forethought is for you.
Creon. O villain—traversing thy father's rights!
Haemon. Because I see you sinning against right.
Creon. Sin I, to cause my sway to be held sacred?
Haemon. You desecrate, by trampling on Heaven's honor.
Creon. Foul spotted heart—a woman's follower!
Haemon. You will not find me serving what is vile.
Creon. I say this talk of thine is all for her.
Haemon. And you, and me, and for the gods beneath!
Creon. Never shall she live on to marry thee!
Haemon. Die as she may, she shall not die alone.
Creon. Art thou grown bold enough to threaten, too?
Haemon. Where is the threat, to speak against vain counsel?
Creon. Vain boy, thyself shalt rue thy counseling.
Haemon. I had called you erring, were you not my sire.
Creon. Thou woman's bondman, do not spaniel me!
Haemon. Do you expect to speak, and not be answered?
Creon. Do I so? By Olympus over us,
If thou revile me, and find fault with me,

Never believe but it shall cost thee dear!
Bring out the wretch, that in his sight, at once,
Here, with her bridegroom by her, she may die!

Haemon. Not in my sight, at least—not by my side,
Believe it, shall she perish! And for thee—
Storm at the friends who choose thy company!
My face thou never shalt behold again. [*Exit.*

1 *Senator.* The man is gone, my lord, headlong with rage;
And wits so young, when galled, are full of danger.

Creon. Let be, let him imagine more, or do,
Than mortal may; yet he shall not redeem
From sentence those two maidens.

1 *Senator.* Both of them?
Is it your will to slay them both alike?

Creon. That is well said; not her who did not touch it.

1 *Senator.* And by what death mean you to kill the other?

Creon. Into some waste untrodden of mankind
She shall be drawn, and, in some rock-hewn cave,
With only food enough provided her
For expiation, so that all the city
Escape the guilt of blood, buried alive.
There, if she ask him, Hades, the one god
Whom she regards, may grant her not to perish;
Or there, at latest, she shall recognize
It is lost labor to revere the dead. [*Exit.*

CHORUS

O Love, thou art victor in fight: thou mak'st all things afraid;
Thou couchest thee softly at night on the cheeks of a maid;
Thou passest the bounds of the sea, and the folds of the fields;
To thee the immortal, to thee the ephemeral yields;
Thou maddenest them that possess thee; thou turnest astray
The souls of the just, to oppress them, out of the way;
Thou hast kindled amongst us pride, and the quarrel of kin;

Thou art lord, by the eyes of a bride, and the love-light therein;
Thou sittest assessor with Right; her kingdom is thine,
Who sports with invincible might, Aphrodite divine.

Enter ANTIGONE, *guarded.*

I too, myself, am carried as I look
Beyond the bounds of right;
Nor can I brook
The springing fountain of my tears, to see
My child, Antigone,
Pass to the chamber of universal night.

I 1

Antigone. Behold me, people of my native land:
I wend my latest way:
I gaze upon the latest light of day
That I shall ever see;
Death, who lays all to rest, is leading me
To Acheron's far strand
Alive; to me no bridal hymns belong,
For me no marriage song
Has yet been sung; but Acheron instead
Is it, whom I must wed.

Chorus. Nay but with praise and voicings of renown
Thou partest for that prison-house of the dead;
Unsmitten by diseases that consume,
By sword unvisited,
Thou only of mortals freely shalt go down,
Alive, to the tomb.

I 2

Antigone. I have heard tell the sorrowful end of her,
That Phrygian sojourner
On Sipylus' peak, offspring of Tantalus;
How stony shoots upgrown
Like ivy bands enclosed her in the stone;
With snows continuous
And ceaseless rain her body melts away;

Streams from her tear-flown head
Water her front; likest to hers the bed
My fate prepares to-day.

Chorus. She was of godlike nature, goddess-sprung,
And we are mortals, and of human race;
And it were glorious odds
For maiden slain, among
The equals of the gods
In life—and then in death—to gain a place.

II 1

Antigone. They mock me. Gods of Thebes! why scorn you me
Thus, to my face,
Alive, not death-stricken yet?
O city, and you the city's large-dowered race,
Ye streams from Dirca's source,
Ye woods that shadow Theba's chariot-course,
Listen and see,
Let none of you forget,
How sacrificed, and for what laws offended,
By no tears friended,
I to the prisoning mound
Of a strange grave am journeying under ground.
Ah me unhappy! [home is none for me;]
Alike in life or death an exile must I be.

Chorus. Thou to the farthest verge forth-faring,
O my child, of daring,
Against the lofty threshold of the laws
Didst stumble and fall. The cause
Is some ancestral load, which thou art bearing.

II 2

Antigone. There didst thou touch upon my bitterest bale—
A threefold tale—
My father's piteous doom,
Doom of us all, scions of Labdacus.
Woe for my mother's bed!

Woe for the ill-starred spouse, from her own womb
Untimely born!
O what a father's house
Was that from whence I drew my life forlorn!
To whom, unwed,
Accursed, lo I come
To sojourn as a stranger in their home!
And thou too, ruined, my brother, in a wife,
Didst by thy death bring death upon thy sister's life!

Chorus. To pay due reverence is a duty, too:
And power—his power, whose empire is confessed,
May no wise be transgressed;
But thee thine own infatuate mood o'er-threw.

Antigone. Friendless, unwept, unwed,
I, sick at heart, am led
The way prepared for me,
Day's hallowed orb on high
I may no longer see;
For me no tears are spent.
Nor any friends lament
The death I die.

Enter CREON

Creon. Think ye [illegible] any one, if help might be
In wailing and lament before he died,
Would ever make an end? Away with her!
Wall her up close in some deep catacomb,
As I have said; leave her alone, apart,
To perish, if she will; or if she live,
To make her tomb her tenement. For us,
We will be guiltless of this maiden's blood;
But here on earth she shall abide no more.

Antigone. Thou Grave, my bridal chamber! dwelling-place
Hollowed in earth, the everlasting prison
Whither I bend my steps, to join the band
Of kindred, whose more numerous host already
Persephone hath counted with the dead;
Of whom I last and far most miserably

Descend, before my term of life is full;
I come, cherishing this hope especially,
To win approval in my father's sight,
Approval too, my mother, in thine, and thine,
Dear brother! for that with these hands I paid
Unto you dead lavement and ordering
And sepulcher-libations; and that now,
Polynices, in the tendance of thy body
I meet with this reward. Yet to the wise
It was no crime, that I did honor thee.
For never had I, even had I been
Mother of children, or if spouse of mine
Lay dead and molding, in the state's despite
Taken this task upon me. Do you ask
What argument I follow here of law?
One husband dead, another might be mine;
Sons by another, did I lose the first;
But, sire and mother buried in the grave,
A brother is a branch that grows no more.
Yet I, preferring by this argument
To honor thee to the end, in Creon's sight
Appear in that I did so to offend,
And dare to do things heinous, O my brother!
And for this cause he hath bid la[illegible]nds on me,
And leads me, not as wives or brides are led,
Unblest with any marriage, any care
Of children; destitute of friends, forlorn,
Yet living, to the chambers of the dead
See me descend. Yet what celestial right
Did I transgress? How should I any more
Look up to heaven, in my adversity?
Whom should I call to aid? Am I not come
Through piety to be held impious? If
This is approved in Heaven, why let me suffer,
And own that I have sinned; but if the sin
Belong to these—O may their punishment
Be measured by the wrongfulness of mine!

1 *Senator.* Still the same storms possess her, with the same

Precipitance of spirit.

Creon. Then for this
Her guards shall rue their slowness.

Antigone. Woe for me!
The word I hear comes hand in hand with death!

1 *Senator.* I may not say Be comforted, for this
Shall not be so; I have no words of cheer.

Antigone. O City of Theba! O my country! gods,
The Fathers of my race! I am led hence—
I linger now no more. Behold me, lords,
The last of your kings' house—what doom is mine,
And at whose hands, and for what cause—that I
Duly performed the dues of piety!

[*Exeunt* ANTIGONE *and guards.*

CHORUS

I 1

For a dungeon brazen-barred
The body of Danae endured
To exchange Heaven's daylight of old,
In a tomb-like chamber immured,
Hid beneath fetter and guard;
And she was born, we are told,
O child, my child, unto honor,
And a son was begotten upon her
To Zeus in a shower of gold.
But the stress of a Fate is hard;
Nor wealth, nor warfare, nor ward,
Nor black ships cleaving the sea
Can resist her, or flee.

I 2

And the Thracians' king, Dryas' son,
The hasty of wrath, was bound
For his words of mocking and pride;
Dionysus closing him round,
Pent in a prison of stone;
Till, his madness casting aside

Its flower and fury wild,
He knew what god he reviled—
Whose power he had defied;
Restraining the Maenad choir,
Quenching the Evian fire,
Enraging the Muses' throng,
The lovers of song.

II 1

And by the twofold main
Of rocks Cyanean—there
Lies the Bosporean strand,
And the lone Thracian plain
Of Salmydessus, where
Is Ares' border-land:
Who saw the stab of pain
Dealt on the Phineid pair
At that fierce dame's command;
Blinding the orbits of their blasted sight,
Smitten, without spear to smite,
By a spindle's point made bare,
And by a bloody hand.

II 2

They mourned their mother dead,
Their hearts with anguish wrung,
Wasting away, poor seed
Of her deserted bed;
Who, Boreas' daughter, sprung
From the old Erechtheid breed,
In remote caverns fed
Her native gales among,
Went swiftly as the steed,
Offspring of Heaven, over the steep-down wild;
Yet to her too, my child,
The Destinies, that lead
Lives of long ages, clung.

Enter TIRESIAS, *led by a boy.*

Tiresias. Princes of Thebes, two fellow-travelers,
Debtors in common to the eyes of one,
We stand before you; for a blind man's path
Hangs on the guide who marshals him the way.
Creon. What would'st thou now, reverend Tiresias?
Tiresias. That will I tell. Do thou obey the seer.
Creon. I never have departed hitherto
From thy advice.
Tiresias. And therefore 'tis, thou steerest
The city's course straight forward.
Creon. Thou hast done me
Good service, I can witness.
Tiresias. Now again
Think, thou dost walk on fortune's razor-edge.
Creon. What is it? I tremble but to see thee speak.
Tiresias. Listen to what my art foreshadoweth,
And thou shalt know. I lately, taking seat
On my accustomed bench of augury,
Whither all tribes of fowl after their kind
Alway resort, heard a strange noise of birds
Screaming with harsh and dissonant impetus;
And was aware how each the other tore
With murderous talons; for the whirr of wings
Rose manifest. Then feared I, and straight made trial
Of sacrifices on the altar-hearths
All blazing; but, out of the offerings,
There sprang no flame; only upon embers charred
Thick droppings melted off the thigh-pieces,
And heaved and sputtered, and the gall-bladders
Burst, and were lost, while from the folds of fat
The loosened thigh-bones fell. Such auguries,
Failing of presage through the unseemliness
Of holy rites, I gather from this lad,
Who is to me, as I to others, guide.
And this state-sickness comes by thy self-will;
For all our hearths and altars are defiled
With prey of dogs and fowl, who have devoured
The dead unhappy son of Oedipus.

Therefore the gods accept not of us now
Solemn peace-offering or burnt sacrifice,
Nor bird trills out a happy-boding note,
Gorged with the fatness of a slain man's blood.
This, then, my son, consider; that to err
From the right path is common to mankind;
But having erred, that mortal is no more
Losel or fool, who medicines the ill
Wherein he fell, and stands not obstinate.
Conceit of will savors of emptiness.
Give place, then, in the presence of the dead.
Wound not the life that's perished. Where's thy valor
In slaying o'er the slain? Well I advise,
Meaning thee well; 'tis pleasantest to learn
Of good advisers, when their words bring gain.

Creon. Old man, ye all, like archers at a mark,
Are loosing shafts at me; I am not spared
Even your soothsayers' practice; by whose tribe
Long since have I been made as merchandise,
And bought, and sold. Gather your gains at will!
Market your Sardian silver, Indian gold!
That man ye shall not cover with a tomb;
Not though the eagle ministers of Jove
To Jove's own throne should bear their prey of him,
Not even for horror at such sacrilege
Will I permit his burial. This I know;
There is no power in any man to touch
The gods with sacrilege; but foul the falls
Which men right cunning fall, Tiresias—
Old man, I say—when for the sake of gain
They speak foul treason with a fair outside.

Tiresias. Alas, does no man know, does no man think—

Creon. What should one think? What common saw is this?

Tiresias. How far good counsel passes all things good?

Creon. So far, I think, folly's the worst of harm!

Tiresias. That is the infirmity that fills thy nature.

Creon. I care not to retort upon thee, seer.

Tiresias. Thou dost, thou say'st my oracles are false.

Creon. All the prophetic tribe are covetous.
Tiresias. And that of kings fond of disgraceful gain.
Creon. Know'st thou of whom thou speak'st? I am thy lord.
Tiresias. Yea, thou hast saved the state; I gave it thee.
Creon. Thou art a wise seer, but in love with wrong.
Tiresias. Thou wilt impel me to give utterance
To my still dormant prescience.
Creon. Say on;
Only beware thou do not speak for gain.
Tiresias. For gain of thine, methinks, I do not speak.
Creon. Thou shalt not trade upon my wits, be sure.
Tiresias. And be thou sure of this; thou shalt not tell
Many more turns of the sun's chariot-wheel,
Ere thou shalt render satisfaction, one
From thy own loins in payment, dead for dead,
For that thou hast made Life join hands with Death,
And sent a living soul unworthily
To dwell within a tomb, and keep'st a corpse
Here, from the presence of the Powers beneath,
Not for thy rights or any god's above,
But lawlessly in their despite usurped,
Unhallowed, disappointed, uninterred;
Wherefore the late-avenging punishers,
Furies, from Death and Heaven, lay wait for thee,
To take thee in the evil of thine own hands.
Look to it, whether I be bribed who speak;
For as to that, with no great wear of time,
Men's, women's wails to thine own house shall answer.
Also all cities rise in enmity,
To the strown relics of whose citizens
None pays due hallowing, save beasts of prey,
Dogs, or some fowl, whose pinions to their gates—
Yea, to each hearth—bear taint defiling them.
Such bolts, in wrath, since thou dar'st anger me,
I loosen at thy bosom, archer-like,
Sure-aimed, whose burning smart thou shalt not shun.
Lead me away, boy, to my own home again;
And let him vent his spleen on younger men,

And learn to keep a tongue more gentle, and
A brain more sober, than he carries now.

[*Exeunt* TIRESIAS *and Boy*

1 *Senator.* The seer is gone, my lord, denouncing woe;
And from the day my old hairs began to indue
Their white for black, we have known him for a watch
Who never barked to warn the state in vain.

Creon. I know it too; and I am ill at ease;
'Tis bitter to submit; but Ate's hand
Smites bitterly on the spirit that abides her.

1 *Senator.* Creon, Menoeceus' son, be wise at need!

Creon. What should I do? speak, I will hearken.

1 *Senator.* Go,
Set free the maiden from the vault, and build
A tomb for that dead outcast.

Creon. You approve it?
You deem that I should yield?

1 *Senator.* Sir, with all speed.
Swift-footed come calamities from Heaven
To cut off the perverse.

Creon. O God, 'tis hard!
But I quit heart, and yield; I cannot fight
At odds with destiny.

1 *Senator.* Up then, to work!
Commit it not to others!

Creon. I am gone
Upon the instant. Quickly, quickly men,
You and your fellows, get you, axe in hand,
Up to the place, there, yonder; and because
I am thus minded, other than before,
I who did bind her will be there to loose;
For it misgives me it is best to keep
The old appointed laws, all our life long.

[*Exeunt* CREON *and Attendants.*

CHORUS

I 1

Thou by many names addrest,
Child of Zeus loud-thundering,

Glory of a Theban maid,
Who unbidden wanderest
  Fair Italia's King,
And art lord in each deep glade
Whither all men seek to her,
Eleusinian Demeter;
Bacchus, who by soft-flowing waters
Of Ismenus habitest
Theba, mother of Bacchant daughters,
With the savage Dragon's stock,

I 2

Thee the lurid wild-fire meets
O'er the double-crested rock,
Where Corycian Nymphs arow
Bacchic-wise ascending go,
  Thee Castalia's rill;
Thee the ivy-covered capes
Usher forth of Nysa's hill,
And the shore with green of grapes
Clustering, where the hymn to thee
Rises up immortally,
Visitant in Theban Streets,
"Evoe, O Evoe!"

II 1

Wherefore, seeing thy City thus—
City far above all other
Dear to thee, and her, thy mother
Lightning-slain—by sickness grievous
Holden fast in all her gates,
Come with quickness to relieve us,
By the slopes of Parnassus,
  Or the roaring straits.

II 2

Hail to thee, the first advancing
In the stars' fire-breathing chorus!
Leader of the nightly strain,

Boy and son of Zeus and King!
Manifest thyself before us
With thy frenzied Thyiad train,
Who their lord Iacchus dancing
Praise, and all night sing.

Enter a MESSENGER

Messenger. You citizens who dwell beside the roof
Of Cadmus and Amphion, there is no sort
Of human life that I could ever praise,
Or could dispraise, as constant; Fortune still
Raising and Fortune overthrowing still
The happy and the unhappy; and none can read
What is set down for mortals. Creon, methought
Was enviable erewhile, when he preserved
This land of Cadmus from its enemies,
And took the country's absolute monarchy,
And ruled it, flourishing with a noble growth
From his own seed; and now, he has lost all.
For when men forfeit all their joys in life,
One in that case I do not count alive,
But deem of him as of some animate corse.
Pile now great riches, if thou wilt, at home;
Wear thou the living semblance of a king;
An if delight be lacking, all the rest
I would not purchase, as compared with joy,
From any, for the shadow of a shade.

1 *Senator.* What new affliction to the royal stock
Com'st thou to tell?

Messenger. Death is upon them—death
Caused by the living.

1 *Senator.* And who is the slayer?
Speak! who the victim?

Messenger. Haemon is no more;
His life-blood spilt, and by no stranger's hand.

1 *Senator.* What, by his father's or his own?

Messenger. Self-slaughtered;
Wroth with his father for the maiden slain.

1 *Senator.* Prophet! how strictly is thy word come true!

Messenger. Look to the future, for these things are so.
1 *Senator.* And I behold the poor Eurydice
Come to us from the palace, Creon's wife;
Either of chance, or hearing her son's name.

Enter EURYDICE

Eurydice. O all you citizens, I heard the sound
Of your discourse, as I approached the gates,
Meaning to bring my prayers before the face
Of Pallas; even as I undid the bolts,
And set the door ajar, a voice of woe
To my own household pierces through my ears;
And I sink backward on my handmaidens
Afaint for terror; but whate'er the tale,
Tell it again; I am no novice, I,
In misery, that hearken.
Messenger. Dear my mistress,
I saw, and I will speak, and will let slip
No syllable of the truth. Why should we soothe
Your ears with stories, only to appear
Liars thereafter? Truth is alway right.
—I followed in attendance on your lord,
To the flat hill-top, where despitefully
Was lying yet, harried by dogs, the body
Of Polynices. Pluto's name, and hers,
The wayside goddess, we invoked, to stay
Their anger and be favorable; and him
We washed with pure lustration, and consumed
On fresh-lopped branches the remains of him,
And piled a monument of natal earth
High over all; thence to the maiden's cell,
Chamber of death, with bridal couch of stone,
We made as if to enter. But afar
One fellow hears a loud uplifted wail
Fill all the unhallowed precinct; comes, and tells
His master, Creon; the uncertain sound
Of piteous crying, as he draws more nigh,
Comes round him, and he utters, groaning loud
A lamentable plaint: "Me miserable!

Was I a prophet? Is this path I tread
The unhappiest of all ways I ever went?
My son's voice thrills my ear. What ho, my guard!
Run quickly thither to the tomb where stones
Have been dragged down to make an opening,
Go in and look, whether I really hear
The voice of Haemon, or am duped by Heaven."
Quickly, at our distracted lord's command,
We looked: and in the tomb's inmost recess
Found we her, as she had been hanged by the neck,
Fast in a strip-like loop of linen; and him
Laid by her, clasping her about the waist,
Mourning his wedlock severed in the grave,
And his sire's deeds, and his ill-fated bride.
He, when he sees them, with a terrible cry
Goes in towards him, calling out aloud
"Ah miserable, what hast thou done? what mind
Hadst thou? by what misfortune art thou crazed?
Come out, my son,—suppliant I ask of thee!"
But with fierce aspect the youth glared at him;
Spat in his face; answered him not a word;
Grasped at the crossed hilts of his sword and drew it,
And—for the father started forth in flight—
Missed him! then, angered with himself, poor fool,
There as he stood he flung himself along
Upon the sword-point firmly planted in
The middle of his breast, and, conscious yet,
Clings to the maid, clasped in his failing arms,
And gasping, sends forth on the pallid cheek
Fast welling drops of blood: So lies he, dead,
With his arms round the dead; there, in the grave
His bridal rite is full; his misery
Is witness to mankind what worst of woe
The lack of counsel brings a man to know!

[*Exit* EURYDICE.

1 *Senator.* What do you make of this? The woman's gone
Back, and without one word, of good or bad!

Messenger. I marvel too; and yet I am in hope
She would not choose, hearing her son's sad fate,
In public to begin her keening-cry;
But rather to her handmaids in the house
Dictate the mourning for a private pain.
She is not ignorant of self-control,
That she should err.

1 *Senator.* I know not; but on me
Weigh heavily both silence over-much,
And loud complaint in vain.

Messenger. Well, we shall know it,
If she hide aught within a troubled heart
Even to suppression of its utterance,
If we approach the house. Yes, you say truly,
It does weigh heavy, silence over-much.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS

Lo now, Creon himself draws near us,
Clasping a record
Manifest, if we sin not, saying it,
Of ruin unwrought by the hands of others,
But fore-caused by his own self-will.

Enter CREON, *attended, with the body of* HAEMON.

I 1

Creon. O sins of a mind
That is minded to stray!
Mighty to bind
And almighty to slay!
Behold us, kin slayers and slain, O ye who stand by the way!
Ah, newness of death!
O my fruitless design!
New to life's breath,
O son that wert mine,
Ah, ah, thou art dead, thou art sped, for a fault that was mine, not thine!

1 *Senator.* Ah, how thou seem'st to see the truth, too late!

Creon. Ah yes, I have learnt, I know my wretchedness!

II 1

Heaviness hath o'ertaken me
And mine head the rod;
The roughness hath shaken me
Of the paths I trod;

Woe is me! my delight is brought low, cast under the feet of a god!

Woe for man's labors that are profitless!

Re-enter the MESSENGER

Messenger. O master, now thou hast and hast in store
Of sorrows; one thou bearest in thine arms,
And one at home thou seemest to be come
Merely to witness.

Creon. And what more of sorrow,
Or what more sorrowful, is yet behind?

Messenger. Thy wife, the mother—mother of the dead—
Is, by a blow just fallen, haplessly slain.

I 2

Creon. O hard to appease thee,
Haven of Death,
How should it please thee
To end this breath?

O herald of heavy news, what is this thy mouth uttereth?

O man, why slayest thou
A man that is slain?
Alas, how sayest thou
Anew and again

That the slaying of a woman is added to slaying—a pain to a pain?

Messenger. See for thyself; the palace doors unclose.

The Altar is disclosed, with the dead body of Eurydice.

Creon. Woe is me again, for this new sorrow I see.

II 2

What deed is not done?
What tale is not told?
Thy body, O son,
These arms enfold—
Dead—wretch that I am! Dead, too, is the face these eyes behold.
Ah, child, for thy poor mother! ah for thee!

Messenger. She with a sharp-edged dagger in her heart
Lies at the altar; and her darkened lids
Close on her wailing for the glorious lot
Of Megareus, who died before, and next
For his, and last, upon her summoning
Evil to fall on thee, the child-slayer!

III 1

Creon. Alas, I faint for dread!
Is there none will deal
A thrust that shall lay me dead
With the two-edged steel?
Ah woe is me!
I am all whelmed in utter misery!

Messenger. It may be so; thou art arraigned of her
Who here lies dead, for the occasion thou
Hast wrought for Destiny on her, and him.

1 *Senator.* In what way did she slay herself and die?

Messenger. Soon as she heard the raising of the wail
For her son's death, she stabbed herself to the heart.

III 2

Creon. Come, thou most welcome Fate,
Appear, O come;
Bring my days' final date,
Fill up their sum!
Come quick, I pray;
Let me not look upon another day!

1 *Senator.* This for to-morrow; we must take some thought
On that which lies before us; for these griefs,

They are their care on whom the care has fallen.

Creon. I did but join your prayer for our desire.

1 *Senator.* Pray thou for nothing more; there is no respite
To mortals from the ills of destiny.

IV 1

Creon. Woe is me! to none else can they lay it,
This guilt, but to me!
I, I was the slayer, I say it,
Unhappy, of thee!
O bear me, haste ye, spare not,
To the ends of earth,
More nothing than they who were not
In the hour of birth!

1 *Senator.* Thou counselest well—if anything be well
To follow, in calamity; the ills
Lying in our path, soonest o'erpast, were best.

IV 2

Creon. Lead me forth, cast me out, no other
Than a man undone;
Who did slay, unwitting, thy mother
And thee, my son!
I turn me I know not where
For my plans ill-sped,
And a doom that is heavy to bear
Is come down on my head.

[*Exit* CREON, *attended.*

CHORUS

Wisdom first for a man's well-being
Maketh, of all things. Heaven's insistence
Nothing allows of man's irreverence;
And great blows great speeches avenging,
Dealt on a boaster,
Teach men wisdom in age, at last.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

VII. The "Oedipus Tyrannus." There are writers who call the *Oedipus Tyrannus* the highest type of Greek tragedy. In thought it is original, and in language powerful; and there are scenes of intense dramatic interest. We are already familiar with the story. To the Greeks it was well known, and as throughout the drama the audience was always conscious of the maternity of Oedipus and the awful tragedies that surrounded him, so the interest lies in the manner in which the revelation is made to Oedipus. Little by little the suspicion has grown in his mind that something is terribly wrong, and, determined to know in full his history and dreading the fulfillment of the horrible prophecy which he has struggled to nullify, he persists in his shrewd questionings of different characters until, one fact at a time, he disinters the horrible truth. Jocasta suspects and warns him to desist:

Jocasta. Why ask who 'twas he spoke of?
Nay, never mind—never remember it—
'Twas idly spoken!
Oedipus. Nay, it cannot be
That having such a clue I should refuse
To solve the mystery of my parentage!
Jocasta. For Heaven's sake, if you care for your own life,
Don't seek it! I am sick, and that's enough!
Oedipus. Courage! At least, if I be thrice a slave,
Born so three-deep, it cannot injure you!
Jocasta. But I beseech you, hearken! Do not do it!
Oedipus. I will not hearken—not to know the whole.
Jocasta. I mean well; and I tell you for the best!

Oedipus. What you call best is an old sore of mine.
Jocasta. Wretch, what thou art O might'st thou never know!
Oedipus. Will some one go and fetch the herdsman hither?
She is welcome to her gilded lineage!
Jocasta. O
Woe, woe, unhappy! This is all I have
To say to thee, and no word more, for ever!
[*Exit.*
1 *Senator.* Why has the woman vanished, Oedipus,
Driven so wild with grief? I am afraid
Out of her silence will break forth some trouble.
Oedipus. Break out what will, I shall not hesitate,
Low though it be, to trace the source of me.
But she, perhaps, being, as a woman, proud,
Of my unfit extraction is ashamed.
—I deem myself the child of Fortune! I
Shall not be shamed of her, who favors me;
Seeing I have her for mother; and for kin
The limitary Moons, that found me small,
That fashioned me for great! Parented thus,
How could I ever in the issue prove
Other—that I should leave my birth unknown?

This is her final exit from the play, though her fate is told by the messenger a little further on:

When she passed
So frantically inside the vestibule,
She went straight onward to the bed-chamber,
With both her hands tearing her hair; the doors
She dashed to as she entered, crying out
On Laius, long since dead, calling to mind
His fore-begotten offspring, by whose hands
He, she said, died, and left to his own seed
Its mother's most unnatural bearing-bed.

Nor did she not bewail that nuptial-couch
Where she brought forth, unhappy, brood on brood,
Spouse to her spouse, and children to her child.
And then—I know no further how she perished;
For Oedipus brake in, crying aloud;
For whom it was impossible to watch
The ending of her misery; but on him
We gazed, as he went raging all about,
Beseeching us to furnish him a sword
And say where he could find his wife—no wife,
Rather the mother-soil both of himself
And children; and, as he raved thus, some Power
Shows him—at least, none of us present did.
Then, shouting loud, he sprang upon the doors
As following some guide, and burst the bars
Out of their sockets, and alights within.
There we beheld his wife hanging, entwined
In a twined noose. He seeing her, with a groan
Looses the halter; then, when on the ground
Lay the poor wretch, dreadful it was to see
What followed; snatching from her dress gold pins
Wherewith she was adorned, he lifted them,
And smote the nerves of his own eyeballs, saying
Something like this—that they should see no more
Evils like those he had endured or wrought;
Darkling, thereafter, let them gaze on forms
He might not see, and fail to recognize
The faces he desired! Chanting this burden,
Not once, but many times, he raised his hand
And stabbed his eyes; so that from both of them
The blood ran down his face, not drop by drop,
But all at once, in a dark shower of gore.
—These are the ills that from a two-fold source,
Not one alone, but in both wife and spouse,
Mingled together, have burst forth at once.
Their former pristine happiness indeed
Was happiness before; but in this hour
Shame—lamentation—Ate—death—of all
That has a name of evil, nought's away!

In the *Oedipus* of Euripides, Oedipus is blinded by the servant of Laius. Embellishments of this story are merest conjecture.

VIII. "OEDIPUS AT COLONUS." The third of the dramas dealing with the Labdacidae is *Oedipus at Colonus,* a play first produced in 401 B. C. After long wanderings with his daughter Antigone, Oedipus, an old man, learns that a new oracle has been given in Thebes which says that the very intensity of his sufferings has made him a divinity and that to repossess him is to give to Thebes a bulwark against her enemies. Accordingly, Oedipus, who has gone to Colonus, where he knows he is doomed to die, meets Creon and the Thebans who have come to kidnap him and his daughters. In this the plotters would have succeeded but that Theseus interfered, and Oedipus passed mysteriously away among strangers, while his daughters returned to Thebes to suffer, as we have seen in the *Antigone. Oedipus* is a patriotic play, showing the glory of Athens which can never be dimmed, and the magnanimity and transcendent power of Theseus, who does not hesitate even to incur war in his protection of the aged blind man. In testimony of this fine treatment, Oedipus pays this tribute to Theseus:

Fair Aigeus' son, only to gods in heaven
Comes no old age nor death of anything;
All else is turmoiled by our master Time.
The earth's strength fades and manhood's glory fades,
Faith dies, and unfaith blossoms like a flower.
And who shall find in the open streets of men

Or secret places in his own heart's love
One wind blow true for ever?

IX. The "Electra." The center of interest in this psychological drama is in the character of Electra, who is encouraging her brother to take the lives of Aegisthus and Clytemnestra. The story itself is unlovely, whether we see it in this version, or the one given in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, or the *Electra* of Euripides. Although in the tragedy of Sophocles are many beautiful passages, the drama is generally conceded to be his least meritorious.

X. "Trachiniae." A new version of the familiar story of Hercules suffering under the poisoned shirt of Nessus is given in the Sophoclean drama known as the *Trachiniae,* from the Trachinian maidens who composed the chorus. Scholars trace in it the influence of Euripides, as they find it manifested again in *Philoctetes,* the last of the dramas of Sophocles. It is not thought that the poet has succeeded well in making mere physical pain the basis of a great tragedy, though there are many beautiful things in the play, notably the first lyric:

I 1

O Thou who art born of the shadow of night
When night is slain, and from blaze of thy light
Art laid to repose by night, of thee
I ask, O Sun, to reveal to me,
Thou god of the blazing day-beam, where
O where he tarries, Alcmena's heir?
Whether in sea-channels hiding,

Or on either coast abiding,
Thou all-transcendent Eye of Heaven, declare!

I 2

For Deianira, well I know,
With a longing heart, like a bird of woe,
(A bride much fought for—an envied prize)
Never sinks to the slumber of tearless eyes,
But bears in her bosom a mindful fear
For her lord's return in safety here;
On her widowed bed reclining,
Wistfully at all times pining,
In the terror of misfortune drawing near.

II 1

For as waves are seen thronging and flowing
Amid the wide sea,
When the south wind or north wind is blowing
Unweariably,
Such huge Cretan ocean of troubles
On troubles upbears
The offspring of Cadmus, and doubles
His portion of cares.
But him some Power stands near to sain and save
For evermore, from the house of the unseen Grave.

II 2

And therefore it is that I chide thee;
Things pleasant, say I,
May yet be in store to betide thee,
Howe'er thou deny.
I say, the good hope that remaineth
Thou need'st not dispel,
For Zeus, who almightily reigneth,
Gives sorrows as well.
So ever we move in a circle of joy and care,
That whirl like the whirling ways of the Arctic Bear.

For neither shadowy night nor fated sorrow
Nor wealth abides, but suddenly each is gone;
Joy finds us, and bereavement thereupon
Comes, on the morrow.
Wherefore to this I bid thee too, my queen,
Ever hold fast in hope; for who hath seen
Zeus of his own
So unregardful grown?

The character of Deianira is sympathetically portrayed, and the great speech of Hercules is magnificently rhetorical. It is given as a preliminary to his effort to persuade his boy Hyllus to erect the funeral pyre upon which Heracles sacrificed himself:

Heracles. Son, where art thou?
On this side, this side now,
Raise me and hold by me.
Ah, Ah, thou Power! It throbs, it throbs again,
The miserable, fierce, insurmountable pain,
Slaying me utterly!
Again, O Pallas, Pallas, this torment vexes me!
O boy, pity your father, and draw your sword, blameless,
And strike me under the neck, and relieve the aching smart
Wherewith your impious mother angers me to the heart;
Whom may I yet behold, so perishing, even so,
As me she did destroy! O friendly Hades! O
Brother of Jove! Send rest, send speedy rest in death!
Stop my sad breath!

1 *Lady.* I shudder, listening to the griefs, so great,
Wherewith, O friends, a king so great is harried.

Heracles. How many and how fierce and sore to tell
The labors I with body and hands have wrought!
And such an one not even the spouse of Jove
Set me, or the abhorred Eurystheus, ever,

As this, which Oeneus' daughter crafty-faced
Fitted upon my shoulders—the web-toil
Woven of the Furies, which is killing me.
For plastered to my sides, it has gnawed off
The surface of my flesh, and settles in
And battens on the channels of the lungs,
And has already drained all my fresh life-blood,
And through my whole frame I am overthrown,
Worsted by this unthought-for fetterment!
Treatment such as I never yet endured—
No, not from lances in the battle-field,
Or Giants' earthborn army, or Centaurs' might,
Or Grecian or barbarian, or all lands
Which I, cleansing their borders, visited;
But one sole woman—a female, not a male
By sex—weaponless—puts an end to me.
O boy, now show yourself my true-born son;
Set not the name of mother all too high;
But with your own hands hale out of the house
And render her that bare you into mine,
That I may know whether you grieve to see
This form of mine abused, rather than hers
Righteously punished. Up, my son, take courage!
Have pity on me, whom any men might pity,
Weeping and moaning like a girl—a thing
No one could say that he had seen me do
Ever before; rather, where hardships led
I followed uncomplaining. Now, alas,
Falling from thence, I have been proved a woman.
And now come near; stand by your father's side;
See under what mischance I suffer thus;
Here, I will show you without coverings;
Lo, behold all, a miserable frame!
Mark me, poor wretch, how I am pitiable!
—O woe! Alas, ah me,
Again, once more, that racking fever pain
Right through my side! The desperate gnawing plague
Will not release me from its harassing;

O Hades, king, receive me! O Jove's lightning, strike me!
Smite me, O king! Dart down thy thunderbolt,
Father, on me! for once again it revels,
It has blossomed—it has burst forth. O hands—hands,
O back and breast, O shoulder-blades of mine,
And have you come to this, who formerly
Beat down by force the lion habitant
Of Nemea, the perilous beast and wild,
Fatal to herdsmen; and the water-snake
Of Lerna; and the two-form prancing host
Of Centaurs, insolent, unsocial, rude,
Rampant in might; and the Erymanthian boar;
And the infernal triple-headed hound
Of Hades, the resistless monster, whelp
Of the dread Basilisk; and the Dragon-guard
Of golden apples, growing at the world's end?
And countless other toils I tasted of,
And no man set up trophies over me!
Now here I lie, with dislocated bones,
With lacerated flesh, by a dark mischief
Utterly cast away, unhappy! I,
Named of a mother most illustrious,
Reputed son of Zeus, Lord of the stars!
But be ye sure of this; though I be nothing,
Albeit I cannot move, even as I am.
Her who did this, still, I can overcome;
Let her come only, that she may be taught,
And have it to relate to all, how I,
Living and dying, punished wickedness!

XI. The "Philoctetes." It will be remembered that Philoctetes was bitten by a serpent early in the Trojan War, and his noisome wound forced the Greeks to abandon him on the isolated shore of Lemnos. Sophocles' drama gives us the effort of the Greeks to bring back the broken-hearted solitary to the camp

before Troy, by fair means or foul. Neoptolemus, of frank, faithful nature, tends Philoctetes sympathetically, and the latter considers him a friend, though in reality he is the tool of the wily Ulysses. When, however, Neoptolemus sees the sufferings of Philoctetes and experiences his gratitude, his boyish soul revolts from the hypocritical part he is playing, and he declines further assistance. Philoctetes is a great figure, and Neoptolemus a charming boy-hero. The stage represented a desert place on the coast of Lemnos, with a cave in the background, and the chorus was composed of Scyrian sailors, the followers of Neoptolemus. After a few pages, in which we learn that Neoptolemus has come at the instigation of Ulysses, the drama depicts the meeting of the old warrior and the young messenger in a manner especially noted for the beauty of the language in the original:

III 1

Chorus. Hush, my son.
Neoptolemus. Why?
Chorus. A sound rose clear
As of the tramp of a wearied man,
This way, or that; I hear—I hear
A voice articulate, of one
Pacing onward, as best he can;
Yes, the hoarse tone
That marks a soul worn down with pain,
From afar I know;
For loud and plain
That note of woe.

But, my son—
Neoptolemus. What?
Chorus. Bethink thee anew;
For the man is not far, but near,
Not, as a shepherd swain might do,
Piping a tune of merry cheer,
But either, stumbling, he cries perforce
With far-heard shout,
Or viewing the strange unwelcomed course
Of a ship to ground;
For he sends out
A scaring sound.

Enter PHILOCTETES

Philoctetes. Ho strangers, who are you, who have put in
With galley to this coast—sea without port,
Shore without shelter? Of what land or race
Am I to guess you? for your garments' guise
Is Grecian—best beloved of all to me;
And I would hear you speak. Be not struck dumb
With terror at the wildness of my looks;
But pitying an unhappy man—alone—
Desolate thus and friendless in his wrongs,
If you are come in friendship, speak to me.
Give me some answer! 'Twere unnatural
I should lack this from you, or you from me.
Neoptolemus. Sir stranger, know this first, we are of Greece;
Since this you fain would learn.
Philoctetes. O sound most welcome!
Ah what a thing it is to be addressed,
After long years, by such a man as you!
What need, my son, caused you to put in hither—
To come this way? What impulse? Which of winds
Most friendly? Say all this to me, aloud,
That I may know your name.

Neoptolemus. I am by birth
Of the isle of Scyros; I am sailing home;
My name's Neoptolemus, Achilles' son;
Now you know all.
Philoctetes. O son of sire most dear—
Sprout from a friendly soil—the foster-child
Of ancient Lycomedes, on what errand
Made you this land, from what port voyaging?
Neoptolemus. From Ilium, truly, am I steering now.
Philoctetes. How say you? for you did not sail, I know,
With us at first, when we set out for Troy.
Neoptolemus. Why, were you partner in that enterprise?
Philoctetes. O son, do you not know the man you look on?
Neoptolemus. How should I know a man I never saw?
Philoctetes. Nor did you ever hear my name, nor word
Of the afflictions that were killing me?
Neoptolemus. Nothing of what you ask me do I know.
Philoctetes. O what a drudge and sport of gods am I!
Of whose ill plight no whisper ever came
To my own home, or any coast of Greece,
But they who thrust me out unrighteously
Laugh and keep silence, while my sickness ever
Grows on me and increases more and more.
O boy! O son, calling Achilles sire,
I am the man who, may be, thou hast heard
Was master of the arms of Heracles,
The son of Poeas, Philoctetes! whom
The Captains twain and the Cephallenite king
Cast out thus shamefully—deserted—sick
Of a consuming wound—pierced through and through
By the destroying viper's venomous fangs;
And in this plight, boy, they exposed me here,
Left me, and went! when from the Chrysean coast
They put in hither with their navy, straight,
Soon as they saw me sleeping on the beach,
Tired with long tossing, in a sheltered cave,
They laughed, they went, they left me! casting me
A few mean rags, a beggar's garniture,
And some poor pittance, too, of nourishment,

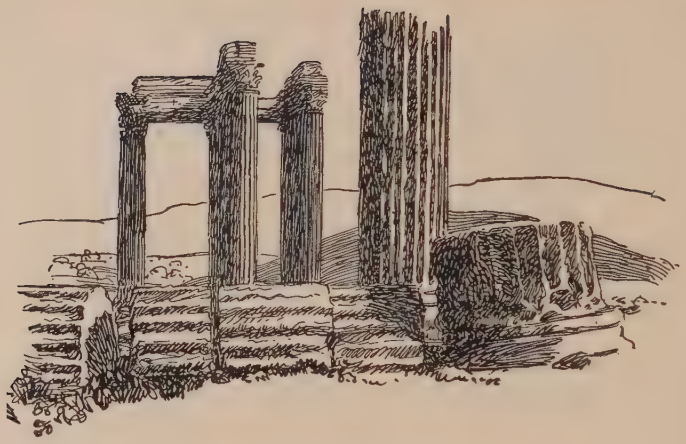
Such as, I pray, be theirs! O then, my son,
What sort of waking, think you, from that sleep
Had I when they were gone! How did I weep,
How did I wail, for my calamities!
Seeing the ships which I was leader of
All gone away, and no man in the place
Who should suffice me, or should comfort me
In the disease of which I labored; yea
Though I sought everywhere, nothing I found
Left to me, save my anguish; and, my son,
Of that no lack indeed! Hour after hour
Passed by me; and I must needs make shift alone,
Under this scanty shelter. For my food,
This quiver sought out what supplied my need,
Hitting the doves on wing; then to the mark
Of the shot bolt I had to crawl, with pain,
Dragging a wounded foot. If upon this
I wanted to get anything to drink,
Or, as in winter when the hoar frost lay,
To break some sticks to burn, this, creeping forth,
I had to manage, in my misery.
Then there would be no fire; but striking hard
With flint on flint I struck out painfully
An obscure spark, which keeps me still alive.
Thus shelter overheard, not without fire,
Furnishes all, save healing of my sore.—
Come now and hear about the isle, my son;
No sailor willingly approaches it;
For anchorage there is not, or a port
Whither a man might sail, and make his mart
By traffic, or find welcome; prudent men
Do not make voyage here. Some one, perhaps,
Might land against his will; for these things oft
Will happen in the long-drawn life of men;
But such, my son, when they do come, in words
Pity me, and in compassion give me, say
Some morsel of food, or matter of attire;
But that thing no man, when I hint it, will do—
Take me safe home; but this tenth year already

In hunger and distress I pine and perish,
Feeding the gnawing tooth of my disease.
The Atridae, and Ulysses' violence,
Have done me all this wrong; the like of which,
O boy, may the Olympian gods give them
One day to suffer, in revenge for me!

1 *Scyrian.* I feel I pity thee, O Poeas' son,
As much as any of thy visitors.

Neoptolemus. And I myself, in witness to this tale,
Can swear 'tis true; for I have felt their malice—
The Atridae—and Ulysses' violence.

AEGINA—TEMPLE OF ATHENA



CHAPTER XVI

EURIPIDES

BIOGRAPHY. According to tradition, the last member of the trio of great tragic poets was born in Salamis on the very day of the famous sea-fight with the Persians, 480 B. C. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and the young Euripides was given an excellent education. His mother, who was called by his enemies "the green-groceress," seems to have occupied a large part in her son's regard and to have been an intimate and affectionate friend. In any event, he repeatedly shows in his plays how great a factor in the development of character is a strong motherly love. At one time his parents were in banishment in Boeotia, but later they returned to Athens, where Euripides spent most of his life.

He was twice married and, if we can believe tradition, both times unhappily, yet it is impossible to verify the abusive words that were spoken against his wives by his enemies. He had three sons, one of whom became a merchant, another an actor, and the third, who bore his father's name, a playwright.

Euripides was a sensitive scholar with a melancholy temperament, who took little part in the affairs of his country and devoted himself almost completely to his studies. During the latter part of his life he became unpopular in Athens, owing largely to the character of his plays, and left the city to reside, first in Magnesia and later in Macedonia. In the spring of 406 B. C. he died, and a monument erected to his memory declared that the earth received only his bones, that all Greece was his real monument.

Among his contemporaries Sophocles seems to have had the highest appreciation for Euripides, and when the latter died, it is said the greatest of the trio, who had taken three times as many first prizes as had Euripides, paid marked honors to the dead writer in the drama that was then being produced; in fact, the chorus was dressed in mourning and recited words of praise. It was just another instance where the real appreciation of a man begins with his death. Modern poets have paid ardent homage to the genius of Euripides, and we may class Milton, Browning, Schiller and Alfieri among his admirers.

II. Literary Characteristics. Euripides was the representative of new ideas in Athens. He was the type of the doubter in religion, who found the old gods too human to be satisfactory. He questioned the social conditions under which the Athenians lived, and criticized the political beliefs of the leaders.

In his dramas he reflected all these traits of character; in the choice of subjects he used the old myths, but retold them to his own liking, and at times invented new ones to suit his convenience. When he introduced the gods into his plays, they lost the old heroic grandeur and talked and acted like the normal human beings with whom they were associated. All his characters, in fact, became human men and women, feeling, speaking and acting like the Athenians of his day. He was a thorough realist and drew his characters from everyday life, so that through his dramas we gain a clearer idea of the real Greeks of that day than from any other source.

Previous to his time, the chief motive of tragedy was the conflict between the divine will and human inclination and belief. Euripides made his motive the conflict between the base nature of man and his own higher ideals. He succeeded admirably in creating a strong sentimental interest in his characters, and excelled in pathetic situations.

While in the handling of the language Euripides used the everyday speech of the Athenians, he exhibited remarkable skill in the use of

Photo: Ewing Galloway

EURIPIDES

480–406 B. C.

THE LAST OF THE GREAT TRIO OF TRAGIC POETS OF GREECE.

words and wrote in a smooth and perspicuous style. Aristophanes was a bitter critic of the thought and style of Euripides, but nevertheless the great comic poet imitated his style frequently and borrowed much from the man he maligned; in fact, he seems to have known the tragedies by heart. After all, Euripides became the model of the later play writers, and in the fourth century was universally admired.

In forming an estimate of the genius of Euripides, we must not be too much influenced by the innovations he made, by the unpopularity which was his among the men of his time, nor by the occasional weakness to be found in his plays. He was one of the greatest Greek writers—in some respects the greatest. Gilbert Murray, in his *History of Greek Literature,* closes the chapter on Euripides thus:

"There is not one play of Euripides in which a critic cannot find serious flaws and offenses; though it is true, perhaps, that the worse the critic, the more he will find. Euripides was not essentially an artist. He was a man of extraordinary brain-power, dramatic craft, subtlety, sympathy, courage, imagination; he saw too deep into the world and took things too rebelliously to produce calm and successful poetry. Yet many will feel as Philemon did: 'If I were certain that the dead had consciousness, I would hang myself to see Euripides.' "

III. Influence on the Drama. Euripides was not as skillful in the handling of his plots as either of his tragic contemporaries. In

many cases his dramas are composed of a series of incidents with loose connection, but in a few cases, as, for example, in the *Medea,* his plot is carefully wrought out from beginning to end. He introduced the prologue, in which a person appeared and explained the play. Some of these are long, recite whole genealogies and are extremely tiresome, a fact which subjected him to savage criticism.

Moreover, he closed his play with an epilogue, which was spoken by one of the characters. His idea appears to have been to crowd the action of his play into a single day and to tell all that was necessary for an understanding of it through the prologue and the epilogue. We ought not, however, to criticize this idea too strongly, for in all probability the prologues and epilogues have been much changed in the numerous productions of the plays which were given in the later centuries, and, again, the idea of the Greek drama was not to close with the climax or most dramatic situation; in fact, there was almost always a distinct letting down at the end, an idea which was carried just a little further by Euripides.

Another innovation of the poet was the introduction of a divinity, who appeared at the end and solved all the tragic situations. The deity was brought in by means of a machine and from the clouds made his pronouncements. This was known, then, as the *deus ex machina,* or "god from the machine," and we have adopted the phrase to explain any device which

solves a difficult situation. A still further modification concerned the chorus, which in the hands of Euripides became of little importance and its songs frequently without any connection with the play. Nevertheless, they are highly musical, and many of them are of great beauty.

Perhaps the greatest mark of originality is his masterly treatment of his female characters, and yet it was through them that he became most unpopular with his contemporaries, who could not understand his attitude toward women and considered him a hater of the sex. On the contrary, he loved women, studied them carefully and portrayed them accurately, but as crime is more forcible and impressive than virtue, many of his most famous heroines are, plainly speaking, criminals. Alcestis, who died to save her husband; Evadne, and Laodamia, who could not survive theirs, and a number of pathetic virgin martyrs are instances to the contrary; but Medea, Phaedra, Clytemnestra and others are much more famous, and will always occupy a stronger position in the imagination of readers.

The sex problem in all its forms troubled Euripides; many of his plays were based upon it in one form or another, and he seeks to expound its influence, especially upon the lower classes, women and slaves. Besides the sex problem, he saw a further one: that certain classes, apparently beneath and bound to serve, are not always inferior to their masters, that

they are quite as human, quite as deserving of respect and consideration as those who occupy a higher position in life. Is it any wonder that the Athenians failed to understand their great poet?

As we have intimated, in religious matters Euripides was skeptical and the religious element in his plays is difficult to understand, even when the *deus ex machina* interferes with his explanations and prophecies. We cannot feel that Euripides takes the gods very seriously. The general impression from his writings is that men could get along very well without them, but that, as no one has anything better to substitute, it will be well to retain them. The influence of such a doctrine showed itself in the work of succeeding dramatists, so that the Bacchic festivals ceased to have that profound religious character which had been so strong in their early years; in fact, one can scarcely see how the dramas of Euripides could have been produced at a festival sacred to Bacchus.

IV. The Dramas. We have but eighteen of the plays of Euripides, though the *Rhesus*, undoubtedly spurious, is sometimes given as a nineteenth. Of about seventy-five other plays, we have something like eleven hundred fragments of moderate length. Of the eighteen genuine plays *Medea, Hippolytus, The Bacchanals, Iphigenia in Tauris* and *Alcestis* are the best. Others of interest are *Orestes, Hecuba, Electra, The Suppliants* and *The Tro-*

jan Dames. The Cyclops is the solitary satyric drama of ancient Greece now in existence. The remainder of the eighteen are *Helen, Andromache, Iphigenia in Aulis, Ion, The Phoenician Damsels, Hercules Distracted* and *The Children of Hercules.*

V. "THE CYCLOPS." Shelley, the English poet, has given us what is perhaps the finest version in English of any of the Greek plays. Writing in 1819 to Leigh Hunt, he said that the Greek plays had tempted him "to throw over their perfect and glowing forms the gray veil of [his] own words." At about that time he published his brilliant version of *The Cyclops,* which we reproduce almost entire, feeling that it has lost but little in its transition to our language.

In the play appear Silenus, Ulysses, Polyphemus and the Cyclops, with a chorus of satyrs. Silenus speaks the prologue:

Silenus. O Bacchus, what a world of toil, both now
And ere these limbs were overworn with age,
Have I endured for thee! First, when thou fled'st
The mountain-nymphs who nursed thee, driven afar
By the strange madness Juno sent upon thee;
Then in the battle of the sons of Earth,
When I stood foot by foot close to thy side,
No unpropitious fellow-combatant,
And driving through his shield my winged spear,
Slew vast Enceladus. Consider now,
Is it a dream of which I speak to thee?
By Jove it is not, for you have the trophies!
And now I suffer more than all before.
For when I heard that Juno had devised
A tedious voyage for you, I put to sea

With all my children quaint in search of you,
And I myself stood on the beaked prow
And fixed the naked mast, and all my boys
Leaning upon their oars, with splash and strain
Made white with foam the green and purple sea,—
And so we sought you, king. We were sailing
Near Malea, when an eastern wind arose,
And drove us to this wild Aetnean rock;
The one-eyed children of the Ocean god,
The man-destroying Cyclopses inhabit,
On this wild shore, their solitary caves,
And one of these, named Polypheme, has caught us
To be his slaves; and so, for all delight
Of Bacchic sports, sweet dance and melody,
We keep this lawless giant's wandering flocks.
My sons indeed, on far declivities,
Young things themselves, tend on the youngling sheep,
But I remain to fill the water casks,
Or sweeping the hard floor, or ministering
Some impious and abominable meal
To the fell Cyclops. I am wearied of it
And now I must scrape up the littered floor
With this great iron rake, so to receive
My absent master and his evening sheep
In a cave neat and clean. Even now I see
My children tending the flocks hitherward.
Ha! what is this? are your Sicinnian measures
Even now the same, as when with dance and song
You brought young Bacchus to Althaea's halls?

Chorus of Satyrs

STROPHE

Where has he of race divine
Wandered in the winding rocks?
Here the air is calm and fine
For the father of the flocks;—
Here the grass is soft and sweet,
And the river-eddies meet
In the trough beside the cave,

Bright as in their fountain wave.—
Neither here, nor on the dew
Of the lawny uplands feeding?
Oh, you come!—a stone at you
Will I throw to mend your breeding;—
Get along, you horned thing,
Wild, seditious, rambling!

EPODE

An Iacchic melody
To the golden Aphrodite
Will I lift, as erst did I
Seeking her and her delight,
With the Maenads, whose white feet
To the music glance and fleet.
Bacchus, O beloved, where,
Shaking wide thy yellow hair,
Wanderest thou alone, afar?
To the one-eyed Cyclops, we,
Who by right thy servants are,
Minister in misery,
In these wretched goat-skins clad,
Far from thy delights and thee.

Sil. Be silent, sons; command the slaves to drive
The gathered flocks into the rock-roofed cave.

Cho. Go! But what needs this serious haste, O father?

Sil. I see a Grecian vessel on the coast,
And thence the rowers with some general
Approaching to this cave.—About their necks
Hang empty vessels, as they wanted food,
And water-flasks.—Oh miserable strangers!
Whence come they, that they know not what and who
My master is, approaching in ill hour
The inhospitable roof of Polypheme,
And the Cyclopian jaw-bone, man-destroying?
Be silent, Satyrs, while I ask and hear
Whence coming, they arrive the Aetnean hill.

Ulysses. Friends, can you show me some clear water spring,

The remedy of our thirst? Will any one
Furnish with food seamen in want of it?
Ha! what is this? We seem to be arrived
At the blithe court of Bacchus. I observe
This sportive band of Satyrs near the caves.
First let me greet the elder.—Hail!

Sil. Hail thou,
O stranger! tell thy country and thy race.

Uly. The Ithacan Ulysses and the king
Of Cephalonia.

Sil. Oh! I know the man,
Wordy and shrewd, the son of Sisyphus.

Uly. I am the same, but do not rail upon me,—

Sil. Whence sailing do you come to Sicily?

Uly. From Ilion, and from the Trojan toils.

Sil. How touched you not at your paternal shore?

Uly. The strength of tempests bore me here by force.

Sil. The self-same accident occurred to me.

Uly. Were you then driven here by stress of weather?

Sil. Following the Pirates who had kidnapped Bacchus.

Uly. What land is this, and who inhabit it?—

Sil. Aetna, the loftiest peak in Sicily.

Uly. And are there walls, and tower-surrounded towns?

Sil. There are not.—These lone rocks are bare of men.

Uly. And who possess the land? the race of beasts?

Sil. Cyclops, who live in caverns, not in houses.

Uly. Obeying whom? Or is the state popular?

Sil. Shepherds: no one obeys any in aught.

Uly. How live they? do they sow the corn of Ceres?

Sil. On milk and cheese, and on the flesh of sheep.

Uly. Have they the Bromian drink from the vine's stream?

Sil. Ah! no; they live in an ungracious land.

Uly. And are they just to strangers?—hospitable?

Sil. They think the sweetest thing a stranger brings
Is his own flesh.

Uly. What! do they eat man's flesh?

Sil. No one comes here who is not eaten up.

Uly. The Cyclops now—where is he? Not at home?

Sil. Absent on Aetna, hunting with his dogs.
Uly. Know'st thou what thou must do to aid us hence?
Sil. I know not: we will help you all we can.
Uly. Provide us food, of which we are in want.
Sil. Here is not anything, as I said, but meat.
Uly. But meat is a sweet remedy for hunger.
Sil. Cow's milk there is, and store of curdled cheese.
Uly. Bring out:—I would see all before I bargain.
Sil. But how much gold will you engage to give?
Uly. I bring no gold, but Bacchic juice.
Sil. Oh joy!
'Tis long since these dry lips were wet with wine.
Uly. Maron, the son of the god, gave it me.
Sil. Whom I have nursed a baby in my arms.
Uly. The son of Bacchus, for your clearer knowledge.
Sil. Have you it now?—or is it in the ship?
Uly. Old man, this skin contains it, which you see.
Sil. Why this would hardly be a mouthful for me.
Uly. Nay, twice as much as you can draw from thence.
Sil. You speak of a fair fountain, sweet to me.
Uly. Would you first taste of the unmingled wine?
Sil. 'Tis just—tasting invites the purchaser.
Uly. Here is the cup, together with the skin.
Sil. Pour: that the draught may fillip my remembrance.
Uly. See!
Sil. Papaiax! what a sweet smell it has!
Uly. You see it then?—
Sil. By Jove, no; but I smell it.
Uly. Taste, that you may not praise it in words only.
Sil. Babai! Great Bacchus calls me forth to dance!
Joy! joy!
Uly. Did it flow sweetly down your throat?
Sil. So that it tingled to my very nails.
Uly. And in addition I will give you gold.
Sil. Let gold alone! only unlock the cask.
Uly. Bring out some cheeses now, or a young goat.
Sil. That will I do, despising any master.
Yes, let me drink one cup, and I will give
All that the Cyclops feed upon their mountains.

The wanton wretch! she was bewitched to see
The many-colored anklets and the chain
Of woven gold which girt the neck of Paris,
And so she left that good man Menelaus.
There should be no more women in the world
But such as are reserved for me alone.—
See, here are sheep, and here are goats, Ulysses,
Here are unsparing cheeses of pressed milk;
Take them; depart with what good speed ye may;
First leaving my reward, the Bacchic dew
Of joy-inspiring grapes.

Uly. Ah me! Alas!
What shall we do? the Cyclops is at hand!
Old man, we perish! whither can we fly?

Sil. Hide yourselves quick within that hollow rock.

Uly. 'Twere perilous to fly into the net.

Sil. The cavern has recesses numberless;
Hide yourself quick.

Uly. That will I never do!
The mighty Troy would be indeed disgraced
If I should fly one man. How many times
Have I withstood, with shield immovable,
Ten thousand Phrygians!—if I needs must die,
Yet will I die with glory;—if I live,
The praise which I have gained will yet remain.

Sil. What, ho! assistance, comrades, haste, assistance!

The Cyclops, Silenus, Ulysses; Chorus

Cyc. What is this tumult? Bacchus is not here,
Nor tympanies nor brazen castanets.
How are my young lambs in the cavern? Milking
Their dams or playing by their sides? And is
The new cheese pressed into the bulrush baskets?
Speak! I'll beat some of you till you rain tears—
Look up, not downwards, when I speak to you.

Sil. See! I now gape at Jupiter himself,
I stare upon Orion and the stars.

Cyc. Well, is the dinner fitly cooked and laid?

Sil. All ready, if your throat is ready too.

Cyc. Are the bowls full of milk besides?

Sil. O'er-brimming;
So you may drink a tunful if you will.
Cyc. Is it ewe's milk or cow's milk, or both mixed?—
Sil. Both, either; only pray don't swallow me.
Cyc. By no means.—
What is this crowd I see beside the stalls?
Outlaws or thieves? for near my cavern-home,
I see my young lambs coupled two by two
With willow bands; mixed with my cheeses lie
Their implements; and this old fellow here
Has his bald head broken with stripes.
Sil. Ah me!
I have been beaten till I burn with fever.
Cyc. By whom? Who laid his fist upon your head?
Sil. Those men, because I would not suffer them
To steal your goods.
Cyc. Did not the rascals know
I am a god, sprung from the race of heaven?
Sil. I told them so, but they bore off your things,
And ate the cheese in spite of all I said,
And carried out the lambs—and said, moreover,
They'd pin you down with a three-cubit collar,
And pull your vitals out through your one eye,
Torture your back with stripes, then binding you,
Throw you as ballast into the ship's hold,
And then deliver you, a slave, to move
Enormous rocks, or found a vestibule.
Cyc. In truth? Nay, haste, and place in order quickly
The cooking knives, and heap upon the hearth,
And kindle it, a great faggot of wood—
As soon as they are slaughtered, they shall fill
My belly, broiling warm from the live coals,
Or broiled and seethed within the bubbling caldron.
I am quite sick of the wild mountain game,
Of stags and lions I have gorged enough,
And I grow hungry for the flesh of men.
Sil. Nay, master, something new is very pleasant
After one thing for ever, and of late
Very few strangers have approached our cave.

Uly. Hear, Cyclops, a plain tale on the other side.
We, wanting to buy food, came from our ship
Into the neighborhood of your cave, and here
This old Silenus gave us in exchange
These lambs for wine, the which he took and drank,
And all by mutual compact, without force.
There is no word of truth in what he says,
For slily he was selling all your store.
Sil. I? May you perish, wretch—
Uly. If I speak false!
Sil. Cyclops, I swear by Neptune who begot thee,
By mighty Triton and by Nereus old,
Calypso and the glaucous ocean Nymphs,
The sacred waves and all the race of fishes—
Be these the witnesses, my dear sweet master,
My darling little Cyclops, that I never
Gave any of your stores to these false strangers;—
If I speak false may those whom most I love,
My children, perish wretchedly!
Cho. There stop!
I saw him giving these things to the strangers.
If I speak false, then may my father perish,
But do not thou wrong hospitality.
Cyc. You lie! I swear that he is juster far
Than Rhadamanthus—I trust more in him.
But let me ask, whence have ye sailed, O strangers?
Who are you? And what city nourished ye?
Uly. Our race is Ithacan—having destroyed
The town of Troy, the tempests of the sea
Have driven us on thy land, O Polypheme.
Cyc. What, have ye shared in the unenvied spoil
Of the false Helen, near Scamander's stream?
Uly. The same, having endured a woeful toil.
Cyc. Oh, basest expedition! sailed ye not
From Greece to Phrygia for one woman's sake?
Uly. 'Twas the gods' work—no mortal was in fault.
But, O great offspring of the ocean-king,
We pray thee and admonish thee with freedom,
That thou dost spare thy friends who visit thee,

And place no impious food within thy jaws.
For in the depths of Greece we have upreared
Temples to thy great father, which are all
His homes. The sacred bay of Taenarus
Remains inviolate, and each dim recess
Scooped high on the Malean promontory,
And airy Sunium's silver-veined crag,
Which divine Pallas keeps unprofaned ever,
The Gerastian asylums, and whate'er
Within wide Greece our enterprise has kept
From Phrygian contumely; and in which
You have a common care, for you inhabit
The skirts of Grecian land, under the roots
Of Aetna and its crags, spotted with fire.
Turn then to converse under human laws,
Receive us shipwrecked suppliants, and provide
Food, clothes, and fire, and hospitable gifts;
Nor fixing upon oxen-piercing spits
Our limbs, so fill your belly and your jaws.
Priam's wide land has widowed Greece enough;
And weapon-winged murder heaped together
Enough of dead, and wives are husbandless,
And ancient women and gray fathers wail
Their childless age;—if you should roast the rest
And 'tis a bitter feast that you prepare,
Where then would any turn? Yet be persuaded;
Forego the lust of your jaw-bone; prefer
Pious humanity to wicked will:
Many have bought too dear their evil joys.

Sil. Let me advise you, do not spare a morsel
Of all his flesh. If you should eat his tongue
You would become most eloquent, O Cyclops.

Cyc. Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise man's god,
All other things are a pretense and boast.
What are my father's ocean promontories,
The sacred rocks whereon he dwells, to me?
Stranger, I laugh to scorn Jove's thunderbolt,
I know not that his strength is more than mine.
As to the rest I care not:—When he pours

Rain from above, I have a close pavilion
Under this rock, in which I lie supine,
Feasting on a roast calf or some wild beast,
And drinking pans of milk, and gloriously
Emulating the thunder of high heaven.
And when the Thracian wind pours down the snow
I wrap my body in the skins of beasts,
Kindle a fire, and bid the snow whirl on.
The earth, by force, whether it will or no,
Bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks and herds,
Which, to what other god but to myself
And this great belly, first of deities,
Should I be bound to sacrifice? I well know
The wise man's only Jupiter is this,
To eat and drink during his little day,
And give himself no care. And as for those
Who complicate with laws the life of man,
I freely give them tears for their reward.
I will not cheat my soul of its delight,
Or hesitate in dining upon you:—
And that I may be quit of all demands,
These are my hospitable gifts;—fierce fire
And yon ancestral caldron, which o'erbubbling
Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
Creep in!—

Uly. Ai! ai! I have escaped the Trojan toils,
I have escaped the sea, and now I fall
Under the cruel grasp of one impious man.
O Pallas, mistress, goddess, sprung from Jove,
Now, now, assist me! Mightier toils than Troy
Are these;—I totter on the chasms of peril;—
And thou who inhabitest the thrones
Of the bright stars, look, hospitable Jove,
Upon this outrage of thy deity,
Otherwise be considered as no god!

Chorus (*alone*)

For your gaping gulf, and your gullet wide
The raven is ready on every side,
The limbs of the strangers are cooked and done,

There is boiled meat, and roast meat, and meat
from the coal,
You may chop it, and tear it, and gnash it for fun,
And hairy goat's-skin contains the whole.
Let me but escape, and ferry me o'er
The stream of your wrath to a safer shore.
The Cyclops Aetnean is cruel and bold,
He murders the strangers
That sit on his hearth,
And dreads no avengers
To rise from the earth.
He roasts the men before they are cold,
He snatches them broiling from the coal,
And from the caldron pulls them whole,
And minces their flesh and gnaws their bone
With his cursed teeth, till all be gone.
Farewell, foul pavilion:
Farewell, rites of dread!
The Cyclops vermilion,
With slaughter uncloying,
Now feasts on the dead,
In the flesh of strangers joying!

Uly. O Jupiter! I saw within the cave
Horrible things; deeds to be feigned in words,
But not to be believed as being done.

Cho. What! sawest thou the impious Polypheme
Feasting upon your loved companions now?

Uly. Selecting two, the plumpest of the crowd,
He grasped them in his hands.—

Cho. Unhappy man!

. . . . . .

Uly. Soon as we came into this craggy place,
Kindling a fire, he cast on the broad hearth
The knotty limbs of an enormous oak,
Three wagon-loads at least, and then he strewed
Upon the ground, beside the red firelight,
His couch of pine leaves; and he milked the cows,
And pouring forth the white milk, filled a bowl
Three cubits wide and four in depth, as much

As would contain ten amphorae, and bound it
With ivy wreaths; then placed upon the fire
A brazen pot to boil, and made red hot
The points of spits, not sharpened with the sickle
But with a fruit tree bough, and with the jaws
Of axes for Aetnean slaughterings.
And when this god-abandoned cook of hell
Had made all ready, he seized two of us
And killed them in a kind of measured manner;
For he flung one against the brazen rivets
Of the huge caldron, and seized the other
By the foot's tendon, and knocked out his brains
Upon the sharp edge of the craggy stone:
Then peeled his flesh with a great cooking-knife
And put him down to roast. The other's limbs
He chopped into the caldron to be boiled.
And I, with the tears raining from my eyes,
Stood near the Cyclops, ministering to him;
The rest, in the recesses of the cave,
Clung to the rock like bats, bloodless with fear.
When he was filled with my companions' flesh,
He threw himself upon the ground and sent
A loathsome exhalation from his maw.
Then a divine thought came to me. I filled
The cup of Maron, and I offered him
To taste, and said:—"Child of the Ocean god,
Behold what drink the vines of Greece produce,
The exultation and the joy of Bacchus."
He, satiated with his unnatural food,
Received it, and at one draught drank it off,
And taking my hand, praised me:—"Thou hast given
A sweet draught after a sweet meal, dear guest."
And I perceiving that it pleased him, filled
Another cup, well knowing that the wine
Would wound him soon and take a sure revenge.
And the charm fascinated him, and I
Plied him cup after cup, until the drink
Had warmed his entrails, and he sang aloud
In concert with my wailing fellow-seamen

A hideous discord—and the cavern rung.
I have stolen out, so that if you will
You may achieve my safety and your own.
But say, do you desire, or not, to fly
This uncompanionable man, and dwell
As was your wont among the Grecian Nymphs
Within the fanes of your beloved god?
Your father there within agrees to it,
But he is weak and overcome with wine,
And caught as if with bird-lime by the cup,
He claps his wings and crows in doting joy.
You who are young escape with me, and find
Bacchus your ancient friend; unsuited he
To this rude Cyclops.

Cho. Oh my dearest friend,
That I could see that day, and leave for ever
The impious Cyclops.

. . . . . .

Uly. Listen then what a punishment I have
For this fell monster, how secure a flight
From your hard servitude.

Cho. O sweeter far
Than is the music of an Asian lyre
Would be the news of Polypheme destroyed.

Uly. Delighted with the Bacchic drink he goes
To call his brother Cyclops—who inhabit
A village upon Aetna not far off.

Cho. I understand, catching him when alone
You think by some measure to dispatch him,
Or thrust him from the precipice.

Uly. Oh no;
Nothing of that kind; my device is subtle.

Cho. How then? I heard of old that thou wert wise.

Uly. I will dissuade him from this plan, by saying
It were unwise to give the Cyclopses
This precious drink, which if enjoyed alone
Would make life sweeter for a longer time.
When vanquished by the Bacchic power, he sleeps,
There is a trunk of olive wood within,

Whose point having made sharp with this good sword
I will conceal in fire, and when I see
It is alight, will fix it, burning yet,
Within the socket of the Cyclops' eye
And melt it out with fire—as when a man
Turns by its handle a great augur round,
Fitting the framework of a ship with beams,
So will I, in the Cyclops' fiery eye
Turn round the brand and dry the pupil up.

Cho. Joy! I am mad with joy at your device.

Uly. And then with you, my friends, and the old man,
We'll load the hollow depth of our black ship,
And row with double strokes from this dread shore.

Cho. May I, as in libations to a god,
Share in the blinding him with the red brand?
I would have some communion in his death.

Uly. Doubtless: the brand is a great brand to hold.

Cho. Oh! I would lift an hundred wagon-loads,
If like a wasp's nest I could scoop the eye out
Of the detested Cyclops.

Uly. Silence now!
Ye know the close device—and when I call,
Look ye obey the masters of the craft.
I will not save myself and leave behind
My comrades in the cave: I might escape,
Having got clear from that obscure recess,
But 'twere unjust to leave in jeopardy
The dear companions who sailed here with me.

Chorus

Come! who is first, that with his hand
Will urge down the burning brand
Through the lids, and quench and pierce
The Cyclops' eye so fiery fierce?

Semichorus I (Song within.)

Listen! listen! he is coming,
A most hideous discord humming,
Drunken, museless, awkward, yelling,

Far along his rocky dwelling;
Let us with some comic spell
Teach the yet unteachable.
By all means he must be blinded
If my counsel be but minded.

Semichorus II

Happy those made odorous
With the dew which sweet grapes weep,
To the village hastening thus,
Seek the vines that soothe to sleep,
Having first embraced thy friend,
There in luxury without end,
With the strings of yellow hair,
Of thy voluptuous leman fair,
Shalt sit playing on a bed!—
Speak what door is opened?

Cyclops

Ha! ha! ha! I'm full of wine,
Heavy with the joy divine,
With the young feast oversated,
Like a merchant's vessel freighted
To the water's edge, my crop
Is laden to the gullet's top.
The fresh meadow grass of spring
Tempts me forth thus wandering
To my brothers on the mountains,
Who shall share the wine's sweet fountains.
Bring the cask, O stranger, bring!

Chorus

One with eyes the fairest
Cometh from his dwelling
Some one loves thee, rarest,
Bright beyond my telling.
In thy grace thou shinest
Like some nymph divinest,
In her caverns dewy:—

All delights pursue thee,
Soon pied flowers, sweet-breathing,
Shall thy head be wreathing.

Uly. Listen, O Cyclops, for I am well skilled
In Bacchus, whom I gave thee of to drink.

Cyc. What sort of god is Bacchus then accounted?

Uly. The greatest among men for joy of life.

Cyc. I gulped him down with very great delight.

Uly. This is a god who never injures men.

Cyc. How does the god like living in a skin?

Uly. He is content wherever he is put.

Cyc. Gods should not have their body in a skin.

Uly. If he gives joy, what is his skin to you?

Cyc. I hate the skin, but love the wine within.

Uly. Stay here, now drink, and make your spirit glad.

Cyc. Should I not share this liquor with my brothers?

Uly. Keep it yourself, and be more honored so.

Cyc. I were more useful, giving to my friends.

Uly. But village mirth breeds contests, broils, and blows.

Cyc. When I am drunk none shall lay hands on me.—

Uly. A drunken man is better within doors.

Cyc. He is a fool, who drinking, loves not mirth.

Uly. But he is wise, who drunk, remains at home.

Cyc. What shall I do, Silenus? Shall I stay?

Sil. Stay—for what need have you of pot companions?

Cyc. Indeed this place is closely carpeted
With flowers and grass.

Sil. And in the sun-warm noon
'Tis sweet to drink. Lie down beside me now,
Placing your mighty sides upon the ground.

Cyc. What do you put the cup behind me for?

Sil. That no one here may touch it.

Cyc. Thievish one!
You want to drink;—here place it in the midst.
And thou, O stranger, tell how art thou called?

Uly. My name is Nobody. What favor now
Shall I receive to praise you at your hands?

Cyc. I'll feast on you the last of your companions.

Uly. You grant your guest a fair reward, O Cyclops.

Cyc. Ha! what is this? Stealing the wine, you rogue!
Sil. It was this stranger kissing me because
I looked so beautiful.
Cyc. You shall repent
For kissing the coy wine that loves you not.
Sil. By Jupiter! you said that I am fair.
Cyc. Pour out, and only give me the cup full.
Sil. How is it mixed? let me observe.
Cyc. Curse you!
Give it me so.
Sil. Not till I see you wear
That coronal, and taste the cup to you.
Cyc. Thou wily traitor!
Sil. But the wine is sweet.
Ay, you will roar if you are caught in drinking.
Cyc. See now, my lip is clean and all my beard.
Sil. Now put your elbow right and drink again.
As you see me drink— . . .
Cyc. How now?
Sil. Ye gods, what a delicious gulp!
Cyc. Guest, take it;—you pour out the wine for me.
Uly. The wine is well accustomed to my hand.
Cyc. Pour out the wine!
Uly. I pour; only be silent.
Cyc. Silence is a hard task to him who drinks.
Uly. Take it and drink it off; leave not a dreg.
Oh, that the drinker died with his own draught!
Cyc. Papai! the vine must be a sapient plant.
Uly. If you drink much after a mighty feast,
Moistening your thirsty maw, you will sleep well;
If you leave aught, Bacchus will dry you up.
Cyc. Ho! ho! I can scarce rise. What pure delight!
The heavens and earth appear to whirl about
Confusedly. I see the throne of Jove
And the clear congregation of the gods.

. . . . . .

ULYSSES *and the Chorus*

Uly. Come, boys of Bacchus, children of high race,
This man within is folded up in sleep,

And soon will vomit flesh from his fell maw;
The brand under the shed thrusts out its smoke,
No preparation needs, but to burn out
The monster's eye;—but bear yourselves like men.

Cho. We will have courage like the adamant rock,
All things are ready for you here; go in,
Before our father shall perceive the noise.

Uly. Vulcan, Aetnean king! burn out with fire
The shining eye of this thy neighboring monster!
And thou, O sleep, nursling of gloomy night,
Descend unmixed on this god-hated beast,
And suffer not Ulysses and his comrades,
Returning from their famous Trojan toils,
To perish by this man, who cares not either
For god or mortal; or I needs must think
That Chance is a supreme divinity,
And things divine are subject to her power.

Chorus

Soon a crab the throat will seize
Of him who feeds upon his guest,
Fire will burn his lamp-like eye
In revenge of such a feast!
A great oak stump now is lying
In the ashes yet undying.
Come, Maron, come!
Raging let him fix the doom,
Let him tear the eyelid up
Of the Cyclops—that his cup
May be evil!
Oh! I long to dance and revel
With sweet Bromian, long desired,
In loved ivy wreaths attired;
Leaving this abandoned home—
Will the moment ever come?

Uly. Be silent, ye wild things! Nay, hold your peace,
And keep your lips quite close; dare not to breathe,
Or spit, or e'en wink, lest ye wake the monster,
Until his eye be tortured out with fire.

Cho. Nay, we are silent, and we chaw the air.
Uly. Come now, and lend a hand to the great stake
Within—it is delightfully red hot.
Cho. You then command who first should seize the stake
To burn the Cyclops' eye, that all may share
In the great enterprise.
Semi. I. We are too far,
We cannot at this distance from the door
Thrust fire into his eye.
Semi. II. And we just now
Have become lame; cannot move hand or foot.
Cho. The same thing has occurred to us,—our ankles
Are sprained with standing here, I know not how.
Uly. What, sprained with standing still?
Cho. And there is dust
Or ashes in our eyes, I know not whence.
Uly. Cowardly dogs! ye will not aid me then?
Cho. With pitying my own back and my back bone,
And with not wishing all my teeth knocked out,
This cowardice comes of itself—but stay,
I know a famous Orphic incantation
To make the brand stick of its own accord
Into the skull of this one-eyed son of Earth.
Uly. Of old I knew ye thus by nature; now
I know ye better.—I will use the aid
Of my own comrades—yet though weak of hand
Speak cheerfully, that so ye may awaken
The courage of my friends with your blithe words.
Cho. This I will do with peril of my life,
And blind you with my exhortations, Cyclops.

Hasten and thrust,
And parch up to dust,
The eye of the beast,
Who feeds on his guest.
Burn and blind
The Aetnean hind!
Scoop and draw,
But beware lest he claw
Your limbs near his maw.

Cyc. Ah me! my eyesight is parched up to cinders.
Cho. What a sweet paean! sing me that again!
Cyc. Ah me! indeed, what woe has fallen upon me!
But wretched nothings, think ye not to flee
Out of this rock; I, standing at the outlet,
Will bar the way and catch you as you pass.
Cho. What are you roaring out, Cyclops?
Cyc. I perish!
Cho. For you are wicked.
Cyc. And besides miserable.
Cho. What, did you fall into the fire when drunk?
Cyc. 'Twas Nobody destroyed me.
Cho. Why then no one
Can be to blame.
Cyc. I say 'twas Nobody
Who blinded me.
Cho. Why then you are not blind.
Cyc. I wish you were as blind as I am.
Cho. Nay,
It cannot be that no one made you blind.
Cyc. You jeer me; where, I ask, is Nobody?
Cho. Nowhere, O Cyclops.
Cyc. It was that stranger ruined me:—the wretch
First gave me wine and then burnt out my eye,
For wine is strong and hard to struggle with.
Have they escaped, or are they yet within?
Cho. They stand under the darkness of the rock
And cling to it.
Cyc. At my right hand or left?
Cho. Close on your right.
Cyc. Where?
Cho. Near the rock itself.
You have them.
Cyc. Oh, misfortune on misfortune!
I've cracked my skull.
Cho. Now they escape you there.
Cyc. Not there, although you say so.
Cho. Not on that side.
Cyc. Where then?

Cho. They creep about you on your left.
Cyc. Ah! I am mocked! They jeer me in my ills.
Cho. Not there! he is a little there beyond you.
Cyc. Detested wretch! where are you?
Uly. Far from you
I keep with care this body of Ulysses.
Cyc. What do you say? You proffer a new name.
Uly. My father named me so; and I have taken
A full revenge for your unnatural feast;
I should have done ill to have burned down Troy
And not revenged the murder of my comrades.
Cyc. Ai! ai! the ancient oracle is accomplished;
It said that I should have my eyesight blinded
By you coming from Troy, yet it foretold
That you should pay the penalty for this
By wandering long over the homeless sea.
Uly. I bid thee weep—consider what I say,
I go towards the shore to drive my ship
To mine own land, o'er the Sicilian wave.
Cyc. Not so, if whelming you with this huge stone
I can crush you and all your men together;
I will descend upon the shore, though blind,
Groping my way adown the steep ravine.
Cho. And we, the shipmates of Ulysses now,
Will serve our Bacchus all our happy lives.

VI. THE "ALCESTIS." One of the simplest and at the same time most beautiful of the dramas is *Alcestis*. Alcestis, daughter of the gods, is married to Admetus, for whom immortality can be obtained only by the death of some willing person: Alcestis voluntarily consents to be the victim.

In the hands of Euripides, the action of the drama requires the following persons, besides the chorus of Pheraeans: Apollo, who has been a favored guest of Admetus; Thanatus,

who is Hades under another name; Alcestis; Admetus; Eumelus; Pheres, and Hercules, the *deus ex machina,* who sets all things right.

The prologue is spoken by Apollo, who tells of the hospitality which Admetus has shown him, boasts of having found a way to give immortality to his friend, and yet leaves the mansion lest he be polluted by the death of Alcestis. Thanatus appears to take Alcestis to Pluto's dark domain. The chorus sings:

CHORUS

1*st Semichor.* Before this royal mansion all is still:
What may this melancholy silence mean?
2*nd Semichor.* And not a friend is nigh, from whom to learn
Whether we ought to wail the Queen now dead,
Or lives she yet, yet sees the light of heaven,
For conjugal affection justly deemed
By me, by all, the noblest of her sex.
1*st Semichor.* Hear you a cry, hear you a clash of hands
Within, or lamentations for the dead?
2*nd Semichor.* Not e'en a servant holds his station here
Before the gates. O, 'midst this awful gloom
Appear, bright Paean, and dispel the storm!
1*st Semichor.* If she were dead, they would not be thus silent;
Nor could the body vanish from the house.
2*nd Semichor.* Whence is thy confidence? My fears o'ercome me.
1*st Semichor.* A wife so honored would Admetus bear
Without due pomp in silence to her tomb?
2*nd Semichor.* Nor vase of fountain water do I see
Before the doors, as custom claims, to bathe
The corse; and none hath on the portal placed
His locks, in solemn mourning for the dead
Usually shorn; nor does the younger train
Of females raise their sorrowing voices high.

1*st Semichor.* Yet this the fatal day, when she must leave
The light of heaven.
2*nd Semichor.* Why dost thou mention this?
O, thou hast touched my heart, hast touched my soul.
1*st Semichor.* When on the good afflictions fall, to grieve
Becomes the man that hath been prized as honest.

The following scene between Alcestis, Admetus, Eumelus (the son of Alcestis), and the chorus, shows Alcestis in the full tide of her youth, believing that she is giving her life to save the state:

ALCESTIS, ADMETUS, EUMELUS, CHORUS

Alc. Thou sun, and thou fair light of day, ye clouds
That in quick eddies whirl along the sky!
Adm. Sees thee and me most wretched, yet in nought
Offending 'gainst the gods that thou shouldst die.
Alc. O earth, ye tow'red roofs, thou bridal bed
Raised in Iolcos, my paternal seat!
Adm. O thou poor sufferer, raise thee, leave me not;
Entreat the powerful gods to pity thee.
Alc. I see the two-oared boat, the Stygian barge;
And he, that wafts the dead, grasps in his hand
His pole, and calls me, "Why dost thou delay?
Haste thee; thou lingerest; all is ready here.
Charon impatient speeds me to begone."
Adm. A melancholy voyage this to me.
O thou unhappy, what a fate is ours!
Alc. He drags me, some one drags me to the gates
That close upon the dead; dost thou not see him,
How stern he frowns beneath his gloomy brows,
Th' impetuous Pluto? What wouldst thou with me?
Off, let me go! Ah, what a dreary path,
Wretched, most wretched, must I downwards tread!
Adm. To thy friends mournful, most to me, and these
Thy children, who with me this sorrow share.
Alc. No longer hold me up, hold me no longer;
Here lay me down: I have not strength to stand:

Death is hard by, dark night creeps o'er my eyes.
My children, O my children, now no more,
Your mother is no more: farewell! May you
More happy see the golden light of heaven!

Adm. Ah, what a mournful word is this! To me
Than any death more painful. By the gods,
Forsake me not. Shouldst thou be taken from me,
I were no more; in thee I live; thy love,
Thy sweet society my soul reveres.

Alc. Thou see'st, Admetus, what to me the Fates
Assign; yet, ere I die, I wish to tell thee
What lies most near my heart. I honored thee,
And in exchange for thine my forfeit life
Devoted; now I die for thee, though free
Not to have died, but from Thessalia's chiefs
Preferring whom I pleased in royal state
To have lived happy here: I had no will
To live bereft of thee with these poor orphans;
I die without reluctance, though the gifts
Of youth are mine to make life grateful to me.
Yet he that gave thee birth, and she that bore thee,
Deserted thee, though well it had beseemed them
With honor to have died for thee, t' have saved
Their son with honor, glorious in their death.
They had no child but thee, they had no hope
Of other offspring shouldest thou die; and I
Might thus have lived, thou mightst have lived, till age
Crept slowly on, nor wouldst thou heave the sigh
Thus of thy wife deprived, nor train alone
Thy orphan children. But some god appointed
It should be thus: thus be it. Thou to me
Requite this kindness; never shall I ask
An equal retribution, nothing bears
A value high as life: yet my request
Is just, thou wilt confess it; for thy love
To these our children equals mine, thy soul
If wisdom tempers. In their mother's house
Let them be lords: wed not again, to set
A stepdame o'er my children, some base woman

That wants my virtues; she through jealousy
Will work against their lives, because to thee
I bore them: do not this, I beg thee do not;
For to the offspring of a former bed
A stepdame comes sharp as a serpent's tooth.
My son, that holds endearing converse with thee,
Hath in his father a secure protection.
But who, my daughter, shall with honor guide
Thy virgin years? What woman shalt thou find,
New-wedded to thy father, whose vile arts
Will not with slanderous falsehoods taint thy name,
And blast thy nuptials in youth's freshest bloom
For never shall thy mother see thee led
A bride, nor at thy throes speak comfort to thee,
Then present when a mother's tenderness
Is most alive: for I must die; the ill
Waits not a day, but quickly shall I be
Numbered amongst the dead. Farewell, be happy;
And thou, my husband, mayst with honor boast
Thou hast been wedded to a virtuous wife;
And you, my children, glory in your mother.

Cho. Fear not: I boldly pledge my faith that this
He will perform, if reason holds her seat.

Adm. This shall be done, let not such fears disturb thee,
It shall be done; for living thou wast mine,
And dead thou only shalt be called my wife.
Never in thy dear place Thessalian bride
Shall call me husband: no, nor other woman,
Though from a line of ancient kings she draws
Her noble blood, and boasts each peerless grace
Of native beauty. I am blest with children,
Nor wish I more; in these I pray the gods
I may have joy, since all my joy in thee
Is lost. This mourning not one single year,
But to my life's last period, shall be borne.
How hateful are my parents! for their words
Alone were friendly, not their deeds; whilst thou,
Paying the dearest forfeit for my life,
Hast saved me. Shall I ever cease to mourn,

Deprived of such a wife? Hence I renounce
The feast, the cheerful guest, the flow'ry wreath
And song that used to echo through my house.
For never will I touch the lyre again.
Nor to the Libyan flute's sweet measures raise
My voice: with thee all my delights are dead.
Thy beauteous figure, by the artist's hand
Skillfully wrought, shall in my bed be laid;
By that reclining, I will clasp it to me,
And call it by thy name, and think I hold
My dear wife in my arms, and have her yet,
Though now no more I have her: cold delight
I ween; yet thus th' affliction of my soul
Shall I relieve, and visiting my dreams
Shalt thou delight me; for to see a friend
Is grateful to the soul, come when he will,
Though an unreal vision of the night.
Had I the voice of Orpheus, and his skill
Of power to soothe with my melodious strains
The daughter of bright Ceres, or her husband,
That from their realms I might receive thee back,
I would go down; nor should th' infernal dog,
Nor the stern Charon, sitting at his oar
To waft the dead, restrain me, till thy life
I had restored to the fair light of day.
But there await me till I die; prepare
A mansion for me, as again with me
To dwell; for in thy tomb will I be laid
In the same cedar, by the side composed;
For ev'n in death I will not be disjoined
From thee, who hast alone been faithful to me.

Cho. For her dear sake thy sorrows will I share
As friend with friend; and she is worthy of it.

Alc. You hear, my children, what your father's words
Have promised, not to wed another woman
To your discomfort, nor dishonor me.

Adm. I now repeat it; firm shall be my faith.

Alc. On this, receive thy children from my hands.

Adm. A much-loved gift, and from a much-loved hand.

Alc. Be now, instead of me, a mother to them.
Adm. If they lose thee, it must indeed be so.
Alc. When I should live, I sink among the dead.
Adm. Ah me, what shall I do bereft of thee!
Alc. Time will abate thy grief, the dead is nothing.
Adm. O lead me, by the gods, lead me down with thee.
Alc. Enough, it is enough that I die for thee.
Adm. O fate, of what a wife dost thou deprive me!
Alc. A heavy weight hangs on my darkened eye.
Adm. If thou forsake me, I am lost indeed.
Alc. As one that is no more I now am nothing.
Adm. Ah, raise thy face: do not forsake thy children.
Alc. It must be so perforce: farewell, my children!
Adm. Look on them, but a look!
Alc. I am no more.
Adm. How dost thou? Wilt thou leave us then?
Alc. Farewell!
Adm. And what a wretch, what a lost wretch am I!
Cho. She's gone; thy wife, Admetus, is no more.
Eum. O my unhappy fate!
My mother sinks to the dark realms of night,
Nor longer views this golden light;
But to the ills of life exposed
Leaves my poor orphan state.
Her eyes, my father, see, her eyes are closed,
And her hand nerveless falls.
Yet hear me, O my mother, hear my cries,
It is thy son that calls,
Who prostrate on the earth breathes on thy lips his sighs.
Adm. On one that hears not, sees not: I and you
Must bend beneath affliction's heaviest load.
Eum. Ah, she hath left my youth:
My mother, my dear mother, is no more,
Left me my sufferings to deplore;
Who shall my sorrow soothe?
Thou too, my sister, thy full share shalt know
Of grief, thy heart to rend.
Vain, O my father, vain thy nuptial vows,

Brought to this speedy end;
For, when my mother died, in ruin sunk thy house.
Cho. Admetus, thou perforce must bear these ills:
Thou'rt not the first, nor shalt thou be the last
Of mortal men, to lose a virtuous wife:
For know, death is a debt we all must pay.

She makes an appeal to Admetus that no second mother shall be put over her little ones when she is gone, and he promises that no wife shall be his and that so long as he lives he will spend his time gazing on her beloved image. After her death the chorus sings her requiem:

CHORUS

Strophe 1

My vent'rous foot delights
To tread the Muses' arduous heights;
Their hallowed haunts I love t' explore,
And listen to their lore:
Yet never could my searching mind
Aught, like necessity, resistless find;
No herb of sovereign power to save,
Whose virtues Orpheus joyed to trace,
And wrote them in the rolls of Thrace;
Nor all that Phoebus gave,
Instructing the Aesculapian train,
When various ills the human frame assail,
To heal the wound, to soothe the pain,
'Gainst her stern force avail.

Antistrophe 1

Of all the powers divine
Alone none dares approach her shrine;
To her no hallowed image stands,
No altar she commands;
In vain the victim's blood would flow;
She never deigns to hear the suppliant vow.
Never to me mayst thou appear,

Dread goddess, with severer mien,
That oft in life's past tranquil scene
Thou hast been known to wear.
By thee Jove works his stern behest:
Thy force subdues e'en Scythia's stubborn steel:
Nor ever does thy rugged breast
The touch of pity feel.

Strophe 2

And now, with ruin pleased,
On thee, O king, her hands have seized,
And bound thee in her iron chain:
Yet her fell force sustain.
For from the gloomy realms of night
No tears recall the dead to life's sweet light;
No virtue, though to heaven allied,
Saves from th' inevitable doom:
Heroes and sons of gods have died,
And sunk into the tomb.
Dear, whilst our eyes her presence blest,
Dear, in the gloomy mansions of the dead;
Most generous she, the noblest, best
Who graced thy nuptial bed.

Antistrophe 2

Thy wife's sepulchral mound
Deem not as common, worthless ground,
That swells their breathless bodies o'er
Who die, and are no more.
No; be it honored as a shrine
Raised high, and hallowed to some power divine.
The traveler, as he passes by,
Shall thither bend his devious way,
With reverence gaze, and with a sigh
Smite on his breast, and say,
"She died of old to save her lord;
Now blest among the blest: Hail, power revered;
To us thy wonted grace afford!"
Such vows shall be preferred.

But see, Admetus, to thy house, I ween,
Alcmene's son bends his returning steps.

Here Hercules enters and answers the appeal of Admetus:

HERCULES, ADMETUS, CHORUS

Her. I would speak freely to my friend, Admetus,
Nor what I blame keep secret in my breast.
I came to thee amidst thy ills, and thought
I had been worthy to be proved thy friend.
Thou toldest me not the obsequies prepared
Were for thy wife, but in thy house receiv'dst me
As if thou griev'dst for one of foreign birth.
I bound my head with garlands, to the gods
Pouring libations in thy house with grief
Oppressed. I blame this: yes, in such a state
I blame this: yet I come not in thine ills
To give thee pain; why I return in brief
Will I unfold. This woman from my hands
Receive to thy protection, till returned
I bring the Thracian steeds, having there slain
The proud Bistonian tyrant; should I fail,
Be that mischance not mine, for much I wish
Safe to revisit thee, yet should I fail,
I give her to the safeguard of thy house.
For with much toil she came into my hands.
To such as dare contend some public games,
Which well deserved my toil, I find proposed,
I bring her thence, she is the prize of conquest;
For slight assays each victor led away
A courser; but for those of harder proof
The conquerer was rewarded from the herd,
And with some female graced: victorious there,
A prize so noble it were base to slight.
Take her to thy protection, not by stealth
Obtained, but the reward of many toils;
The time perchance may come when thou wilt thank
me.

Adm. Not that I slight thy friendship, or esteem thee
Other than noble, wished I to conceal
My wife's unhappy fate; but to my grief
It had been added grief, if thou hadst sought
Elsewhere the rites of hospitality;
Suffice it that I mourn ills which are mine.
This woman, if it may be, give in charge,
I beg thee, king, to some Thessalian else,
That hath not cause like me to grieve; in Pherae
Thou mayst find many friends; call not my woes
Fresh to my memory; never in my house
Could I behold her but my tears would flow;
To sorrow add not sorrow; now enough
I sink beneath its weight. Where should her youth
With me be guarded? for her gorgeous vests
Proclaim her young; if mixing with the men
She dwell beneath my roof, how shall her fame,
Conversing with the youths, be kept unsullied?
It is not easy to restrain the warmth
Of that intemperate age; my care for thee
Warns me of this. Or if from them removed
I hide her in th' apartments late my wife's,
How to my bed admit her? I should fear
A double blame; my citizens would scorn me
As light, and faithless to the kindest wife
That died for me, if to her bed I took
Another blooming bride; and to the dead
Behoves me pay the highest reverence
Due to her merit. And thou, lady, know,
Whoe'er thou art, that form, that shape, that air
Resembles my Alcestis. By the gods,
Remove her from my sight. It is too much,
I cannot bear it: when I look on her,
Methinks I see my wife; this wounds my heart,
And calls the tears fresh gushing from my eyes.
This is the bitterness of grief indeed.

Cho. I cannot praise thy fortune; but behooves thee
To bear with firmness what the gods assign.

Herc. O that from Jove I had the power to bring

Back from the mansions of the dead thy wife
To heaven's fair light, that grace achieving for thee!

Adm. I know thy friendly will. But how can this
Be done? The dead return not to this light.

Herc. Check then thy swelling griefs; with reason rule them.

Adm. How easy to advise, but hard to bear!

Herc. What would it profit shouldst thou always groan?

Adm. I know it; but I am in love with grief.

Herc. Love to the dead calls forth the ceaseless tear.

Adm. O, I am wretched more than words can speak.

Herc. A good wife hast thou lost, who can gainsay it?

Adm. Never can life be pleasant to me more.

Herc. Thy sorrow now is new, time will abate it.

Adm. Time, sayst thou? Yes, the time that brings me death.

Herc. Some young and lovely bride will bid it cease.

Adm. No more: what sayst thou? Never could I think—

Herc. Wilt thou still lead a lonely, widowed life?

Adm. Never shall other woman share my bed.

Herc. And think'st thou this will aught avail the dead?

Adm. This honor is her due, where'er she be.

Herc. This hath my praise, though near allied to frenzy.

Adm. Praise me, or not, I ne'er will wed again.

Herc. I praise thee that thou'rt faithful to thy wife.

Adm. Though dead, if I betray her may I die!

Herc. Well, take this noble lady to thy house.

Adm. No, by thy father Jove let me entreat thee.

Herc. Not to do this would be the greatest wrong.

Adm. To do it would with anguish rend my heart.

Herc. Let me prevail; this grace may find its meed.

Adm. O that thou never had'st received this prize!

Herc. Yet in my victory thou art victor with me.

Adm. 'Tis nobly said: yet let this woman go.

Herc. If she must go, she shall: but must she go?

Adm. She must, if I incur not thy displeasure.

Herc. There is a cause that prompts my earnestness.

Adm. Thou hast prevailed, but much against my will.

Herc. The time will come when thou wilt thank me for it.

Adm. Well, if I must receive her, lead her in.
Herc. Charge servants with her! No, that must not be.
Adm. Lead her thyself then, if thy will incline thee.
Herc. No, to thy hand alone will I commit her.
Adm. I touch her not; but she hath leave to enter.
Herc. I shall entrust her only to thy hand.
Adm. Thou dost constrain me, king, against my will.
Herc. Venture to stretch thy hand, and touch the stranger's.
Adm. I touch her, as I would the headless Gorgon.
Herc. Hast thou her hand?
Adm. I have.
Herc. Then hold her safe.
Hereafter thou wilt say the son of Jove
Hath been a generous guest: view now her face,
See if she bears resemblance to thy wife,
And thus made happy bid farewell to grief.
Adm. O gods, what shall I say? 'Tis marvelous,
Exceeding hope. See I my wife indeed?
Or doth some god distract me with false joy?
Herc. In very deed dost thou behold thy wife.
Adm. See that it be no phantom from beneath.
Herc. Make not thy friend one that evokes the shades.
Adm. And do I see my wife, whom I entombed?
Herc. I marvel not that thou art diffident.
Adm. I touch her; may I speak to her as living?
Herc. Speak to her; thou hast all thy heart could wish.
Adm. Dearest of women, do see I again
That face, that person? This exceeds all hope:
I never thought that I should see thee more.
Herc. Thou hast her; may no god be envious to thee.
Adm. O, be thou blest, thou generous son of Jove!
Thy father's might protect thee! Thou alone
Hast raised her to me; from the realms below
How hast thou brought her to the light of life?
Herc. I fought with him that lords it o'er the shades.
Adm. Where with the gloomy tyrant didst thou fight?
Herc. I lay in wait, and seized him at the tomb.
Adm. But wherefore doth my wife thus speechless stand?

Herc. It is not yet permitted that thou hear
Her voice addressing thee, till from the gods
That rule beneath she be unsanctified
With hallowed rites, and the third morn return.
But lead her in: and as thou'rt just in all
Besides, Admetus, see thou reverence strangers.
Farewell.

VII. "The Bacchanals." We can easily imagine the magnificence as a stage spectacle of *The Bacchanals,* but it is more difficult, perhaps, to understand the significance of the play. We have a delightful translation by Milman which enables us to feel the beauty of the lyrics, and at the same time impresses us with the savage horror of the catastrophe. Yet we are not altogether certain that Euripides did not present the play as an ironical exhibition of the power of the gods, in whom he so little believed. He has said, "If gods do wrong, surely no gods they are," and among his literary remains is found the prayer, "Omnipotent God, lead Light unto men, that they may know whence their evils come and how they may avoid them."

Perhaps, without using too much space, we can give enough of Milman's translation to convey the spirit of the drama.

Dionysus himself speaks the prologue, in which he tells us of his birth and of the Theban descent from Cadmus. The people, particularly the rulers, have grown cold in their worship of him, so he has crazed their wits and sent them wandering over the mountains:

There's not a woman of old Cadmus' race,
But I have maddened from her quiet house;
Unseemly mingled with the sons of Thebes,
On the roofless rocks, 'neath the pale pines, they sit.

Cadmus has given the rule to Pentheus, his sister's son, a bitter foe who never makes mention of the god, even in holy prayer. Accordingly, Dionysus will show terribly that he is born a god. The chorus of Bacchanals sings:

Cho. From the Asian shore,
And by the sacred steep of Tmolus hoar,
Light I danced with wing-like feet,
Toilless toil and labor sweet!
Away! away! whoe'er he be;
Leave our path, our temple free!
Seal up each silent lip in holy awe.
But I, obedient to thy law,
O Dionysus! chant the choral hymn to thee

Blest above all of human line,
Who, deep in mystic rites divine,
Leads his hallowed life with us,
Initiate in our Thyasus;
And, purified with holiest waters,
Goes dancing o'er the hills with Bacchus' daughters.
And thy dark orgies hallows he,
O mighty mother, Cybele!
He his thyrsus shaking round,
All his locks with ivy crowned,
O Dionysus! boasts of thy dread train to be.

Bacchanals! away, away!
Lead your god in fleet array;
Bacchus lead, the ever young,
A god himself from gods that sprung,
From the Phrygian mountains down
Through every wide-spread Grecian town.

Him the Theban queen of yore
'Mid Jove's fast-flashing lightnings bore:
In her awful travail wild
Sprung from her womb the untimely child,
While smitten with the thunderblast
The sad mother breathed her last.

Instant him Saturnian Jove
Received with all a mother's love;
In his secret thigh immured,
There with golden clasps secured,
Safe from Hera's jealous sight;
Then, as the Fates fulfilled, to light
He gave the horned god, and wound
The living snakes his brows around;
Whence still the wanded Maenads bear
Their serpent prey wreathed in their floating hair.

Put on thy ivy crown,
O Thebes, thou sacred town!
O hallowed house of dark-haired Semele!
Bloom, blossom everywhere,
With flowers and fruitage fair,
And let your frenzied steps supported be
With thyrsi from the oak
Or the green ash-tree broke:
Your spotted fawn-skins line with locks
Torn from the snowy fleeced flocks:
Shaking his wanton wand let each advance,
And all the land shall madden with the dance.

Bromius, that his revel rout
To the mountains leads about;
To the mountains leads along,
Where awaits the female throng;
From the distaff, from the loom,
Raging with the god they come.
O ye mountains, wild and high,
Where the old Couretae lie:

Glens of Crete, where Jove was nursed,
In your sunless caverns first
The crested Corybantes found
The leathern drums mysterious round,
That, mingling in harmonious strife
With the sweet-breathed Phrygian fife,
In Mother Rhea's hands they place,
Meet the Bacchic song to grace.
And the frantic Satyrs round
That ancient goddess leap and bound:
And soon the Trieteric dances light
Began, immortal Bacchus' chief delight.

On the mountains wild 'tis sweet
When faint with rapid dance our feet;
Our limbs on earth all careless thrown
With the sacred fawn-skins strewn,
To quaff the goat's delicious blood,
A strange, a rich, a savage food.
Then off again the revel goes
O'er Phrygian, Lydian mountain brows;
Evoe! Evoe! leads the road,
Bacchus self the maddening god!
And flows with milk the plain, and flows with wine,
Flows with the wild bees' nectar-dews divine;
And soars, like smoke, the Syrian incense pale—
The while the frantic Bacchanal
The beaconing pine-torch on her wand
Whirls around with rapid hand,
And drives the wandering dance about,
Beating time with joyous shout,
And casts upon the breezy air
All her rich luxuriant hair;
Ever the burthen of her song,
"Raging, maddening, haste along
Bacchus' daughters, ye the pride
Of golden Tmolus' fabled side;
While your heavy cymbals ring,
Still your 'Evoe! Evoe!' sing!"

Evoe! the Evian god rejoices
In Phrygian tones and Phrygian voices,
When the soft holy pipe is breathing sweet,
In notes harmonious to her feet,
Who to the mountain, to the mountain speeds;
Like some young colt that by its mother feeds,
Gladsome with many a frisking bound,
The Bacchanal goes forth and treads the echoing ground.

Tiresias and Cadmus have joined in homage to the god, when Pentheus enters and inquires what all this Bacchial revelry means. Tiresias explains:

Tir. 'Tis easy to be eloquent, for him
That's skilled in speech, and hath a stirring theme.
Thou hast the flowing tongue as of a wise man,
But there's no wisdom in thy fluent words;
For the bold demagogue, powerful in speech,
Is but a dangerous citizen lacking sense.
This the new deity thou laugh'st to scorn,
I may not say how mighty he will be
Throughout all Hellas. Youth! there are two things
Man's primal need, Demeter, the boon goddess
(Or rather will ye call her Mother Earth?),
With solid food maintains the race of man.
He, on the other hand, the son of Semele,
Found out the grape's rich juice, and taught us mortals
That which beguiles the miserable of mankind
Of sorrow, when they quaff the vine's rich stream.
Sleep too, and drowsy oblivion of care
He gives, all-healing medicine of our woes.
He 'mong the gods is worshiped a great god,
Author confessed to man of such rich blessings
Him dost thou love to scorn, as in Jove's thigh
Sewn up. This truth profound will I unfold:
When Jove had snatched him from the lightning fire,
He to Olympus bore the new-born babe.
Stern Hera strove to thrust him out of heaven,

But Jove encountered her with wiles divine:
He clove off part of th' earth-encircling air,
There Dionysus placed the pleasing hostage,
Aloof from jealous Hera. So men said
Hereafter he was cradled in Jove's thigh
(From the assonance of words in our old tongue
For thigh and hostage the wild fable grew).
A prophet is our god, for Bacchanalism
And madness are alike prophetical.
And when the god comes down in all his power,
He makes the mad to rave of things to come.
Of Ares he hath attributes: he the host
In all its firm array and serried arms,
With panic fear scatters, ere lance cross lance:
From Dionysus springs this frenzy too.
And him shall we behold on Delphi's crags
Leaping, with his pine torches lighting up
The rifts of the twin-headed rock; and shouting
And shaking all around his Bacchis wand
Great through all Hellas. Pentheus, be advised!
Vaunt not thy power o'er man, even if thou thinkest
That thou art wise (it is diseased, thy thought),
Think it not! In the land receive the god.
Pour wine, and join the dance, and crown thy brows.
Dionysus does not force our modest matrons
To the soft Cyprian rites; the chaste by nature
Are not so cheated of their chastity.
Think well of this, for in the Bacchic choir
The holy woman will not be less holy.
Thou'rt proud, when men to greet thee throng the gates,
And the glad city welcomes Pentheus' name;
He too, I ween, delights in being honored.
I, therefore, and old Cadmus whom thou mock'st,
Will crown our heads with ivy, dance along
An hoary pair—for dance perforce we must;
I war not with the gods. Follow my counsel;
Thou'rt at the height of madness; there's no medicine
Can minister to disease so deep as thine.

Pentheus is deaf to all advice and sends his officer to bind Bacchus and his followers. The officer, returning, reports as follows:

Officer. Pentheus, we are here! In vain we went not forth:
The prey which thou commandest we have taken.
Gentle our quarry met us, nor turned back
His foot in flight, but held out both his hands;
Became not pale, changed not his ruddy color.
Smiling he bade us bind, and lead him off,
Stood still, and made our work a work of ease.
Reverent I said, "Stranger, I arrest thee not
Of mine own will, but by the king's command."
But all the Bacchanals, whom thou hast seized
And bound in chains within the public prison,
All now have disappeared, released they are leaping
In their wild orgies, hymning the god Bacchus.
Spontaneous fell the chains from off their feet;
The bolts drew back untouched by mortal hand.
In truth this man, with many wonders rife
Comes to our Thebes. 'Tis thine t' ordain the rest.

Pen. Bind fast his hands! Thus in his manacles
Sharp must he be indeed to 'scape us now.
There's beauty, stranger—woman-witching beauty
(Therefore thou art in Thebes)—in thy soft form;
Thy fine bright hair, not coarse like the hard athlete's,
Is mantling o'er thy cheek warm with desire;
And carefully thou hast cherished thy white skin:
Not in the sun's swart beams, but in cool shade,
Wooing soft Aphrodite with thy loveliness.
But tell me first, from whence hath sprung thy race?

Dion. There needs no boast; 'tis easy to tell this:
All flowery Tmolus hast thou haply heard?

Pen. Yea; that which girds around the Sardian city.

Dion. Thence am I come, my country Lydia.

Pen. Whence unto Hellas bringest thou thine orgies?

Dion. Dionysus, son of Jove, hath hallowed them.

Pen. Is there a Jove then, that begets new gods?

Dion. No, it was here he wedded Semele.
Pen. Hallowed he them by night, or in the eye of day?
Dion. In open vision he revealed his orgies.
Pen. And what, then, is thine orgies' solemn form?
Dion. That is not uttered to the uninitiate.
Pen. What profit, then, is theirs who worship him?
Dion. Thou mayst not know, though precious were that knowledge.
Pen. A cunning tale, to make me long to hear thee.
Dion. The orgies of our god scorn impious worshipers.
Pen. Thou saw'st the manifest god! What was his form?
Dion. Whate'er he would: it was not mine to choose.
Pen. Cleverly blinked our question with no answer.
Dion. Who wiseliest speaks, to the fool speaks foolishness.
Pen. And hither com'st thou first with thy new god!
Dion. There's no Barbarian but adores these rites.
Pen. Being much less wise than we Hellenians.
Dion. In this more wise. Their customs differ much.
Pen. Performest thou these rites by night or day?
Dion. Most part by night—night hath more solemn awe.
Pen. A crafty rotten plot to catch our women.
Dion. Even in the day bad men can do bad deeds.
Pen. Thou of thy wiles shalt pay the penalty.
Dion. Thou of thine ignorance—impious towards the gods!
Pen. He's bold, this Bacchus—ready enough in words.
Dion. What penalty? what evil wilt thou do me?
Pen. First will I clip away those soft bright locks.
Dion. My locks are holy, dedicate to my god.
Pen. Next, give thou me that thyrsus in thine hand.
Dion. Take it thyself; 'tis Dionysus' wand.
Pen. I'll bind thy body in strong iron chains.
Dion. My god himself will loose them when he will.
Pen. When thou invok'st him 'mid thy Bacchanals.
Dion. Even now he is present; he beholds me now.
Pen. Where is he then? Mine eyes perceive him not.
Dion. Near me: the impious eyes may not discern him.
Pen. Seize on him, for he doth insult our Thebes.
Dion. I warn thee, bind me not; the insane, the sane.

Pen. I, stronger than thou art, say I will bind thee.
Dion. Thou know'st not where thou art, or what thou art.
Pen. Pentheus, Agave's son, my sire Echion.
Dion. Thou hast a name whose very sound is woe.
Pen. Away, go bind him in our royal stable,
That he may sit in midnight gloom profound.
There lead thy dance! But those thou hast hither led,
Thy guilt's accomplices, we'll sell for slaves;
Or, silencing their noise and beating drums,
As handmaids to the distaff set them down.
Dion. Away then! 'Tis not well I bear such wrong;
The vengeance for this outrage he will wreak
Whose being thou deniest, Dionysus:
Outraging me, ye bind him in your chains.
Cho. Holy virgin-haunted water
Ancient Achelous' daughter!
Dirce! in thy crystal wave
Thou the child of Jove didst lave.
Thou, when Zeus, his awful sire,
Snatched him from the immortal fire;
And locked him up within his thigh,
With a loud but gentle cry—
"Come, my Dithyrambus, come,
Enter thou the masculine womb!"
Lo! to Thebes I thus proclaim,
"Twice born!" thus thy mystic name.
Blessed Dirce! dost thou well
From thy green marge to repel
Me, and all my jocund round,
With their ivy garlands crowned.
Why dost fly me?
Why deny me?
By all the joys of wine I swear,
Bromius still shall be my care.

Oh, what pride! pride unforgiven
Manifests, against high heaven
Th' earth-born, whom in mortal birth
'Gat Echion, son of earth;

Pentheus of the dragon brood,
Not of human flesh and blood;
But potent dire, like him whose pride,
The Titan, all the gods defied.
Me, great Bromius' handmaid true;
Me, with all my festive crew,
Thralled in chains he still would keep
In his palace dungeon deep.
Seest thou this, O son of Jove,
Dionysus, from above?
Thy wrapt prophets dost thou see
At strife with dark necessity?
The golden wand
In thy right hand.
Come, come thou down Olympus' side,
And quell the bloody tyrant in his pride.

. . . . . .

Dion. What ho! what ho! ye Bacchanals
Rouse and wake! your master calls.
Cho. Who is here? and what is he
That calls upon our wandering train?
Dion. What ho! what ho! I call again!
The son of Jove and Semele.
Cho. What ho! what ho! our lord and master:
Come, with footsteps fast and faster,
Join our revel! Bromius, speed,
Till quakes the earth beneath our tread.
Alas! alas!
Soon shall Pentheus' palace wall
Shake and crumble to its fall.
Dion. Bacchus treads the palace floor!
Adore him!
Cho. Oh! we do adore!
Behold! behold!
The pillars with their weight above,
Of ponderous marble, shake and move.
Hark! the trembling roof within
Bacchus shouts his mighty din.
Dion. The kindling lamp of the dark lightning bring!

Fire, fire the palace of the guilty king.
Cho. Behold! behold! it flames! Do ye not see,
Around the sacred tomb of Semele,
The blaze, that left the lightning there,
When Jove's red thunder fired the air?
On the earth, supine and low,
Your shuddering limbs, ye Maenads, throw!
The king, the Jove-born god, destroying all,
In widest ruin strews the palace wall.

Dionysus, masquerading as a man, is continuing to advise, and half threatens Pentheus, when a messenger enters to report:

Mess. Pentheus, that rulest o'er this land of Thebes!
I come from high Cithaeron, ever white
With the bright glittering snow's perennial rays.
Pen. Why com'st thou? On what pressing mission bound?
Mess. I've seen the frenzied Bacchanals, who had fled
On their white feet, forth goaded from the land.
I come to tell thee and to this city
The awful deeds they do, surpassing wonder.
But answer first if I shall freely say
All that's done there, or furl my prudent speech;
For thy quick temper I do fear, O king,
Thy sharp resentment and o'er-royal pride.
Pen. Speak freely. Thou shall part unharmed by me;
Wrath were not seemly 'gainst the unoffending.
But the more awful what thou sayst of these
Mad women, I the more on him who hath guiled them
To their wild life, will wreak my just revenge.
Mess. Mine herds of heifers I was driving, slow
Winding their way along the mountain crags,
When the sun pours his full beams on the earth.
I saw three bands, three choirs of women: one
Autonoe led, thy mother led the second,
Agave—and the third Ino: and all
Quietly slept, their languid limbs stretched out:

Some resting on the ash-trees' stem their tresses;
Some with their heads upon the oak-leaves thrown
Careless, but not immodest; as thou sayest,
That drunken with the goblet and shrill fife
In the dusk woods they prowl for lawless love.
Thy mother, as she heard the horned steers
Deep lowing, stood up 'mid the Bacchanals
And shouted loud to wake them from their rest.
They from their lids shaking the freshening sleep,
Rose upright, wondrous in their decent guise,
The young, the old, the maiden yet unwed.
And first they loosed their locks over their shoulders,
Their fawn-skins fastened, wheresoe'er the clasps
Had lost their hold, and all the dappled furs
With serpents bound, that lolled out their lithe tongues.
Some in their arms held kid, or wild-wolf's cub,
Suckling it with her white milk; all the young mothers
Who had left their new-born babes, and stood with breasts
Full swelling: and they all put on their crowns
Of ivy, oak, or flowering eglantine.
One took a thyrsus wand, and struck the rock,
Leaped forth at once a dewy mist of water;
And one her rod plunged deep in the earth, and there
The god sent up a fountain of bright wine.
And all that longed for the white blameless draught
Light scraping with their finger-ends the soil
Had streams of exquisite milk; the ivy wands
Distilled from all their tops rich store of honey.
Had'st thou been there, seeing these things, the god
Thou now revil'st thou hadst adored with prayer.
And we, herdsmen and shepherds, gathered around.
And there was strife among us in our words
Of these strange things they did, these marvelous things.
One city-bred, a glib and practiced speaker,
Addressed us thus: "Ye that inhabit here
The holy mountain slopes, shall we not chase
Agave, Pentheus' mother, from the Bacchanals,

And win the royal favor?" Well to us
He seemed to speak; so, crouched in the thick bushes,
We lay in ambush. They at the appointed hour
Shook their wild thyrsi in the Bacchic dance,
"Iacchus" with one voice, the son of Jove,
"Bromius" invoking. The hills danced with them;
And the wild beasts; was nothing stood unmoved.
And I leaped forth, as though to seize on her,
Leaving the sedge where I had hidden myself.
But she shrieked out, "Ho, my swift-footed dogs!
These men would hunt us down, but follow me—
Follow me, all your hands with thyrsi armed."
We fled amain, or by the Bacchanals
We had been torn in pieces. They, with hands
Unarmed with iron, rushed on the browsing steers.
One ye might see a young and vigorous heifer
Hold, lowing in her grasp, like prize of war.
And some were tearing asunder the young calves;
And ye might see the ribs or cloven hoofs
Hurled wildly up and down, and mangled skins
Were hanging from the ash boughs, dropping blood.
The wanton bulls, proud of their tossing horns
Of yore, fell stumbling, staggering to the ground,
Dragged down by the strong hands of thousand maidens.
And swifter were the entrails torn away
Than drop the lids over your royal eyeballs.
Like birds that skim the earth, they glide along
O'er the wide plains, that by Asopus' streams
Shoot up for Thebes the rich and yellow corn;
And Hysiae and Erythrae, that beneath
Cithaeron's crag dwell lowly, like fierce foes
Invading, all with ravage waste and wide
Confounded; infants snatched from their sweet homes;
And what they threw across their shoulders, clung
Unfastened, nor fell down to the black ground.
No brass, nor ponderous iron: on their locks
Was fire that burned them not. Of those they spoiled
Some in their sudden fury rushed to arms.

Then was a mightier wonder seen, O king:
From them the pointed lances drew no blood
But they their thyrsi hurling, javelin-like,
Drave all before, and smote their shameful backs:
Women drave men, but not without the god.
So did they straight return from whence they came,
Even to the fountains, which the god made flow;
Washed off the blood, and from their cheeks the drops
The serpents licked, and made them bright and clean.
This godhead then, whoe'er he be, my master!
Receive within our city. Great in all things,
In this I hear men say he is the greatest—
He hath given the sorrow-soothing vine to man
For where wine is not love will never be,
Nor any other joy of human life.

Cho. I am afraid to speak the words of freedom
Before the tyrant, yet it must be said:
"Inferior to no god is Dionysus."

Pen. 'Tis here then, like a wild fire, burning on,
This Bacchic insolence, Hellas' deep disgrace.
Off with delay! Go to the Electrian gates
And summon all that bear the shield, and all
The cavalry upon their prancing steeds,
And those that couch the lance, and of the bow
Twang the sharp string. Against these Bacchanals
We will go war. It were indeed too much
From women to endure what we endure.

Under the mesmeric influence of the god, Pentheus is led to don woman's clothing and go to watch the wild revelry of the Maenads, Dionysus promising to himself the pleasure of his revenge upon Pentheus. The chorus sings:

Cho. O when, through the long night,
With fleet foot glancing white,
Shall I go dancing in my revelry,
My neck cast back, and bare
Unto the dewy air,

Like sportive fawn in the green meadow's glee?
Lo, in her fear she springs
Over th' encircling rings,
Over the well-woven nets far off and fast;
While swift along her track
The huntsman cheers his pack,
With panting toil, and fiery storm-wind haste.
Where down the river-bank spreads the wide meadow,
Rejoices she in the untrod solitude.
Couches at length beneath the silent shadow
Of the old hospitable wood.
What is wisest? what is fairest,
Of god's boons to man the rarest?
With the conscious conquering hand
Above the foeman's head to stand.
What is fairest still is dearest.

Slow come, but come at length,
In their majestic strength
Faithful and true, the avenging deities:
And chastening human folly,
And the mad pride unholy,
Of those who to the gods bow not their knees.
For hidden still and mute,
As glides their printless foot,
The impious on their winding path they hound
For it is ill to know,
And it is ill to do,
Beyond the law's inexorable bound.
'Tis but light cost in his own power sublime
To array the godhead, whosoe'er he be;
And law is old, even as the oldest time,
Nature's own unrepealed decree.

What is wisest? what is fairest,
Of god's boons to man the rarest?
With the conscious conquering hand
Above the foeman's head to stand
What is fairest still is rarest.

Who hath 'scaped the turbulent sea,
And reached the haven, happy he!
Happy he whose toils are o'er,
In the race of wealth and power!
This one here, and that one there,
Passes by, and everywhere
Still expectant thousands over
Thousands hopes are seen to hover,
Some to mortals end in bliss;
Some have already fled away:
Happiness alone is his
That happy is to-day.

After a brief scene between Dionysus and Pentheus, in which the comic element appears in one of the rare instances in tragedy, the two go forth to watch the Maenads, while the chorus sings:

Cho. Ho! fleet dogs and furious, to the mountains, ho!
Where their mystic revels Cadmus' daughters keep.
Rouse them, goad them out,
'Gainst him, in woman's mimic garb concealed,
Gazer on the Maenads in their dark rites unrevealed.
First his mother shall behold him on his watch below,
From the tall tree's trunk or from the wild scaur steep;
Fiercely will she shout—
"Who the spy upon the Maenads on the rocks that roam
To the mountain, to the mountain, Bacchanals, has come?"
Who hath borne him?
He is not of woman's blood—
The lioness!
Or the Lybian Gorgon's brood?
Come, vengeance, come, display thee!
With thy bright sword array thee!
The bloody sentence wreak
On the dissevered neck

Of him who god, law, justice hath not known,
Echion's earth-born son.

He, with thought unrighteous and unholy pride,
'Gainst Bacchus and his mother, their orgies' mystic mirth
Still holds his frantic strife,
And sets him up against the god, deeming it light
To vanquish the invincible of might.
Hold thou fast the pious mind; so, only so, shall glide
In peace with gods above, in peace with men on earth,
Thy smooth, painless life.
I admire not, envy not, who would be otherwise:
Mine be still the glory, mine be still the prize,
By night and day
To live of the immortal gods in awe;
Who fears them not
Is but the outcast of all law.

Come, vengeance, come display thee!
With thy bright sword array thee!
The bloody sentence wreak
On the dissevered neck
Of him who god, law, justice has not known,
Echion's earth-born son.

Appear! appear!
Or as the stately steer!
Or many-headed dragon be!
Or the fire-breathing lion, terrible to see.
Come, Bacchus, come 'gainst the hunter of the Bacchanals,
Even now, now as he falls
Upon the Maenads' fatal herd beneath,
With smiling brow,
Around him throw
The inexorable net of death.

A messenger appearing tells what transpires on Cithaeron:

Therapnae having left the Theban city,
And passed along Asopus' winding shore,
We 'gan to climb Cithaeron's upward steep—
Pentheus and I (I waited on my lord),
And he that led us on our quest, the stranger—
And first we crept along a grassy glade,
With silent footsteps, and with silent tongues
Slow moving, as to see, not being seen.
There was a rock-walled glen, watered by a streamlet,
And shadowed o'er with pines; the Maenads there
Sate, all their hands busy with pleasant toil;
And some the leafy thyrsus, that its ivy
Had dropped away, were garlanding anew;
Like fillies some, unharnessed from the yoke;
Chanted alternate all the Bacchic hymn.
Ill-fated Pentheus, as he scarce could see
That womanly troop, spake thus: "Where we stand, stranger,
We see not well the unseemly Maenad dance:
But, mounting on a bank, or a tall tree,
Clearly shall I behold their deeds of shame."
A wonder then I saw that stranger do.
He seized an ash-tree's high heaven-reaching stem,
And dragged it down, dragged, dragged to the low earth;
And like a bow it bent. As a curved wheel
Becomes a circle in the turner's lathe,
The stranger thus that mountain tree bent down
To the earth, a deed of more than mortal strength.
Then seating Pentheus on those ash-tree boughs,
Upward he let it rise, steadily, gently
Through his hands, careful lest it shake him off;
And slowly rose it upright to its height,
Bearing my master seated on its ridge.
There was he seen, rather than saw the Maenads,
More visible he could not be, seated aloft.
The stranger from our view had vanished quite.
Then from the heavens a voice, as it should seem
Dionysus, shouted loud, "Behold! I bring,

O maidens, him that you and me, our rites,
Our orgies laughed to scorn; now take your vengeance."
And as he spake, a light of holy fire
Stood up, and blazed from earth straight up to heaven.
Silent the air, silent the verdant grove
Held its still leaves; no sound of living thing.
They, as their ears just caught the half-heard voice,
Stood up erect, and rolled their wondering eyes.
Again he shouted. But when Cadmus' daughters
Heard manifest the god's awakening voice,
Forth rushed they, fleeter than the winged dove,
Their nimble feet quick coursing up and down.
Agave first, his mother, then her kin,
The Maenads, down the torrents' bed, in the grove,
From crag to crag they leaped, mad with the god.
And first with heavy stones they hurled at him,
Climbing a rock in front; the branches some
Of the ash-tree darted; some like javelins
Sent their sharp thyrsi through the sounding air,
Pentheus their mark: but yet they struck him not;
His height still baffled all their eager wrath.
There sat the wretch, helpless in his despair.
The oaken boughs, by lightning as struck off,
Roots torn from the earth, but with no iron wedge,
They hurled, but their wild labors all were vain.
Agave spake, "Come all, and stand around,
And grasp the tree, ye Maenads, soon we will seize
The beast that rides thereon. He will ne'er betray
The mysteries of our god." A thousand hands
Were on the ash, and tore it from the earth:
And he that sat aloft, down, headlong, down
Fell to the ground, with thousand piteous shrieks,
Pentheus, for well he knew his end was near.
His mother first began the sacrifice,
And fell on him. His bonnet from his hair
He threw, that she might know and so not slay him,
The sad Agave. And he said, her cheek
Fondling, "I am thy child, thine own, my mother!

Pentheus, whom in Echion's house you bare.
Have mercy on me, mother! For his sins,
Whatever be his sins, kill not thy son."
She, foaming at the mouth, her rolling eyeballs
Whirling around, in her unreasoning reason,
By Bacchus all possessed, knew, heeded not.
She caught him in her arms, seized his right hand,
And, with her feet set on his shrinking side,
Tore out the shoulder—not with her own strength:
The god made easy that too cruel deed.
And Ino labored on the other side,
Rending the flesh: Autonoe, all the rest,
Pressed fiercely on, and there was one wild din—
He groaning deep, while he had breath to groan,
They shouting triumph; and one bore an arm,
One a still-sandaled foot; and both his sides
Lay open, rent. Each in her bloody hand
Tossed wildly to and fro lost Pentheus' limbs.
The trunk lay far aloof, 'neath the rough rocks
Part, part amid the forest's thick-strewn leaves
Not easy to be found. The wretched head,
Which the mad mother, seizing in her hands
Had on a thyrsus fixed, she bore aloft
All o'er Cithaeron, as a mountain lion's,
Leading her sisters in their Maenad dance.
And she comes vaunting her ill-fated chase
Unto these walls, invoking Bacchus still,
Her fellow-hunter, partner in her prey,
Her triumph—triumph soon to end in tears!
I fled the sight of that dark tragedy,
Hastening, ere yet Agave reached the palace.
Oh! to be reverent, to adore the gods,
This is the noblest, wisest course of man,
Taking dread warning from this dire event.

Cho. Dance and sing
In Bacchic ring,
Shout, shout the fate, the fate of gloom,
Of Pentheus, from the dragon born;
He the woman's garb hath worn,

Following the bull, the harbinger, that led him to his doom.
O ye Theban Bacchanals!
Attune ye now the hymn victorious,
The hymn all glorious,
To the tear, and to the groan!
Oh game of glory!
To bathe the hands besprent and gory,
In the blood of her own son.
But I behold Agave, Pentheus' mother,
Nearing the palace with distorted eyes.
Hail we the ovation of the Evian god.

Agave, the mother of Pentheus, brings his head to Thebes, exulting over it as the head of a lion which she has slain of her own strength, for Bacchus has blinded her to the nature of her deeds. She is brought to a realization of her horrible acts in the following manner:

Ag. Ye that within the high-towered Theban city
Dwell, come and gaze ye all upon our prey,
The mighty beast by Cadmus' daughter ta'en;
Nor with Thessalian sharp-pointed javelins,
Nor nets, but with the white and delicate palms
Of our own hands. Go ye, and make your boast,
Trusting to the spear-maker's useless craft:
We with these hands have ta'en our prey, and rent
The mangled limbs of this grim beast asunder.
Where is mine aged sire? Let him draw near!
And where is my son Pentheus? Let him mount
On the broad stairs that rise before our house;
And on the triglyph nail this lion's head,
That I have brought him from our splendid chase.
Cad. Follow me, follow, bearing your sad burthen,
My servants—Pentheus' body—to our house;
The body that with long and weary search
I found at length in lone Cithaeron's glens;

Thus torn, not lying in one place, but wide
Scattered amid the dark and tangled thicket.
Already, as I entered in the city
With old Tiresias, from the Bacchanals,
I heard the fearful doings of my daughter.
And back returning to the mountain, bear
My son, thus by the furious Maenads slain.
Her who Actaeon bore to Aristaeus,
Autonoe, I saw, and Ino with her
Still in the thicket goaded with wild madness.
And some one said that on her dancing feet
Agave had come hither—true he spoke;
I see her now—O most unblessed sight!

Ag. Father, 'tis thy peculiar peerless boast
Of womanhood the noblest t' have begot—
Me—me the noblest of that noble kin.
For I the shuttle and the distaff left
For mightier deeds—wild beasts with mine own hands
To capture. Lo! I bear within mine arms
These glorious trophies, to be hung on high
Upon thy house: receive them, O my father!
Call thy friends to the banquet feast! Blest thou!
Most blest, through us who have wrought such splendid deeds.

Cad. Measureless grief! Eye may not gaze on it,
The slaughter wrought by those most wretched hands.
Oh! what a sacrifice before the gods!
All Thebes, and us, thou callest to the feast.
Justly—too justly, hath King Bromius
Destroyed us, fatal kindred to our house.

Ag. Oh! how morose is man in his old age,
And sullen in his mien. Oh! were my son
More like his mother, mighty in his hunting,
When he goes forth among the youth of Thebes
Wild beasts to chase! But he is great alone,
In warring on the gods. We two, my sire,
Must counsel him against his evil wisdom.
Where is he? Who will call him here before us
That he may see me in my happiness?

Cad. Woe! woe! When ye have sense of what ye have done,
With what deep sorrow, sorrow ye! To th' end,
Oh! could ye be, only as now ye are,
Nor happy were ye deemed, nor miserable.
Ag. What is not well? For sorrow what the cause?
Cad. First lift thine eyes up to the air around.
Ag. Behold! Why thus commandest me to gaze?
Cad. Is all the same? Appears there not a change?
Ag. 'Tis brighter, more translucent than before.
Cad. Is there the same elation in thy soul?
Ag. I know not what thou mean'st; but I become
Conscious—my changing mind is settling down.
Cad. Canst thou attend, and plainly answer me?
Ag. I have forgotten, father, all I said.
Cad. Unto whose bed wert thou in wedlock given?
Ag. Echion's, him they call the Dragon-born.
Cad. Who was the son to thy husband thou didst bear?
Ag. Pentheus, in commerce 'twixt his sire and me.
Cad. And whose the head thou holdest in thy hands?
Ag. A lion's; thus my fellow-hunters said.
Cad. Look at it straight: to look on't is no toil.
Ag. What see I? Ha! what's this within my hands?
Cad. Look on't again, again: thou wilt know too well.
Ag. I see the direst woe that eye may see.
Cad. The semblance of a lion bears it now?
Ag. No: wretch, wretch that I am; 'tis Pentheus' head!
Cad. Even ere yet recognized thou might'st have mourned him.
Ag. Who murdered him? How came he in my hands?
Cad. Sad truth! Untimely dost thou ever come!
Ag. Speak; for my heart leaps with a boding throb.
Cad. 'Twas thou didst slay him, thou and thine own sisters.
Ag. Where died he? In his palace? In what place?
Cad. There where the dogs Actaeon tore in pieces.
Ag. Why to Cithaeron went the ill-fated man?
Cad. To mock the god, to mock the orgies there.
Ag. But how and wherefore had we thither gone?

Cad. In madness!—the whole city maddened with thee.
Ag. Dionysus hath destroyed us! Late I learn it.
Cad. Mocked with dread mockery; no god ye held him.
Ag. Father! Where's the dear body of my son?
Cad. I bear it here, not found without much toil.
Ag. Are all the limbs together, sound and whole?
And Pentheus, shared he in my desperate fury?
Cad. Like thee he was, he worshiped not the god.
All, therefore, are enwrapt in one dread doom.
You, he, in whom hath perished all our house,
And I who, childless of male offspring, see
This single fruit—O miserable!—of thy womb
Thus shamefully, thus lamentably dead—
Thy son, to whom our house looked up, the stay
Of all our palace he, my daughter's son,
The awe of the whole city. None would dare
Insult the old man when thy fearful face
He saw, well knowing he would pay the penalty.
Unhonored now, I am driven from out mine home;
Cadmus the great, who all the race of Thebes
Sowed in the earth, and reaped that harvest fair.
O best beloved of men, thou art now no more,
Yet still art dearest of my children thou!
No more, this gray beard fondling with thine hand,
Wilt call me thine own grandsire, thou sweet child,
And fold me round and say, "Who doth not honor thee?
Old man, who troubles or afflicts thine heart?
Tell me, that I may 'venge thy wrong, my father!"
Now wretched'st of men am I. Thou pitiable—
More pitiable thy mother—sad thy kin.
O if there be who scorneth the great gods,
Gaze on this death, and know that there are gods.
Cho. Cadmus, I grieve for thee. Thy daughter's son
Hath his just doom—just, but most piteous.
Ag. Father, thou seest how all is changed with me:
I am no more the Maenad dancing blithe,
I am but the feeble, fond, and desolate mother.
I know, I see—ah, knowledge best unknown!

Sight best unseen!—I see, I know my son,
Mine only son!—alas! no more my son.
O beauteous limbs, that in my womb I bare!
O head, that on my lap wast wont to sleep!
O lips, that from my bosom's swelling fount
Drained the delicious and soft-oozing milk!
O hands, whose first use was to fondle me!
O feet, that were so light to run to me!
O gracious form, that men wondering beheld!
O haughty brow, before which Thebes bowed down!
O majesty! O strength! by mine own hands—
By mine own murderous, sacrilegious hands—
Torn, rent asunder, scattered, cast abroad!
O thou hard god! was there no other way
To visit us? Oh! if the son must die,
Must it be by the hand of his own mother?
If the impious mother must atone her sin,
Must it be but by murdering her own son?

Her appeal to Dionysus and the reception with which it met are given in the lines which close the play:

Ag. Dionysus, we implore thee! We have sinned!
Dion. Too late ye say so; when ye should, ye would not.
Ag. That we know now; but thou'rt extreme in vengeance.
Dion. Was I not outraged, being a god, by you?
Ag. The gods should not be like to men in wrath.
Dion. This Jove, my father, long hath granted me.
Ag. Alas, old man! Our exile is decreed.
Dion. Why then delay ye the inevitable?
Cad. O child, to what a depth of woe we have fallen!
Most wretched thou, and all thy kin beloved!
I too to the Barbarians must depart,
An aged denizen. For there's a prophecy,
'Gainst Hellas a Barbaric mingled host
Harmonia leads, my wife, daughter of Ares.
A dragon I, with dragon nature fierce,

Shall lead the stranger spearmen 'gainst the altars
And tombs of Hellas, nor shall cease my woes—
Sad wretch!—not even when I have ferried o'er
Dark Acheron, shall I repose in peace.

Ag. Where shall I go, an exile from my country?

Cad. I know not, child; thy sire is a feeble aid.

Ag. Farewell, mine home! Farewell, my native Thebes!
My bridal chamber! Banished, I go forth.

Cad. To the house of Aristaeus go, my child.

Ag. I wait for thee, my father!

Cad. I for thee!
And for thy sisters.

Ag. Fearfully, fearfully, this deep disgrace,
Hath Dionysus brought upon our race.

Dion. Fearful on me the wrong that ye had done;
Unhonored was my name in Thebes alone.

Ag. Father, farewell!

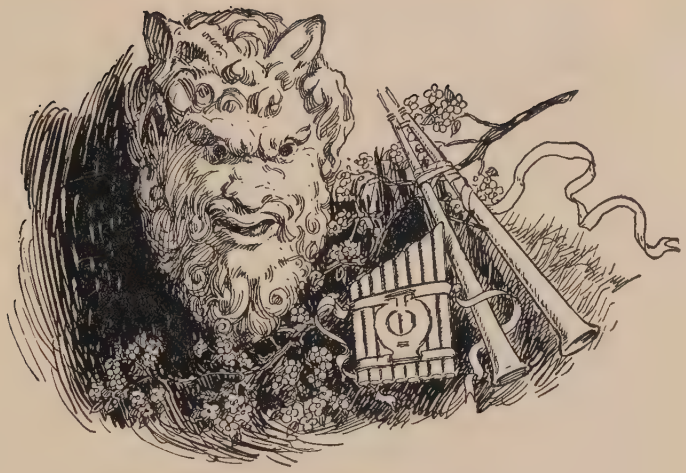
Cad. Farewell, my wretched daughter!

Ag. So lead me forth—my sisters now to meet,
Sad fallen exiles.
Let me, let me go
Where cursed Cithaeron ne'er may see me more,
Nor I the cursed Cithaeron see again.
Where there's no memory of the thyrsus dance.
The Bacchic orgies be the care of others.

VIII. Other Dramas. We have given enough of three typical Euripidean tragedies to show the range of subjects. The first is a drama of the satyrs, the second a play of the human emotions, the third a tragedy of human will opposed to divine will which leaves us with the impression of the wrongfulness of the acts of the god. It would be a pleasure to quote further; in fact, we might say of Euripides as of the rest of the tragic poets that any reader will be interested in all of the dramas,

and the cheap but excellent editions of the various translations make it a very easy matter to procure them. All of the extant plays of the three great dramatists may be found in Everyman's Library, published by Dutton & Co., in the shape of four small volumes.

GATE TO THE STADIUM, ANCIENT OLYMPIA



CHAPTER XVII

ARISTOPHANES

BIOGRAPHY. Aristophanes was born about 450 B. C., probably at Athens, where he spent his life. Although he was accused of being a foreigner, and there are statements which would make it appear that he came from a low family, the probabilities are all to the contrary. He seems to have been a man of means, for he did not act in his own plays, nor did he produce them, but hired some one else to do the work and get the pay. A number of his plays were produced under the name of Callistratus, the first because the poet was too young to be permitted to compete, and the others for various reasons. Three of his plays were produced under the name of Philonides.

He certainly received a finished education, and throughout his life his associations were with the conservative and aristocratic party. As in many another case, we know the man almost entirely through his writings and are not even certain as to the date of his death, which must have occurred about 385 B. C. This makes him practically a contemporary of the three great tragic poets.

II. His Work and Its Characteristics. Aristophanes is the greatest figure in Grecian comedy, and his work marks the passing of the old style and the introduction of what is known as the new Attic comedy; in fact, some of his later dramas approach very nearly to our modern conception of human and domestic plays. Of the numerous comedies which he wrote, only eleven are extant, and some of those have undoubtedly been more or less changed by succeeding writers. Besides the eleven complete dramas, there are, however, numerous fragments which have been preserved as quotations in the writings of others.

Briefly, the object of the plays of Aristophanes was to excite laughter by ludicrous situations and broad caricatures. So long as this result was obtained, the poet seemed to care little what methods he used. There is no equal in literature to the unbounded license which characterized his attacks upon private citizens, poets, philosophers, politicians, business institutions, the women of Athens, and even the gods themselves. Upon such uncon-

PORCH OF THE MAIDENS (CARYATIDES)
ACROPOLIS, ATHENS

trolled liberty in choice of subjects, Aristophanes played with his vivid imagination and wrote with a beauty of style and richness of poetic expression that few have equaled. His lyrics are full of beauty and have an abundant richness of poetic imagery. His keen sense of humor, his biting wit and power in sarcasm are all so vital that they affect a modern reader in much the same way that they did the Athenian of long ago, and many a hearty laugh is still obtainable from the lines of the witty poet.

Aristophanes was by no means a seer, nor had he a deep understanding of human nature; rather was he the reckless producer of fun and jollity, manifestly unfair or else profoundly ignorant of the real work and nature of the men he attacked, yet he had, in perfection, the art of hitting off their foibles in a humorous way. It is not safe to judge the character or genius of a Socrates, a Euripides or a Cleon by what Aristophanes has to say of him.

His relations to Euripides were peculiar. Always attacking him bitterly, underestimating his work, Aristophanes still imitated his style and mannerisms, as well as his construction of plays, in a manner which shows a most intimate acquaintance with them. It seems almost as though he knew himself deeply indebted to the tragic poet and resented the fact.

While he handled the chorus and its lyrics with skill, yet as he grew more practiced in composition he made less and less use of them, and, in his later plays, the chorus might be

omitted without any interference with the dramatic action.

III. The Comedies. The plays of Aristophanes may be placed in three groups. The first and earliest show unrestrained political satire; in the second group there is more restraint; in the plays of the third period the satire is chiefly social.

To the first group belong *The Acharnians, The Knights, The Clouds, The Wasps* and *The Peace.*

In the second group are *The Birds, The Lysistrata, The Thesmophoriazusae* and *The Frogs.*

To the third period belong *The Ecclesiazusae* and *Plutus.*

IV. "The Frogs." The funniest of the plays of Aristophanes is *The Frogs,* written just after the death of Euripides and intended to contrast the poetry which Aristophanes had known in his childhood with the "new drama," which was, in the person of Euripides, just going out of existence.

Bacchus, patron of the drama, is represented in despair at the decline of the dramatic art, whose best authors, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, had recently died, and the god determines to go to Hades and to bring back the last. Encouraged by the similar adventure of Hercules, Bacchus, disguised as that valiant warrior, makes the journey. However, he does not discard entirely his customary effeminate costume, although he carries the lion's skin

and the club of Hercules. With him goes his slave Xanthias, riding upon an ass and bearing upon his shoulders a pole, upon the ends of which are the various packages which his master needs for his comfort. The double chorus consists of votaries and of frogs.

The play abounds in allusions to living politicians and other notables who have passed away, but whose names and reputation are familiar to the audience. It does not seem worth while to attempt to explain them. Such local hits would be of little interest except to Athenians of that age.

The play begins with an amusing conversation between Bacchus and Xanthias, intending to put the audience in good humor, after which they call upon Hercules and explain the situation. The play continues:

Bac. Such is the passion that possesses me
For poor Euripides, that's dead and gone;
And it's all in vain people trying to persuade me
From going after him.
Her. What, to the shades below?
Bac. Yes, to the shades below, or the shades beneath 'em.
To the undermost shades of all. I'm quite determined.
Her. But what's your object?
Bac. (*with a ridiculous imitation of tragical action and emphasis*).
Why my object is
That I want a clever poet—"for the good,
The gracious and the good, are dead and gone;
The worthless and the weak are left alive."
Her. Is not Iophon a good one?—He's alive sure?
Bac. If he's a good one, he's our only good one;
But it's a question; I'm in doubt about him.

CATHLAMET, WASH.
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Her. There's Sophocles; he's older than Euripides—
If you go so far for 'em, you'd best bring him.
Bac. No; first I'll try what Iophon can do,
Without his father, Sophocles, to assist him.
—Besides, Euripides is a clever rascal;
A sharp, contriving rogue that will make a shift
To desert and steal away with me; the other
Is an easy-minded soul, and always was.
Her. Where's Agathon?
Bac. He's gone and left me too,
Regretted by his friends; a worthy poet—
Her. Gone! Where, poor soul?
Bac. To the banquets of the blest!
Her. But then you've Xenocles.
Bac. Yes! a plague upon him!
Her. Pythangelus too—
Xan. But nobody thinks of me;
Standing all this while with the bundles on my shoulder.
Her. But have not you other young ingenious youths
That are fit to out-talk Euripides ten times over;
To the amount of a thousand, at least, all writing tragedy—?
Bac. They're good for nothing—"Warblers of the Grove"—
—"Little, foolish, fluttering things"—poor puny wretches,
That dawdle and dangle about with the tragic muse;
Incapable of any serious meaning—
—There's not one hearty poet amongst them all
That's fit to risk an adventurous valiant phrase.
Her. How—"hearty?" What do you mean by "valiant phrases?"
Bac. (*the puzzle of a person who is called upon for a definition*).
I mean a . . . kind . . . of a . . . doubtful, bold expression
To talk about . . . "*The viewless foot of Time*"—
[*Tragic emphasis in the quotations.*

And . . . *"Jupiter's Secret Chamber in the Skies"*—
And about . . . A person's soul . . . not being perjured
When . . . the tongue . . . forswears itself . . . in spite of the soul.

Her. Do you like that kind of stuff?

Bac. I'm crazy after it.

Her. Why, sure, it's trash and rubbish—Don't you think so?

Bac. "Men's fancies are their own—Let mine alone"—

Her. But, in fact, it seems to me quite bad—rank nonsense.

Bac. You'll tell me next what I ought to like for supper.

Xan. But nobody thinks of me here, with the bundles.

Bac. (*with a careless, easy, voluble, dégagé style*).
—But now to the business that I came upon—
[*Upon a footing of equality.—The tone of a person who is dispatching business off-hand, with readiness and unconcern.*
(With the apparel that you see—the same as yours)
To obtain a direction from you to your friends,
(To apply to them—in case of anything—
If anything should occur) the acquaintances
That received you there—(the time you went before
—For the business about Cerberus)—if you'd give me
Their names and their directions, and communicate
Any information relative to the country,
The roads,—the streets,—the bridges, and the brothels,
The wharfs,—the public walks,—the public houses,
The fountains,—aqueducts,—and inns, and taverns,
And lodgings,—free from bugs and fleas, if possible,
If you know any such—

Xan. But nobody thinks of me.

Her. What a notion! You! will you risk it? are you mad?

Bac. (*meaning to be very serious and manly*).
I beseech you say no more—no more of that,
But inform me briefly and plainly about my journey:

The shortest road and the most convenient one.

Her. (*with a tone of easy, indolent, deliberate banter*).
Well,—which shall I tell ye first, now?—Let me see now—
There's a good convenient road by the Rope and Noose;
The Hanging Road.

Bac. No; that's too close and stifling.

Her. Then, there's an easy, fair, well-beaten track,
As you go by the Pestle and Mortar—

Bac. What, the Hemlock?

Her. To be sure—

Bac. That's much too cold—it will never do.
They tell me it strikes a chill to the legs and feet.

Her. Should you like a speedy, rapid, downhill road?

Bac. Indeed I should, for I'm a sorry traveler.

Her. Go to the Keramicus then.

Bac. What then?

Her. Get up to the very top of the tower.

Bac. What then?

Her. Stand there and watch when the Race of the Torch begins;
And mind when you hear the people cry "*Start! start!*"
Then start at once with 'em.

Bac. Me? Start? Where from?

Her. From the top of the tower to the bottom.

Bac. No, not I.
It's enough to dash my brains out! I'll not go
Such a road upon any account.

Her. Well, which way then?

Bac. The way you went yourself.

Her. But it's a long one,
For first you come to a monstrous bottomless lake.

Bac. And what must I do to pass?

Her. You'll find a boat there;
A little tiny boat, as big as that,
And an old man that ferries you over in it,
Receiving twopence as the usual fee.

Bac. Ah! that same twopence governs everything

Wherever it goes.—I wonder how it managed
To find its way there?

Her. Theseus introduced it.
—Next you'll meet serpents, and wild beasts, and monsters,
[*Suddenly and with a shout in Bacchus's ear.*
Horrific to behold!

Bac. (*starting a little*). Don't try to fright me;
You'll not succeed, I promise you.—I'm determined.

Her. Then there's an abyss of mire and floating filth,
In which the damn'd lie wallowing and overwhelm'd;
The unjust, the cruel, and the inhospitable;
And the barbarous bilking Cullies that withhold
The price of intercourse with fraud and wrong;
The incestuous, and the parricides, and the robbers;
The perjurers, and assassins, and the wretches
That willfully and presumptuously transcribe
Extracts and trash from Morsimus's plays.

Bac. And, by Jove! Cinesias with his Pyrrhic dancers
Ought to be there—they're worse, or quite as bad.

Her. But after this your sense will be saluted
With a gentle breathing sound of flutes and voices,
And a beautiful spreading light like ours on earth,
And myrtle glades and happy quires among,
Of women and men with rapid applause and mirth.

Bac. And who are all those folks?

Her. The initiated.

Xan. (*gives indications of restiveness, as if ready to throw down his bundles*).
I won't stand here like a mule in a procession
Any longer, with these packages and bundles.

Her. (*hastily, in a civil hurry, as when you shake a man by the hand, and shove him out of the room, and give him your best wishes and advice all at once*).
They'll tell you everything you want to know,
For they're established close upon the road,
By the corner of Pluto's house—so fare you well;
Farewell, my little fellow. [*Exit.*

Bac. (*pettishly*). I wish you better.

(*to Xanthias*) You, sirrah, take your bundles up again.

Xan. What, before I put them down?

Bac. Yes! now, this moment.

Xan. Nah! don't insist; there's plenty of people going
As corpses with the convenience of a carriage;
They'd take it for a trifle gladly enough.

Bac. But if we meet with nobody?

Xan. Then I'll take 'em.

Bac. Come, come, that's fairly spoken, and in good time;
For there they're carrying a corpse out to be buried.
[*A funeral, with a corpse on an open bier, crosses the stage.*
—Holloh! you there—you Deadman—can't you hear?
Would you take any bundles to hell with ye, my good fellow?

Deadman. What are they?

Bac. These.

Deadman. Then I must have two drachmas.

Bac. I can't—you must take less.

Deadman. (*peremptorily*). Bearers, move on.

Bac. No, stop! we shall settle between us—you're so hasty.

Deadman. It's no use arguing; I must have two drachmas.

Bac. (*emphatically and significantly*). Ninepence!

Deadman. I'd best be alive again at that rate. [*Exit.*

Bac. Fine airs the fellow gives himself—a rascal!
I'll have him punish'd, I vow, for overcharging.

Xan. Best give him a good beating: give me the bundles,
I'll carry 'em.

Bac. You're a good, true-hearted fellow;
And a willing servant.—Let's move on to the ferry.

CHARON. BACCHUS. XANTHIAS

Char. Hoy! Bear a hand, there—Heave ashore.

Bac. What's this?

Xan. The lake it is—the place he told us of.
By Jove! and there's the boat—and here's old Charon.

Bac. Well, Charon!—Welcome, Charon!—Welcome kindly!

Char. Who wants the ferryman? Anybody waiting
To remove from the sorrows of life? A passage anybody?
To Lethe's wharf?—to Cerberus's Reach?
To Tartarus?—to Taenarus?—to Perdition?

Bac. Yes, I.

Char. Get in then.

Bac. (*hesitatingly*). Tell me, where are you going?
To Perdition really—?

Char. (*not sarcastically, but civilly in the way of business*).
Yes, to oblige you, I will
With all my heart—Step in there.

Bac. Have a care!
Take care, good Charon!—Charon, have a care!
[*Bacchus gets into the boat.*
Come, Xanthias, come!

Char. I take no slaves aboard
Except they've volunteer'd for the naval victory.

Xan. I could not—I was suffering with sore eyes.

Char. You must trudge away then, round by the end of the lake there.

Xan. And whereabouts shall I wait?

Char. At the Stone of Repentance,
By the Slough of Despond beyond the Tribulations;
You understand me?

Xan. Yes, I understand you;
A lucky, promising direction, truly.

Char. (*to Bac.*) Sit down at the oar—Come quick, if there's more coming!
(*To Bac. again*) Holloh! what's that you're doing?
[*Bacchus is seated in a buffoonish attitude on the side of the boat where the oar was fastened.*

Bac. What you told me.
I'm sitting at the oar.

Char. Sit *there,* I tell you,
You Fatguts; that's your place.

Bac. (*changes his place*). Well, so I do.
Char. Now ply your hands and arms.
Bac. (*makes a silly motion with his arms*). Well, so I do.
Char. You'd best leave off your fooling. Take to the oar.
And pull away.
Bac. But how shall I contrive?
I've never served on board—I'm only a landsman;
I'm quite unused to it—
Char. We can manage it.
As soon as you begin you shall have some music
That will teach you to keep time.
Bac. What music's that?
Char. A chorus of Frogs—uncommon musical Frogs.
Bac. Well, give me the word and the time.
Char. Whooh up, up; whooh up, up.

CHORUS OF FROGS

Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash,
Shall the Choral Quiristers of the Marsh
Be censured and rejected as hoarse and harsh;
And their Chromatic essays
Deprived of praise?
No, let us raise afresh
Our obstreperous Brekeke-kesh;
The customary croak and cry
Of the creatures
At the theaters,
In their yearly revelry,
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
Bac. (*rowing in great misery*).
How I'm maul'd,
How I'm gall'd;
Worn and mangled to a mash—
There they go! "*Koash, koash!*"—
Frogs. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
Bac. Oh, beshrew,
All your crew;
You don't consider how I smart.
Frogs. Now for a sample of the Art!

Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

Bac. I wish you hang'd, with all my heart.
—Have you nothing else to say?
"*Brekeke-kesh, koash*" all day!

Frogs. We've a right,
We've a right;
And we croak at ye for spite.
We've a right,
We've a right;
Day and night,
Day and night;
Night and day,
Still to creak and croak away.
Phoebus and every Grace
Admire and approve of the croaking race;
And the egregious guttural notes
That are gargled and warbled in their lyrical throats.
In reproof
Of your scorn
Mighty Pan
Nods his horn;
Beating time
To the rhyme
With his hoof,
With his hoof.
Persisting in our plan,
We proceed as we began,
Breke-kesh, Breke-kesh,
Kooash, kooash.

Bac. Oh, the Frogs, consume and rot 'em,
I've a blister on my bottom.
Hold your tongues, you tuneful creatures.

Frogs. Cease with your profane entreaties
All in vain for ever striving:
Silence is against our natures.
With the vernal heat reviving,
Our aquatic crew repair
From their periodic sleep,
In the dark and chilly deep,

To the cheerful upper air;
Then we frolic here and there
All amidst the meadows fair;
Shady plants of asphodel,
Are the lodges where we dwell;
Chaunting in the leafy bowers
All the livelong summer hours,
Till the sudden gusty showers
Send us headlong, helter, skelter,
To the pool to seek for shelter;
Meager, eager, leaping, lunging,
From the sedgy wharfage plunging
To the tranquil depth below,
There we muster all a-row;
Where, secure from toil and trouble,
With a tuneful hubble-bubble,
Our symphonious accents flow.
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

Bac. I forbid you to proceed.

Frogs. That would be severe indeed;
Arbitrary, bold, and rash—
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

Bac. I command you to desist—
—Oh, my back, there! oh, my wrist!
What a twist!
What a sprain!

Frogs. Once again—
We renew the tuneful strain.
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

Bac. I disdain—(Hang the pain!)
All your nonsense, noise and trash.
Oh, my blister! Oh, my sprain!

Frogs. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
Friends and Frogs, we must display
All our powers of voice to-day;
Suffer not this stranger here,
With fastidious foreign ear,
To confound us and abash.
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

Bac. Well, my spirit is not broke,
If it's only for the joke,
I'll outdo you with a croak.
Here it goes—(*very loud*) "Koash, koash."
Frogs. Now for a glorious croaking crash,
[*Still louder.*—
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
Bac. (*splashing with his oar*).
I'll disperse you with a splash.
Frogs. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
Bac. I'll subdue
Your rebellious, noisy crew—
—Have amongst you there, slap-dash. [*Strikes at them.*
Frogs. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
We defy your oar and you.
Char. Hold! We're ashore just—shift your oar. Get out.
—Now pay for your fare.
Bac. There—there it is—the twopence.

In the infernal regions Bacchus and Xanthias meet the vampire and, after listening to the chorus of Bacchic votaries, reach the gate of Pluto's palace:

Bac. (*going up to the door with considerable hesitation*).
Well, how must I knock at the door now? Can't ye tell me?
How do the native inhabitants knock at doors?
Xan. Pah; don't stand fooling there; but smite it smartly,
With the very spirit and air of Hercules.
Bac. Holloh!
Aeacus (*from within, with the voice of a royal and infernal porter*).
Who's there?
Bac. (*with a forced voice*). 'Tis I, the valiant Hercules!
Aeacus. (*coming out*).

Thou brutal, abominable, detestable,
Vile, villainous, infamous, nefarious scoundrel!
—How durst thou, villain as thou wert, to seize
Our watch-dog, Cerberus, whom I kept and tended
Hurrying him off, half-strangled in your grasp?
—But now, be sure we have you safe and fast,
Miscreant and villain!—Thee, the Stygian cliffs,
With stern adamantine durance, and the rocks
Of inaccessible Acheron, red with gore,
Environ and beleaguer; and the watch,
And swift pursuit of the hideous hounds of hell;
And the horrible Hydra, with her hundred heads,
Whose furious ravening fangs shall rend and tear thee;
Wrenching thy vitals forth, with the heart and midriff;
While inexpressible Tartesian monsters,
And grim Tithrasian Gorgons toss and scatter
With clattering claws, thine intertwined intestines.
To them, with instant summons, I repair,
Moving in hasty march with steps of speed.

Bas. . . . . . .
But tell me, wer'n't you frighten'd with that speech?
—Such horrible expressions!

Xan. (*coolly, but with conscious and intentional coolness*).
No, not I;
I took no notice—

Bac. Well, I'll tell you what,
Since you're such a valiant-spirited kind of fellow,
Do you be *Me*—with the club and the lion-skin,
Now you're in this courageous temper of mind;
And I'll go take my turn and carry the bundles.

Xan. Well—give us hold—I must humor you, forsooth;
Make haste (*he changes his dress*), and now behold the Xanthian Hercules,
And mind if I don't display more heart and spirit.

Bac. Indeed, and you look the character, completely,
Like that heroic Melitensian hangdog—
Come, now for my bundles. I must mind my bundles.

Enter PROSERPINE'S SERVANT MAID (*a kind of Dame Quickly*), *who immediately addresses* XANTHIAS.

Dear Hercules. Well, you're come at last. Come in,
For the goddess, as soon as she heard of it, set to work
Baking peck loaves and frying stacks of pancakes,
And making messes of furmety; there's an ox
Besides, she has roasted whole, with a relishing stuffing,
If you'll only just step in this way.

Xan. (*with dignity and reserve*). I thank you,
I'm equally obliged.

Ser. Maid. No, no, by Jupiter!
We must not let you off, indeed. There's wild fowl
And sweetmeats for the dessert, and the best of wine;
Only walk in.

Xan. (*as before*). I thank you. You'll excuse me.

Ser. Maid. No, no, we can't excuse you, indeed we can't;
There are dancing and singing girls besides.

Xan. (*with dissembled emotion*). What! dancers?

Ser. Maid. Yes, that there are; the sweetest charmingest things
That you ever saw—and there's the cook this moment
Is dishing up the dinner.

Xan. (*with an air of lofty condescension*). Go before then,
And tell the girls—those singing girls you mentioned—
To prepare for my approach in person presently.
(*To Bacchus.*) You, sirrah! follow behind me with the bundles.

Bac. Holloh, you! what, do you take the thing in earnest,
Because, for a joke, I drest you up like Hercules?
[*Xanthias continues to gesticulate as Hercules.*
Come, don't stand fooling, Xanthias. You'll provoke me.
There, carry the bundles, sirrah, when I bid you.

Xan. (*relapsing at once into his natural air*).
Why, sure! do you mean to take the things away
That you gave me yourself of your own accord this instant?

Bac. I never mean a thing; I do it at once.
Let go of the lion's skin directly, I tell you.
Xan. (*resigning his heroical insignia with a tragical air and tone*).
To you, just gods, I make my last appeal,
Bear witness!
Bac. What! the gods?—do you think they mind you?
How could you take it in your head, I wonder;
Such a foolish fancy for a fellow like you,
A mortal and a slave, to pass for Hercules?
Xan. There. Take them.—There—you may have them —but please god,
You may come to want my help some time or other.

Bacchus and Xanthias change costumes more than once, and each time it appears that while Bacchus is in the character of Hercules he suffers from all the misdeeds of that great demigod, but when Xanthias takes the lion's skin, he is honored and rewarded. After these adventures, Xanthias makes friends with Aeacus, one of the three judges in Hades, who explains the contest between Aeschylus and Euripides, which follows as the main motive of the play:

Aeacus. By Jupiter; but he's a gentleman,
That master of yours.
Xan. A gentleman! To be sure he is:
Why, he does nothing else but wench and drink.
Aeacus. His never striking you when you took his name—
Outfacing him and contradicting him!—
Xan. It might have been worse for him if he had.
Aeacus. Well, that's well spoken, like a true-bred slave.
It's just the sort of language I delight in.
Xan. You love excuses?
Aeacus. Yes; but I prefer

Cursing my master quietly in private.

Xan. Mischief you're fond of?

Aeacus. Very fond indeed.

Xan. What think ye of muttering as you leave the room
After a beating?

Aeacus. Why, that's pleasant too.

Xan. By Jove, is it! But listening at the door
To hear their secrets?

Aeacus. Oh, there's nothing like it.

Xan. And then the reporting them in the neighborhood.

Aeacus. That's beyond everything.—That's quite ecstatic.

Xan. Well, give me your hand. And, there, take mine—and buss me.
And there again—and now for Jupiter's sake!—
(For he's the patron of our cuffs and beatings)
Do tell me what's that noise of people quarreling
And abusing one another there within?

Aeacus. Aeschylus and Euripides, only!

Xan. Heh?—?—?

Aeacus. Why, there's a desperate business has broke out
Among these here dead people;—quite a tumult.

Xan. As how?

Aeacus. First, there's a custom we have establish'd
In favor of professors of the arts.
When any one, the first in his own line,
Comes down amongst us here, he stands entitled
To privilege and precedence, with a seat
At Pluto's royal board.

Xan. I understand you.

Aeacus. So he maintains it, till there comes a better
Of the same sort, and then resigns it up.

Xan. But why should Aeschylus be disturb'd at this?

Aeacus. He held the seat for tragedy, as the master
In that profession.

Xan. Well, and who's there now?

Aeacus. He kept it till Euripides appeared;
But he collected audiences about him,
And flourish'd, and exhibited, and harangued

Before the thieves, and housebreakers, and rogues,
Cut-purses, cheats, and vagabonds, and villains,
That make the mass of population here;
[*Pointing to the audience.*
And they—being quite transported, and delighted
With his equivocations and evasions,
His subtleties and niceties and quibbles—
In short—they raised an uproar, and declared him
Archpoet, by a general acclamation.
And he with this grew proud and confident,
And laid a claim to the seat where Aeschylus sat.

Xan. And did not he get pelted for his pains?

Aeacus (*with the dry concise importance of superior local information*).
Why, no—The mob call'd out, and it was carried,
To have a public trial of skill between them.

Xan. You mean the mob of scoundrels that you mention'd?

Aeacus. Scoundrels indeed! Ay, scoundrels without number.

Xan. But Aeschylus must have had good friends and hearty?

Aeacus. Yes; but good men are scarce both here and elsewhere.

Xan. Well, what has Pluto settled to be done?

Aeacus. To have an examination and a trial
In public.

Xan. But how comes it?—Sophocles?—
Why does he not put forth his claim amongst them?

Aeacus. No, no!—He's not the kind of man—not he!
I tell ye; the first moment that he came,
He went up to Aeschylus and saluted him
And kiss'd his cheek and took his hand quite kindly;
And Aeschylus edged a little from his seat
To give him room; so now the story goes,
(At least I had it from Cleidemides;)
He means to attend there as a stander-by,
Proposing to take up the conqueror;
If Aeschylus gets the better, well and good,

He gives up his pretensions—but if not,
He'll stand a trial, he says, against Euripides.

Xan. There'll be strange doings.

Aeacus. That there will—and shortly
—Here—in this place—strange things, I promise you;
A kind of thing that no man could have thought of;
Why, you'll see poetry weigh'd out and measured.

Xan. What, will they bring their tragedies to the steelyards?

Aeacus. Yes, will they—with their rules and compasses
They'll measure, and examine, and compare,
And bring their plummets, and their lines and levels,
To take the bearings—for Euripides
Says that he'll make a survey, word by word.

Xan. Aeschylus takes the thing to heart, I doubt.

Aeacus. He bent his brows and pored upon the ground;
I saw him.

Xan. Well, but who decides the business?

Aeacus. Why, there the difficulty lies—for judges,
True learned judges, are grown scarce, and Aeschylus
Objected to the Athenians absolutely.

Xan. Considering them as rogues and villains mostly.

Aeacus. As being ignorant and empty generally;
And in their judgment of the stage particularly.
In fine, they've fix'd upon that master of yours,
As having had some practice in the business.
But we must wait within—for when our masters
Are warm and eager, stripes and blows ensue.

CHORUS

The full-mouth'd master of the tragic quire,
We shall behold him foam with rage and ire;
—Confronting in the list
His eager, shrewd, sharp-tooth'd antagonist.
Then will his visual orbs be wildly whirl'd
And huge invectives will be hurl'd
Superb and supercilious,
Atrocious, atrabilious,
With furious gesture and with lips of foam,
And lion crest unconscious of the comb;

Erect with rage—his brow's impending gloom
O'ershadowing his dark eyes' terrific blaze.
The opponent, dexterous and wary,
Will fend and parry:
While masses of conglomerated phrase,
Enormous, ponderous, and pedantic,
With indignation frantic,
And strength and force gigantic,
Are desperately sped
At his devoted head—
Then in different style
The touchstone and the file,
And subtleties of art
In turn will play their part;
Analysis and rule,
And every modern tool;
With critic scratch and scribble,
And nice invidious nibble;
Contending for the important choice,
A vast expenditure of human voice!

Scene. EURIPIDES, BACCHUS, AESCHYLUS

Eur. Don't give me your advice, I claim the seat
As being a better and superior artist.
Bac. What, Aeschylus, don't you speak? you hear his language.
Eur. He's mustering up a grand commanding visage
—A silent attitude—the common trick
That he begins with in his tragedies.
Bac. Come, have a care, my friend—You'll say too much.
Eur. I know the man of old—I've scrutinized
And shown him long ago for what he is,
A rude unbridled tongue, a haughty spirit;
Proud, arrogant, and insolently pompous;
Rough, clownish, boisterous, and overbearing.
Aes. Say'st thou me so? Thou bastard of the earth,
With thy patch'd robes and rags of sentiment
Raked from the streets and stitch'd and tack'd together!

Thou mumping, whining, beggarly hypocrite!
But you shall pay for it.

Bac. (*in addressing Aeschylus attempts to speak in more elevated style*). There now, Aeschylus,
You grow too warm. Restrain your ireful mood.

Aes. Yes; I'll seize that sturdy beggar first,
And search and strip him bare of his pretensions.

Bac. Quick! Quick! A sacrifice to the winds—Make ready;
The storm of rage is gathering. Bring a victim.

Aes. —A wretch that has corrupted everything;
Our music with his melodies from Crete;
Our morals with incestuous tragedies.

Bac. Dear, worthy Aeschylus, contain yourself,
And as for you, Euripides, move off
This instant, if you're wise; I give you warning,
Or else, with one of his big thumping phrases,
You'll get your brains dash'd out, and all your notions
And sentiments and matter mash'd to pieces.
—And thee, most noble Aeschylus (*as above*), I beseech
With mild demeanor calm and affable
To hear and answer.—For it ill beseems
Illustrious bards to scold like market-women.
But you roar out and bellow like a furnace.

Eur. (*in the tone of a town blackguard working himself up for quarrel*).
I'm up to it.—I'm resolved, and here I stand
Ready and steady—take what course you will;
Let him be first to speak, or else let me.
I'll match my plots and characters against him;
My sentiments and language, and what not:
Ay! and my music too, my Meleager,
My Aeolus and my Telephus and all.

Bac. Well, Aeschylus,—determine. What say you?

Aes. (*speaks in a tone of grave manly despondency*).
I wish the place of trial had been elsewhere,
I stand at disadvantage here.

Bac. As how?

Aes. Because my poems live on earth above,
And his died with him, and descended here,
And are at hand as ready witnesses;
But you decide the matter: I submit.

Bac. (*with official pertness and importance*).
Come—let them bring me fire and frankincense,
That I may offer vows and make oblations
For an ingenious critical conclusion
To this same elegant and clever trial—
(*To the Chorus.*)
And you too,—sing me a hymn there.—To the Muses.

CHORUS

To the Heavenly Nine we petition,
Ye, that on earth or in air are for ever kindly protecting the vagaries of learned ambition,
And at your ease from above our sense and folly directing (or poetical contests inspecting,
Deign to behold for a while as a scene of amusing attention, all the struggles of style and invention),
Aid, and assist, and attend, and afford to the furious authors your refined and enlighten'd suggestions;
Grant them ability—force and agility, quick recollections, and address in their answers and questions,
Pithy replies, with a word to the wise, and pulling and hauling, with inordinate uproar and bawling,
Driving and drawing, like carpenters sawing, their dramas asunder:
With suspended sense and wonder,
All are waiting and attending
On the conflict now depending!

Bac. Come, say your prayers, you two before the trial.
[*Aeschylus offers incense.*

Aes. O Ceres, nourisher of my soul, maintain me
A worthy follower of thy mysteries.

Bac. (*to Euripides*). There, you there, make your offering.

Eur. Well, I will;
But I direct myself to other deities.

Bac. Hey, what? Your own? some new ones?

Eur. Most assuredly!

Bac. Well! Pray away, then—to your own new deities.

[*Euripides offers incense.*

Eur. Thou foodful Air, the nurse of all my notions;
And ye, the organic powers of sense and speech,
And keen refined olfactory discernment,
Assist my present search for faults and errors.

CHORUS

Here beside you, here are we,
Eager all to hear and see
This abstruse and mighty battle
Of profound and learned prattle.
—But, as it appears to me,
Thus the course of it will be;
He, the junior and appellant,
Will advance as the assailant.
Aiming shrewd satiric darts
At his rival's noble parts;
And with sallies sharp and keen
Try to wound him in the spleen,
While the veteran rends and raises
Rifted, rough, uprooted phrases,
Wielded like a threshing staff
Scattering the dust and chaff.

Bac. Come, now begin, dispute away, but first I give you notice
That every phrase in your discourse must be refined, avoiding
Vulgar absurd comparisons, and awkward silly joking.

Eur. At the first outset, I forbear to state my own pretensions;
Hereafter I shall mention them, when his have been refuted;
After I shall have fairly shown, how he befool'd and cheated
The rustic audience that he found, which Phrynichus bequeathed him.

He planted first upon the stage a figure veil'd and muffled,
An Achilles or a Niobe, that never show'd their faces;
But kept a tragic attitude, without a word to utter.

Bac. No more they did: 'tis very true.

Eur. —In the meanwhile the Chorus
Strung on ten strophes right-an-end, but they remain'd in silence.

Bac. I liked that silence well enough, as well, perhaps, or better
Than those new talking characters—

Eur. That's from your want of judgment,
Believe me.

Bac. Why, perhaps it is; but what was his intention?

Eur. Why, mere conceit and insolence; to keep the people waiting
Till Niobe should deign to speak, to drive his drama forward.

Bac. O what a rascal. Now I see the tricks he used to play me.
[*To Aeschylus, who is showing signs of indignation by various contortions.*
—What makes you writhe and winch about?—

Eur. Because he feels my censures.
—Then having dragg'd and drawl'd along, half-way to the conclusion,
He foisted in a dozen words of noisy boisterous accent,
With lofty plumes and shaggy brows, mere bugbears of the language.
That no man ever heard before.—

Aes. Alas! alas!

Bac. (*to Aeschylus*). Have done there!

Eur. He never used a simple word.

Bac. (*to Aeschylus*). Don't grind your teeth so strangely.

Eur. But "Bulwarks and Scamanders" and "Hippogrifs and Gorgons."
"On burnish'd shields emboss'd in brass;" bloody remorseless phrases

Which nobody could understand.

Bac. Well, I confess, for my part,
I used to keep awake at night, with guesses and conjectures
To think what kind of foreign bird he meant by griffin-horses.

Aes. A figure on the heads of ships; you goose, you must have seen them.

Bac. Well, from the likeness, I declare, I took it for Eruxis.

Eur. So! Figures from the heads of ships are fit for tragic diction.

Aes. Well then—thou paltry wretch, explain. What were your own devices?

Eur. Not stories about flyings-stags, like yours, and griffin-horses;
Nor terms nor images derived from tapestry Persian hangings.
When I received the Muse from you I found her puff'd and pamper'd
With pompous sentences and terms, a cumbrous huge virago.
My first attention was applied to make her look genteelly;
And bring her to a slighter shape by dint of lighter diet:
I fed her with plain household phrase, and cool familiar salad,
With water-gruel episode, with sentimental jelly,
With moral mincemeat; till at length I brought her into compass;
Cephisophon, who was my cook, contrived to make them relish.
I kept my plots distinct and clear, and, to prevent confusion,
My leading characters rehearsed their pedigrees for prologues.

Aes. 'Twas well, at least, that you forbore to quote your own extraction.

Eur. From the first opening of the scene, all persons were in action;
The master spoke, the slave replied, the women, young and old ones,
All had their equal share of talk—
Aes. Come, then, stand forth and tell us,
What forfeit less than death is due for such an innovation?
Eur. I did it upon principle, from democratic motives.
Bac. Take care, my friend—upon that ground your footing is but ticklish.
Eur. I taught these youths to speechify.
Aes. I say so too.—Moreover
I say that—for the public good—you ought to have been hang'd first.
Eur. The rules and forms of rhetoric,—the laws of composition,
To prate—to state—and in debate to meet a question fairly:
At a dead lift to turn and shift—to make a nice distinction.
Aes. I grant it all—I make it all—my ground of accusation.
Eur. The whole in cases and concerns occurring and recurring
At every turn and every day domestic and familiar,
So that the audience, one and all, from personal experience,
Were competent to judge the piece, and form a fair opinion
Whether my scenes and sentiments agreed with truth and nature.
I never took them by surprise to storm their understandings,
With Memnons and Tydides's and idle rattle-trappings
Of battle-steeds and clattering shields to scare them from their senses;
But for a test (perhaps the best) our pupils and adherents

May be distinguish'd instantly by person and behavior;
His are Phormisius the rough, Meganetes the gloomy,
Hobgoblin-headed, trumpet-mouth'd, grim-visaged, ugly-bearded;
But mine are Cleitophon the smooth,—Theramenes the gentle.

Bac. Theramenes—a clever hand, a universal genius,
I never found him at a loss in all the turns of party
To change his watchword at a word or at a moment's warning.

Eur. Thus it was that I began,
With a nicer, neater plan;
Teaching men to look about,
Both within doors and without;
To direct their own affairs,
And their house and household wares;
Marking everything amiss—
"Where is that?" and—"What is this?"
"This is broken—that is gone,"
'Tis the modern style and tone.

Bac. Yes, by Jove—and at their homes
Nowadays each master comes,
Of a sudden bolting in
With an uproar and a din;
Rating all the servants round,
"If it's lost, it must be found.
Why was all the garlic wasted?
There, that honey has been tasted:
And these olives pilfer'd here.
Where's the pot we bought last year?
What's become of all the fish?
Which of you has broke the dish?"
Thus it is, but heretofore,
The moment that they cross'd the door,
They sat them down to doze and snore.

CHORUS

"Noble Achilles! you see the disaster,
The shame and affront, and an enemy nigh!"

Oh! bethink thee, mighty master,
Think betimes of your reply;
Yet beware, lest anger force
Your hasty chariot from the course;
Grievous charges have been heard,
With many a sharp and bitter word,
Notwithstanding, mighty chief,
Let Prudence fold her cautious reef
In your anger's swelling sail;
By degrees you may prevail,
But beware of your behavior
Till the wind is in your favor:
Now for your answer, illustrious architect,
Founder of lofty theatrical lays!
Patron in chief of our tragical trumperies!
Open the floodgate of figure and phrase!

Aes. My spirit is kindled with anger and shame,
To so base a competitor forced to reply,
But I needs must retort, or the wretch will report
That he left me refuted and foil'd in debate;
Tell me then, What are the principal merits
Entitling a poet to praise and renown?
Eur. The improvement of morals, the progress of mind,
When a poet, by skill and invention,
Can render his audience virtuous and wise.
Aes. But if you, by neglect or intention,
Have done the reverse, and from brave honest spirits
Depraved, and have left them degraded and base,
Tell me, what punishment ought you to suffer?
Bac. Death, to be sure!—Take that answer from me.
Aes. Observe then, and mark, what our citizens were,
When first from my care they were trusted to you;
Not scoundrel informers, or paltry buffoons,
Evading the services due to the state;
But with hearts all on fire, for adventure and war,
Distinguished for hardiness, stature, and strength,
Breathing forth nothing but lances and darts,
Arms, and equipment, and battle array,

Bucklers, and shields, and habergeons, and hauberks,
Helmets, and plumes, and heroic attire.

Bac. There he goes, hammering on with his helmets,
He'll be the death of me one of these days.

Eur. But how did you manage to make 'em so manly,
What was the method, the means that you took?

Bac. Speak, Aeschylus, speak, and behave yourself better,
And don't in your rage stand so silent and stern.

Aes. A drama, brimful with heroical spirit.

Eur. What did you call it?

Aes. "The Seven against Thebes,"
That inspired each spectator with martial ambition,
Courage, and ardor, and prowess, and pride.

Bac. But you did very wrong to encourage the Thebans.
Indeed, you deserve to be punish'd, you do,
For the Thebans are grown to be capital soldiers,
You've done us a mischief by that very thing.

Aes. The fault was your own, if you took other courses;
The lesson I taught was directed to you:
Then I gave you the glorious theme of "the Persians,"
Replete with sublime patriotical strains,
The record and example of noble achievement,
The delight of the city, the pride of the stage.

Bac. I rejoiced, I confess, when the tidings were carried
To old King Darius, so long dead and buried,
And the chorus in concert kept wringing their hands,
Weeping and wailing, and crying, Alas!

Aes. Such is the duty, the task of a poet,
Fulfilling in honor his office and trust.
Look to traditional history—look
To antiquity, primitive, early, remote:
See there, what a blessing illustrious poets
Conferred on mankind, in the centuries past,
Orpheus instructed mankind in religion,
Reclaim'd them from bloodshed and barbarous rites:
Musaeus deliver'd the doctrine of medicine,
And warnings prophetic for ages to come:
Next came old Hesiod, teaching us husbandry,

Ploughing, and sowing, and rural affairs,
Rural economy, rural astronomy,
Homely morality, labor, and thrift:
Homer himself, our adorable Homer,
What was his title to praise and renown?
What, but the worth of the lessons he taught us,
Discipline, arms, and equipment of war?

Bac. Yes, but Pantacles was never the wiser;
For in the procession he ought to have led,
When his helmet was tied, he kept puzzling, and tried
To fasten the crest on the crown of his head.

Aes. But other brave warriors and noble commanders
Were train'd in his lessons to valor and skill;
Such was the noble heroical Lamachus;
Others besides were instructed by him;
And I, from his fragments ordaining a banquet,
Furnish'd and deck'd with majestical phrase,
Brought forward the models of ancient achievement,
Teucer, Patroclus, and chiefs of antiquity;
Raising and rousing Athenian hearts,
When the signal of onset was blown in their ear,
With a similar ardor to dare and to do;
But I never allow'd of your lewd Sthenoboeas,
Or filthy, detestable Phaedras—not I—
Indeed, I should doubt if my drama throughout
Exhibit an instance of woman in love.

Eur. No, you were too stern for an amorous turn,
For Venus and Cupid too stern and too stupid.

Aes. May they leave me at rest, and with peace in my breast,
And infest and pursue your kindred and you,
With the very same blow that dispatch'd you below.

Bac. That was well enough said; with the life that he led,
He himself in the end got a wound from a friend.

Eur. But what, after all, is the horrible mischief?
My poor Sthenoboeas, what harm have they done?

Aes. The example is followed, the practice has gain'd,
And women of family, fortune, and worth,

Bewilder'd with shame in a passionate fury,
Have poison'd themselves for Bellerophon's sake.

Eur. But at least you'll allow that I never invented it,
Phaedra's affair was a matter of fact.

Aes. A fact, with a vengeance! but horrible facts
Should be buried in silence, not bruited abroad,
Nor brought forth on the stage, nor emblazon'd in poetry,
Children and boys have a teacher assign'd them—
The bard is a master for manhood and youth,
Bound to instruct them in virtue and truth,
Beholden and bound.

Eur. But is virtue a sound?
Can any mysterious virtue be found
In bombastical, huge, hyperbolical phrase?

Aes. Thou dirty, calamitous wretch, recollect
That exalted ideas of fancy require
To be clothed in a suitable vesture of phrase;
And that heroes and gods may be fairly supposed
Discoursing in words of a mightier import,
More lofty by far than the children of man;
As the pomp of apparel assign'd to their persons,
Produced on the stage and presented to view,
Surpasses in dignity, splendor, and luster
Our popular garb and domestic attire,
A practice which nature and reason allow,
But which you disannull'd and rejected.

Eur. As how?

Aes. When you brought forth your kings, in a villainous fashion,
In patches and rags, as a claim for compassion.

Eur. And this is a grave misdemeanor, forsooth!

Aes. It has taught an example of sordid untruth;
For the rich of the city, that ought to equip,
And to serve with, a ship, are appealing to pity,
Pretending distress—with an overworn dress.

Bac. By Jove, so they do; with a waistcoat brand new,
Worn closely within, warm and new for the skin;
And if they escape in this beggarly shape,

You'll meet 'em at market, I warrant 'em all,
Buying the best at the fishmonger's stall.

Aes. He has taught every soul to sophisticate truth;
And debauch'd all the bodies and minds of the youth;
Leaving them morbid, and pallid, and spare;
And the places of exercise vacant and bare:—
The disorder has spread to the fleet and the crew;
The service is ruin'd, and ruin'd by you—
With prate and debate in a mutinous state;
Whereas, in my day, 'twas a different way;
Nothing they said, nor knew nothing to say,
But to call for their porridge, and cry, "Pull away."

Bac. Yes—yes, they knew this—
To pillage ashore—
But now they forget the command of the oar:—
Prating and splashing,
Discussing and dashing,
They steer here and there,
With their eyes in the air,
Hither and thither,
Nobody knows whither.

Aes. Can the reprobate mark in the course he has run,
One crime unattempted, a mischief undone?
With his horrible passions, of sisters and brothers,
And sons-in-law, tempted by villainous mothers,
And temples defiled with a bastardly birth,
And women, divested of honor or worth,
That talk about life "as a death upon earth;"
And sophistical frauds and rhetorical bawds;
Till now the whole state is infested with tribes
Of scriveners and scribblers, and rascally scribes—
All practice of masculine vigor and pride,
Our wrestling and running, are all laid aside,
And we see that the city can hardly provide
For the Feast of the Founder, a racer of force
To carry the torch and accomplish a course.

Bac. Well, I laugh'd till I cried
The last festival tide,
At the fellow that ran,—

'Twas a heavy fat man,
And he panted and hobbled,
And stumbled and wabbled,
And the pottery people about the gate,
Seeing him hurried, and tired, and late,
Stood to receive him in open rank,
Helping him on with a hearty spank
Over the shoulder and over the flank,
The flank, the loin, the back, the shoulders,
With shouts of applause from all beholders;
While he ran on with a filthy fright,
Puffing his link to keep it alight.

CHORUS

Ere the prize is lost and won
Mighty doings will be done.
Now then—(though to judge aright
Is difficult, when force and might
Are opposed with ready slight,
When the Champion that is cast
Tumbles uppermost at last)
—Since you meet in equal match,
Argue, contradict and scratch,
Scuffle, and abuse and bite,
Tear and fight,
With all your wits and all your might.
—Fear not for a want of sense
Or judgment in your audience,
That defect has been removed;
They're prodigiously improved,
Disciplined, alert and smart,
Drill'd and exercised in art:
Each has got a little book,
In the which they read and look,
Doing all their best endeavor
To be critical and clever;
Thus their own ingenious natures,
Aided and improved by learning,
Will provide you with spectators
Shrewd, attentive, and discerning.

It is necessary to omit some sections which are untranslatable in English or in which the interest lies in plays upon words that could not be made clear. Somewhat condensed, the remainder is as follows:

O dreary shades of night!
What phantoms of affright
Have scared my troubled sense
With saucer eyes immense;
And huge horrific paws
With bloody claws!
  Ye maidens haste, and bring
  From the fair spring
A bucket of fresh water; whose clear stream
May purify me from this dreadful dream:
  But oh! my dream is out!
  Ye maidens search about!
O mighty powers of mercy, can it be;
  That Glyke, Glyke, she
(My friend and civil neighbor heretofore),
Has robb'd my henroost of its feather'd store?
  With the dawn I was beginning,
  Spinning, spinning, spinning, spinning,
  Unconscious of the meditated crime;
  Meaning to sell my yarn at market-time.
    Now tears alone are left me,
    My neighbor hath bereft me,
Of all—of all—of all—all but a tear!
Since he, my faithful trusty chanticleer
  Is flown—is flown!—Is gone—is gone!
—But, O ye nymphs of sacred Ida, bring
Torches and bows, with arrows on the string;
    And search around
    All the suspected ground:
And thou, fair huntress of the sky;
Deign to attend, descending from on high—
—While Hecate, with her tremendous torch,

Even from the topmost garret to the porch
Explores the premises with search exact,
To find the thief and ascertain the fact—

Bac. Come, no more songs!

Aes. I've had enough of 'em;
For my part, I shall bring him to the balance,
As a true test of our poetic merit,
To prove the weight of our respective verses.

Bac. Well then, so be it—if it must be so,
That I'm to stand here like a cheesemonger
Retailing poetry with a pair of scales.

[*A huge pair of scales are here discovered on the stage*

CHORUS

Curious eager wits pursue
Strange devices quaint and new,
Like the scene you witness here,
Unaccountable and queer;
I myself, if merely told it,
If I did not here behold it,
Should have deem'd it utter folly,
Craziness and nonsense wholly.

Bac. Move up; stand close to the balance!

Eur. Here are we—

Bac. Take hold now, and each of you repeat a verse,
And don't leave go before I call to you!

Eur. We're ready.

Bac. Now, then, each repeat a verse.

Eur. "I wish that Argo with her woven wings."

Aes. "O streams of Sperchius, and ye pastured plains."

Bac. Let go!—See now—this scale outweighs that other
Very considerably—

Eur. How did it happen?

Bac. He slipp'd a river in, like the wool-jobbers,
To moisten his meter—but your line was light,
A thing with wings—ready to fly away.

Eur. Let him try once again then, and take hold.

Bac. Take hold once more.

Eur. We're ready.

Bac. Now repeat.
Eur. "Speech is the temple and altar of persuasion."
Aes. "Death is a god that loves no sacrifice."
Bac. Let go!—See there again! This scale sinks down;
No wonder that it should, with Death put into it,
The heaviest of all calamities.
Eur. But I put in persuasion finely express'd
In the best terms.
Bac. Perhaps so; but persuasion
Is soft and light and silly—Think of something
That's heavy and huge, to outweigh him, something solid.
Eur. Let's see—Where have I got it? Something solid?
Bac. "Achilles has thrown twice—Twice a deuce ace!"
Come now, one trial more; this is the last.
Eur. "He grasp'd a mighty mace of massy weight."
Aes. "Cars upon cars, and corpses heap'd pell-mell."
Bac. He has nick'd you again—
Eur. Why so? What has he done?
Bac. He has heap'd ye up cars and corpses, such a load
As twenty Egyptian laborers could not carry—
Aes. Come, no more single lines—let him bring all,
His wife, his children, his Cephisophon,
His books and everything, himself to boot—
I'll counterpoise them with a couple of lines.
Bac. Well, they're both friends of mine—I shan't decide
To get myself ill-will from either party;
One of them seems extraordinary clever,
And the other suits my taste particularly.
Pluto. Won't you decide then, and conclude the business?
Bac. Suppose then I decide; what then?
Pluto. Then take him
Away with you, whichever you prefer,
As a present for your pains in coming down here.
Bac. Heaven bless ye—Well—let's see now—Can't ye advise me?
This is the case—I'm come in search of a poet—
Pluto. With what design?

Bac. With this design; to see
The City again restored to peace and wealth,
Exhibiting tragedies in a proper style.
—Therefore whichever gives the best advice
On public matters I shall take him with me.
—First then of Alcibiades, what think ye?
The City is in hard labor with the question.
Eur. What are her sentiments towards him?
Bac. What?
"She loves and she detests and longs to have him."
But tell me, both of you, your own opinions.
Eur. (*Euripides and Aeschylus speak each in his own tragical style*). I hate the man, that in his country's service
Is slow, but ready and quick to work her harm;
Unserviceable except to serve himself.
Bac. Well said, by Jove!—Now you—Give us a sentence.
Aes. 'Tis rash and idle policy to foster
A lion's whelp within the city walls,
But when he's rear'd and grown you must indulge him.
Bac. By Jove then I'm quite puzzled; one of them
Has answer'd clearly, and the other sensibly:
But give us both of ye one more opinion;
—What means are left of safety for the state?
Eur. To tack Cinesias like a pair of wings
To Cleocritus' shoulders, and dispatch them
From a precipice to sail across the seas.
Bac. It seems a joke; but there's some sense in it.
Eur. . . . Then being both equipp'd with little cruets
They might co-operate in a naval action,
By sprinkling vinegar in the enemies' eyes.
—But I can tell you and will.
Bac. Speak, and explain then—
Eur. If we mistrust where present trust is placed,
Trusting in what was heretofore mistrusted—
Bac. How! What? I'm at a loss—Speak it again
Not quite so learnedly—more plainly and simply.
Eur. If we withdraw the confidence we placed
In these our present statesmen, and transfer it

To those whom we mistrusted heretofore,
This seems I think our fairest chance for safety:
If with our present counselors we fail,
Then with their opposites we might succeed.

Bac. That's capitally said, my Palamedes!
My politician! was it all your own?
Your own invention?

Eur. All except the cruets;
That was a notion of Cephisophon's.

Bac. (*to Aeschylus*). Now you—what say you?

Aes. Inform me about the city—
What kind of persons has she placed in office?
Does she promote the worthiest?

Bac. No, not she,
She can't abide 'em.

Aes. Rogues then she prefers?

Bac. Not altogether, she makes use of 'em
Perforce as it were.

Aes. Then who can hope to save
A state so wayward and perverse, that finds
No sort of habit fitted for her wear?
Drugget or superfine, nothing will suit her!

Bac. Do think a little how she can be saved.

Aes. Not here; when I return there, I shall speak.

Bac. No, do pray send some good advice before you.

Aes. When they regard their lands as enemy's ground,
Their enemy's possessions as their own,
Their seamen and the fleet their only safeguard,
Their sole resource hardship and poverty,
And resolute endurance in distress—

Bac. That's well,—but juries eat up everything,
And we shall lose our supper if we stay.

Pluto. Decide then—

Bac. You'll decide for your own selves,
I'll make a choice according to my fancy.

Eur. Remember, then, your oath to your poor friend;
And, as you swore and promised, rescue me.

Bac. "It was my tongue that swore"—I fix on Aeschylus.

Eur. O wretch! what have you done?

Bac. Me? done? What should I?
Voted for Aeschylus to be sure—Why not?
Eur. And after such a villainous act, you dare
To view me face to face—Art not ashamed?
Bac. Why shame, in point of fact, is nothing real:
Shame is the apprehension of a vision
Reflected from the surface of opinion—
—The opinion of the public—they must judge.
Eur. O cruel!—Will you abandon me to death?
Bac. Why perhaps death is life, and life is death,
And victuals and drink an illusion of the senses;
For what is Death but an eternal sleep?
And does not Life consist in sleeping and eating?
Pluto. Now, Bacchus, you'll come here with us within.
Bac. (*a little startled and alarmed*).
What for?
Pluto. To be received and entertain'd
With a feast before you go.
Bac. That's well imagined,
With all my heart—I've not the least objection.

CHORUS

Happy is the man possessing
The superior holy blessing
Of a judgment and a taste
Accurate, refined and chaste;
As it plainly doth appear
In the scene presented here;
Where the noble worthy Bard
Meets with a deserved reward,
Suffer'd to depart in peace
Freely with a full release,
To revist once again
His kindred and his countrymen—
Hence moreover
You discover,
That to sit with Socrates,
In a dream of learned ease;
Quibbling, counter-quibbling, prating,

Argufying and debating
With the metaphysic sect,
Daily sinking in neglect,
Growing careless, incorrect,
While the practice and the rules
Of the true poetic Schools
Are renounced or slighted wholly,
Is a madness and a folly.

PLUTO

Go forth with good wishes and hearty good-will,
And salute the good people on Pallas's hill;
Let them hear and admire father Aeschylus still
In his office of old which again he must fill:
—You must guide and direct them,
Instruct and correct them,
With a lesson in verse,
For you'll find them much worse;
Greater fools than before, and their folly much more,
And more numerous far than the blockheads of yore—

Aes. I shall do as you say;
But the while I'm away,
Let the seat that I held
Be by Sophocles fill'd,
As deservedly reckon'd
My pupil and second
In learning and merit
And tragical spirit—
And take special care;
Keep that reprobate there
Far aloof from the Chair;
Let him never sit in it
An hour or a minute,
By chance or design
To profane what was mine.

V. "The Birds." One of the great masterpieces of Aristophanes is *The Birds*, whose motive is a desire to escape from the worry

of reality into an ideal state of happiness. Grotesque as is the old comedy, it shows an exquisite imagination and a lyric beauty that is not anywhere surpassed by the poet. Peisthetairus (the Persuader) is an Athenian citizen, who, disgusted with his own country, starts to seek his fortune in the land of the birds. He is the type of the successful business man and politician, never at rest, never in the wrong, always ready to direct everything. If at any time he fails for a moment, he recovers himself without embarrassment. With him goes Euelpides (Hopeful Son), a simple, easy-minded, amusing companion.

Peisthetairus meets the king of the birds, formerly Tereus, King of Thrace, but now changed into a hoopoe. The resolute Athenian rouses the melancholy king, organizes a new government of the birds, provides himself with wings, builds the city which blocks off the communication of the gods with the earth, and prevents incense from rising. The new ruler interviews various types of humanity who come to join the new government, and disposes of them summarily. When Iris appears as messenger of the gods, he drives her out of court. After Prometheus, the political informer and talebearer at enmity with the gods, has brought his information to Peisthetairus, the latter entertains a delegation headed by Hercules and Poseidon, and Zeus is persuaded to restore the scepter of the world into the hands of the birds. Political allusions are not

frequent, and the general tenor of the drama is to lay aside all troubles and disagreeable things for the sake of comfort and ease.

The play is too long to give in its entirety, and extracts, however interesting in themselves, will not give a very satisfactory idea of the whole work. However, some passages will prove interesting.

The first meeting of the two Athenians with the hoopoe is thus given:

Eu. Holloh there!
Peis. What do you mean with your Holloh?
You should cry Hoop for a Hoopoe.
Eu. Well then, Hoop!
Hoop and holloh, there! Hoopoe, Hoopoe, I say!
Tr. What's here? Who's bawling there? Who wants my master?
[*The door is opened, and both parties start at seeing each other.*
Eu. Oh mercy, mighty Apollo! what a beak!
Tr. Out! out upon it! a brace of bird-catchers!
Eu. No, no! don't be disturbed; think better of us.
Tr. You'll both be put to death.
Eu. But we're not men.
Tr. Not men! what are ye? what do ye call yourselves?
Eu. The fright has turned me into a yellow-hammer.
Tr. Poh! Stuff and nonsense!
Eu. I can prove it to ye.
Search!
Tr. But your comrade here; what bird is he?
Peis. I'm changed to a Golden Pheasant just at present.
Eu. Now tell me, in heaven's name, what creature are ye?
Tr. I'm a slave bird.
Eu. A slave? how did it happen?
Were you made prisoner by a fighting cock?
Tr. No. When my master made himself a Hoopoe,
He begged me to turn bird to attend upon him.

Eu. Do birds then want attendance?
Tr. Yes, of course,
In his case, having been a man before,
He longs occasionally for human diet,
His old Athenian fare: pilchards, for instance.
Then I must fetch the pilchards; sometimes porridge;
He calls for porridge, and I mix it for him.
Eu. Well, you're a dapper waiter, a didapper;
But didapper, I say, do step within there,
And call your master out.
Tr. But just at present
He's taking a little rest after his luncheon,
Some myrtle berries and a dish of worms.
Eu. No matter, call him here. We wish to speak to him.
Tr. (*in the tone of Simple, Master Slender's serving man*).
He'll not be pleased, I'm sure; but notwithstanding,
Since you desire it, I'll make bold to call him. [*Exit.*
Peis. (*looking after him*). Confound ye, I say, you've frightened me to death.
Eu. He has scared away my Jackdaw; it's flown away.
Peis. You let it go yourself, you coward.
Eu. Tell me,
Have not you let your Raven go?
Peis. Not I.
Eu. Where is it then?
Peis. Flown off of its own accord.
Eu. You did not let it go! you're a brave fellow!
[*The* HOOPOE *from within*
Hoo. Open the door, I say; let me go forth.
[*The Royal* HOOPOE *appears with a tremendous beak and crest.*
Eu. O Hercules, what a creature! What a plumage!
And a triple tier of crests; what can it be!
Hoo. Who called? who wanted me?
Eu. May the heavenly powers . . .
. . . Confound ye, I say. [*Aside.*
Hoo. You mock at me perhaps,
Seeing these plumes. But, stranger, you must know—

That once I was a man.
Eu. We did not laugh
At you, Sir.
Hoo. What, then, were you laughing at?
Eu. Only that beak of yours seemed rather odd.
Hoo. It was your poet Sophocles that reduced me
To this condition with his tragedies.
Eu. What are you, Tereus? Are you a bird, or what?
Hoo. A Bird.
Eu. Then where are all your feathers?
Hoo. Gone.
Eu. In consequence of an illness?
Hoo. No, the Birds
At this time of the year leave off their feathers,
But you! What are ye? Tell me.
Eu. Mortal men.
Hoo. What countrymen?
Eu. Of the country of the Triremes.
Hoo. Jurymen, I suppose?
Eu. Quite the reverse,
We're anti-jurymen.
Hoo. Does that breed still
Continue amongst you?
Eu. Some few specimens
You'll meet with, here and there, in country places.
Hoo. And what has brought you here? What was your object?
Eu. We wished to advise with you.
Hoo. With me! For what?
Eu. Because you were a man: the same as us;
And found yourself in debt: the same as us;
And did not like to pay: the same as us;
And after that, you changed into a bird;
And ever since have flown and wandered far
Over the lands and seas, and have acquired
All knowledge that a bird or man can learn.
Therefore we come as suppliants, to beseech
Your favor and advice to point us out
Some comfortable country, close and snug,

A country like a blanket or a rug,
Where we might fairly fold ourselves to rest.

Hoo. Do you wish then for a greater state than Athens?

Eu. Not greater; but more suitable for us.

Hoo. It's clear you're fond of aristocracy.

Eu. What him, the son of Scellias! Aristocrates?
I abhor him.

Hoo. Well, what kind of a town would suit ye?

Eu. Why, such a kind of town as this, for instance,
A town where the importunities and troubles
Are of this sort. Suppose a neighbor calls
Betimes in the morning with a sudden summons:
"Now, don't forget," says he, "for heaven's sake,
To come to me to-morrow, bring your friends,
Children and all, we've wedding cheer at home.
Come early, mind ye, and if you fail me now,
Don't let me see your face, when I'm in trouble."

Hoo. So, you're resolved to encounter all these hardships!

[*To Peisthetairus.*

And what say you?

Peis. My fancy's much the same.

Hoo. How so?

Peis. To find a place of the same sort:
A kind of place, where a good jolly father
Meets and attacks me thus—"What's come to ye
With my young people? You don't take to 'em.
What! they're not reckoned ugly! You might treat 'em,
As an old friend, with a little attention surely,
And take a trifling civil freedom with 'em."

Hoo. Ay! You're in love I see with difficulties
And miseries. Well, there's a city in fact
Much of this sort; one that I think might suit ye,
Near the Red Sea.

Eu. No, no! not near the sea!
Lest I should have the Salaminian galley
Arriving some fine morning, with a summons
Sent after me, and a pursuivant to arrest me.

But could not you tell us of some Grecian city?

Hoo. Why there's in Elis there, the town of Lepreum.

Eu. No, no! No Lepreums: nor no lepers neither.
No leprosies for me. Melanthius
Has given me a disgust for leprosies.

Hoo. Then there's Opuntius in the land of Locris.

Eu. Opuntius? Me to be like Opuntius!
With his one eye! Not for a thousand drachmas.
But tell me among the birds here, how do ye find it?
What kind of an existence?

Hoo. Pretty fair;
Not much amiss. Time passes smoothly enough:
And money is out of the question. We don't use it.

Eu. You've freed yourselves from a great load of dross.

Hoo. We've our field sports. We spend our idle mornings
With banqueting and collations in the gardens,
With poppy-seeds and myrtle.

Eu. So your time
Is passed like a perpetual wedding-day.

Peis. Ha! What a power is here! What opportunities!
If I could only advise you. I see it all!
The means for an infinite empire and command!

Hoo. And what would you have us do? What's your advice?

Peis. Do? What would I have ye do? Why first of all
Don't flutter and hurry about all open-mouthed,
In that undignified way. With us, for instance,
At home, we should cry out, "What creature's that?"
And Teleas would be the first to answer:
"A mere poor creature, a weak restless animal,
A silly bird, that's neither here nor there."

Hoo. Yes, Teleas might say so. *It would be like him.*
But tell me, what would you have us do?

Peis. (*emphatically*). Concentrate!
Bring all your birds together. Build a city.

Hoo. The birds! How could we build a city? Where?

Peis. Nonsense. You can't be serious. What a question!
Look down.

Hoo. I do.
Peis. Look up now.
Hoo. So I do.
Peis. Now turn your neck round.
Hoo. I should sprain it though.
Peis. Come, what d'ye see?
Hoo. The clouds and sky; that's all.
Peis. Well, that we call the Pole and the Atmosphere;
And would it not serve you birds for a Metropole?
Hoo. Pole? Is it called a pole?
Peis. Yes, that's the name.
Philosophers of late call it the pole;
Because it wheels and rolls itself about
As it were, in a kind of a roly-poly way.
Well, there then, you may build and fortify,
And call it your Metropolis—your Acropolis.
From that position you'll command mankind,
And keep them in utter thorough subjugation:
Just as you do the grasshoppers and locusts.
And if the gods offend you, you'll blockade 'em,
And starve 'em to a surrender.
Hoo. In what way?
Peis. Why thus. Your atmosphere is placed, you see,
In a middle point, just betwixt earth and heaven.
A case of the same kind occurs with us.
Our people in Athens, if they send to Delphi
With deputations, offerings, or what not,
Are forced to obtain a pass from the Boeotians:
Thus when mankind on earth are sacrificing,
If you should find the gods grown mutinous
And insubordinate, you could intercept
All their supplies of sacrificial smoke.
Hoo. By the earth and all its springs! springs and nooses
Odds, nets and snares! This is the cleverest notion:
And I could find it in my heart to venture;
If the other Birds agree to the proposal.
Peis. But who must state it to them?
Hoo. You yourself,
They'll understand ye, I found them mere barbarians,

WAHKIAKUM HIGH SCHOOL
Cathalmet, Wash.

But living here a length of time amongst them,
I have taught them to converse and speak correctly.

Peis. How will you summon them?

Hoo. That's easy enough;
I'll just step into the thicket here hard by,
And call my nightingale. She'll summon them.
And when they hear her voice, I promise you
You'll see them all come running here pell-mell.

Peis. My dearest, best of Birds! don't lose a moment.
I beg, but go directly into the thicket;
Nay, don't stand here, go call your nightingale.

[*Exit Hoopoe.*

[*Song from behind the scene, supposed to be sung by the Hoopoe.*

Awake! awake!
Sleep no more, my gentle mate!
With your tiny tawny bill,
Wake the tuneful echo shrill,
On vale or hill;
Or in her airy, rocky seat,
Let her listen and repeat
The tender ditty that you tell,
The sad lament,
The dire event,
To luckless Itys that befell
Thence the strain
Shall rise again,
And soar amain,
Up to the lofty palace gate;
Where mighty Apollo sits in state;
In Jove's abode, with his ivory lyre,
Hymning aloud to the heavenly choir.
While all the gods shall join with thee
In a celestial symphony.

[*A solo on the flute, supposed to be the nightingale's call.*

Peis. O Jupiter! the dear, delicious bird!
With what a lovely tone she swells and falls,
Sweetening the wilderness with delicate air.

Eu. Hist!
Peis. What?
Eu. Be quiet, can't ye?
Peis. What's the matter?
Eu. The Hoopoe is just preparing for a song.

Hoo. Hoop! hoop!
Come in a troop,
Come at a call,
One and all,
Birds of a feather,
All together.
Birds of a humble, gentle bill,
Smooth and shrill,
Dieted on seeds and grain,
Rioting on the furrowed plain,
Pecking, hopping,
Picking, popping,
Among the barley newly sown.
Birds of bolder, louder tone,
Lodging in the shrubs and bushes,
Mavises and Thrushes,
On the summer berries brousing,
On the garden fruits carousing,
All the grubs and vermin smousing.

You that in a humbler station,
With an active occupation,
Haunt the lowly watery mead,
Warring against the native breed,
The gnats and flies, your enemies;
In the level marshy plain
Of Marathon, pursued and slain.

You that in a squadron driving
From the seas are seen arriving,
With the Cormorants and Mews
Haste to land and hear the news!
All the feathered airy nation,

Birds of every size and station,
Are convened in convocation.
For an envoy, queer and shrewd,
Means to address the multitude,
And submit to their decision
A surprising proposition,
For the welfare of the state.

Come in a flurry,
With a hurry-scurry,
Hurry to the meeting and attend to the debate.

The *parabasis* was an important ode delivered at an intermission in the acting, the singer facing the audience and moving toward it as he sang. Perhaps the most frequently quoted passage from Aristophanes is the parabasis which follows:

Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly, calamitous, creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the Sovereign Birds
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air),
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labor, and care.
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
Which is busied of late, with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky. We propose by-and-by
(If you'll listen and hear) to make it all clear.
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,
When his doubts are explained and expounded at once.

Before the creation of Aether and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight.
Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,
Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm:
At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
By Night the primaeval in secrecy laid;
A Mystical Egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatched; till time came about:
And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
Sparkling and florid, with stars in his forehead,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnished
To range his dominions, on glittering pinions,
All golden and azure, and blooming and burnished:
He soon, in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses
Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatched
To being and life, begotten and hatched,
The primitive Birds: but the Deities all,
The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth,
More tamely combined, of a temperate kind;
When chaotical mixture approached to a fixture.
Our antiquity proved; it remains to be shown,
That Love is our author, and master alone,
Like him, we can ramble, and gambol and fly
O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky:
And all the world over we're friends to the lover,
And when other means fail, we are found to prevail,
When a Peacock or Pheasant is sent as a present.
All lessons of primary daily concern,
You have learnt from the Birds, and continue to learn,
Your best benefactors and early instructors;
We give you the warning of seasons returning.
When the Cranes are arranged, and muster afloat

In the middle air, with a creaking note,
Steering away to the Lybian sands;
Then careful farmers sow their lands;
The crazy vessel is hauled ashore,
The sail, the ropes, the rudder and oar
Are all unshipped, and housed in store.
  The Shepherd is warned, by the Kite reappearing,
To muster his flock, and be ready for shearing.
  You quit your old cloak, at the Swallow's behest,
In assurance of summer, and purchase a vest.
  For Delphi, for Ammon, Dondona, in fine,
For every oracular temple and shrine,
The Birds are a substitute equal and fair,
For on us you depend, and to us you repair
For counsel and aid, when a marriage is made,
A purchase, a bargain, a venture in trade:
Unlucky or lucky, whatever has struck ye,
An Ox or an Ass, that may happen to pass,
A Voice in the street, or a Slave that you meet,
A Name or a Word by chance overheard,
If you deem it an Omen, you call it a *Bird;*
And if birds are your omens, it clearly will follow,
That birds are a proper prophetic Apollo.

  Then take us as gods, and you'll soon find the odds.
We'll serve for all uses, as Prophets and Muses;
We'll give ye fine weather, we'll live here together;
We'll not keep away, scornful and proud, atop of a cloud
(In Jupiter's way); but attend every day,
To prosper and bless, all you possess,
And all your affairs, for yourselves and your heirs.
And as long as you live, we shall give
You wealth and health, and pleasure and treasure,
In ample measure;
And never bilk you of pigeon's milk,
Or potable gold; you shall live to grow old,
In laughter and mirth, on the face of the earth,
Laughing, quaffing, carousing, bousing,

Your only distress, shall be the excess
Of ease and abundance and happiness.

The naming of the new land is thus accomplished:

Peis. Well, there it is! Such a comical set out,
By Jove, I never saw!
Eu. Why, what's the matter?
What are you laughing at?
Peis. At your pen feathers:
I'll tell ye exactly now, the thing you're like;
You're just the perfect image of a Goose,
Drawn with a pen in a writing master's flourish.
Eu. And you're like a plucked Blackbird to a tittle.
Peis. Well then, according to the line in Aeschylus,
"It's our own fault, the feathers are our own."
Eu. Come, what's to be done.
Hoo. First, we must choose a name,
Some grand sonorous name, for our new city:
Then we must sacrifice.
Eu. I think so too.
Peis. Let's see—let's think of a name—what shall it be?
What say ye, to the Lacedaemonian name?
Sparta sounds well—suppose we call it Sparta.
Eu. Sparta! What *Sparto?* Rushes!—no, not I,
I'd not put up with *Sparto* for a mattress,
Much less for a city—we're not come to that.
Peis. Come then, what name shall it be?
Eu. Something appropriate,
Something that sounds majestic, striking and grand,
Alluding to the clouds and the upper regions.
Peis. What think ye of Clouds and Cuckoos? Cuckoo-cloudlands
Or Nephelococcugia?
Hoo. That will do;
A truly noble and sonorous name!
Eu. I wonder, if that Nephelococcugia,
Is the same place I've heard of: people tell me,

That all Theagenes's rich possessions
Lie there; and Aeschines's whole estate.

Peis. Yes! and a better country it is by far
Than all that land in Thrace, the fabulous plain
Of Phlegra; where those earthborn landed Giants
Were bullied and out-vapored by the gods.

Eu. It will be a genteelish, smart concern, I reckon,
This city of ours. . . . Which of the Deities
Shall we have for a patron? We must weave our mantle,
Our sacred mantle of course . . . the yearly mantle
To one or other of 'em.

Peis. Well, Minerva?
Why should not we have Minerva? she's established,
Let her continue; she'll do mighty well.

Eu. No—there I object; for a well-ordered city,
The example would be scandalous; to see
The Goddess, a female born, in complete armor
From head to foot; and Cleisthenes with a distaff.

Peis. What warden will ye appoint for the Eagle tower,
Your Citadel, the fort upon the rock?

Hoo. That charge will rest with a chief of our own choice,
Of Persian race, a chicken of the game,
An eminent warrior.

Eu. Oh my chicky-hiddy—
My little master. I should like to see him,
Strutting about and roosting on the rock.

Peis. Come, you now! please to step to the atmosphere;
And give a look to the work, and help the workmen;
And between whiles fetch brick and tiles, and such like;
Draw water, stamp the mortar—do it barefoot;
Climb up the ladders; tumble down again:
Keep constant watch and ward; conceal your watch lights;
Then go the rounds, and give the countersign,
Till you fall fast asleep. Send heralds off,
A brace of them—one to the gods above;
And another, down below there, to mankind.

Bid them, when they return, inquire for me.

Eu. For me! For me! You may be hanged for me.

Peis. Come, friend, go where I bid you; never mind;
The business can't go on without you, anyhow.
It's just a sacrifice to these new deities,
That I must wait for; and the priest that's coming.
Holloh, you boy there! bring the basin and ewer!

Chorus. We urge, we exhort you, and advise,
To ordain a mighty sacrifice;
And before the gods to bring
A stupendous offering;
Either a sheep or some such thing!
To please the critics of the age,
Sacrified upon the stage.
Sound amain the Pythian strain!
Let Choeris be brought here to sing.

Peis. Have done there with your puffing . . . Heaven and Earth,
What's here! I've seen many curious things,
But never saw the like of this before,
A Crow with a flute and a mouthpiece. Priest, your office:
Perform it! Sacrifice to the new deities!

Pri. I will—but where's the boy gone with the basket?
Let us pray to the holy flame,
And the holy Hawk that guards the same;
To the sovereign Deities,
All and each, of all degrees,
Female and male!

Chorus. Hail, thou Hawk of Sunium, hail!

Pri. To the Delian and the Pythian Swan,
And to the Latonian Quail,
All hail!

Chorus. To the Bird of awful stature,
Mother of Gods, mother of Man;
Great Cybele! nurse of Nature!
Glorious Ostrich, hear our cry!
Fearful and enormous creature,
Hugest of all things that fly,

O preserve and prosper us,
Thou mother of Cleocritus!
Grant the blessings that we seek,
For us, and for the Chians' eke!

Peis. That's right, the Chians—don't forget the Chians!

Pri. To the Heroes, Birds, and Heroes' sons,
We call at once, we call and cry,
To the Woodpecker, the Jay, the Pie,
To the Mallard and the Wigeon,
To the Ringdove and the Pigeon,
To the Petrel and Sea-mew,
To the Dottrel and Curlew,
To the Vultures and the Hawks,
To the Cormorants and Storks,
To the Rail, to the Quail,
To the Peewit, to the Tomtit.

Peisthetairus entertains successively a shabby poet, an arrogant soothsayer, a learned astronomer, a commissioner from Athens and a hawker with copies of new laws which he has for sale, disposing of the claim of each in his customary manner. Then a messenger appears, telling him of the completion of the new fortifications in the scene which follows:

Mess. Where is he? Where? Where is he? Where? Where is he?—
The president Peisthetairus?

Peis. (*coolly*). Here am I.

Mess. (*in a gasp of breath*). Your fortification's finished.

Peis. Well! that's well.

Mess. A most amazing, astonishing work it is!
So, that Theagenes and Proxenides
Might flourish and gasconade and prance away,
Quite at their ease, both of them four-in-hand,
Driving abreast upon the breadth of the wall,
Each in his own new chariot.

Peis. You surprise me.
Mess. And the height (for I made the measurement myself)
Is exactly a hundred fathoms.
Peis. Heaven and earth!
How could it be? such a mass! who could have built it?
Mess. The Birds; no creature else, no foreigners,
Egyptian bricklayers, workmen or masons,
But, they themselves, alone, by their own efforts,
(Even to my surprise, as an eye-witness)—
The Birds, I say, completed everything:
There came a body of thirty thousand Cranes
(I won't be positive, there might be more)
With stones from Africa, in their craws and gizzards,
Which the Stone-curlews and Stone-chatterers
Worked into shape and finished. The Sand-martins
And Mud-larks, too, were busy in their department,
Mixing the mortar, while the Water Birds,
As fast as it was wanted, brought the water
To temper, and work it.
Peis. (*in a fidget*). But, who served the masons?
Who did you get to carry it?
Mess. To carry it?
Of course, the Carrion Crows and Carrying Pigeons.
Peis. (*in a fuss, which he endeavors to conceal*).
Yes! yes! But after all, to load your hods,
How did you manage that?
Mess. Oh capitally,
I promise you. There were the Geese, all barefoot
Trampling the mortar, and, when all was ready,
They handed it into the hods, so cleverly,
With their flat feet!
Peis. They *footed* it, you mean—
Come; it was handily done though, I confess.
Mess. Indeed, I assure you, it was a sight to see them;
And trains of Ducks, there were, clambering the ladders,
With their duck legs, like bricklayers' prentices,
All dapper and handy, with their little trowels.

Peis. In fact, then, it's no use engaging foreigners,
Mere folly and waste, we've all within ourselves.
Ah, well now, come! But about the woodwork?
Heh!
Who were the carpenters! Answer me that!

Mess. The Woodpeckers, of course: and there they were,
Laboring upon the gates, driving and banging,
With their hard hatchet beaks, and such a din,
Such a clatter as they made, hammering and hacking.
In a perpetual peal, pelting away
Like shipwrights, hard at work in the arsenal.
And now their work is finished, gates and all.
Staples and bolts, and bars and everything;
The sentries at their posts; patrols appointed;
The watchmen in the barbican; the beacons
Ready prepared for lighting; all their signals
Arranged—But I'll step out, just for a moment,
To wash my hands. You'll settle all the rest. [*Exit.*

Chorus. Heigh-day! Why, what's the matter with ye?
Sure!
Ah! well now, I calculate, you're quite astonished;
You did not know the nature of our birds:
I guess you thought it an impossible thing,
To finish up your fortification job
Within the time so cleverly.

Peis. (*recovering himself and looking round*). Yes, truly
Yes, I'm surprised indeed; I must confess—
I could almost imagine to myself
It was a dream, an illusion, altogether—
But, there's the watchman of the town, I see!
In alarm and haste, it seems! He's running here—
[*The* WATCHMAN *enters, with a shout of alarm.*
—Well, what's the matter?

W. A most dreadful business:
One of the gods, just now—Jupiter's gods—
Has bolted through the gates, and driven on
Right into the atmosphere, in spite of us,
And all the Jackdaws, that were mounting guard.

Peis. What an outrage! what an insult! Which of 'em?

Which of the gods?

W. We can't pretend to say;
We just could ascertain that he wore wings.
We're clear upon that point.

Peis. But a light party
Ought surely to have been sent in such a case;
A detachment—

W. A detachment has been sent
Already: a squadron of ten thousand Hawks,
Besides a corps of twenty thousand Hobby Hawks,
As a light cavalry, to scour the country:
Vultures and Falcons, Ospreys, Eagles, all
Have sallied forth; the sound of wings is heard,
Rushing and whizzing round on every side,
In eager search. The fugitive divinity
Is not far off, and soon must be discovered.

Peis. Did nobody think of slingers? Where are they?
Where are the slingers got to? Give me a sling.
Arrows and slings, I say!—Make haste with 'em.

The interview with Iris is introduced by the chorus:

War is at hand,
On air and land,
Proclaimed and fixed.
War and strife,
Eager and rife,
Are kindled atwixt
This State of ours
And the heavenly powers.
Look with care,
To the circuit of air,
Watch lest he,
The Deity,
Whatever he be,
Should unaware,
Escape and flee.
But hark! the rushing sound of hasty wings
Approaches us. The Deity is at hand.

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Peis. Holloh you! Where are ye flying? Where are ye going?
Hold! Halt! Stop there, I tell ye!—Stop this instant!
What are ye? Where do you come from? Speak, explain.
Iris. Me? From the gods, to be sure! the Olympian gods.
Peis. What are ye? With all your flying trumpery!
A helmet? or a galley? What's your name?
Iris. Iris, the messenger of the gods.
Peis. A messenger!
Oh! you're a naval messenger, I reckon,
The Salamian galley, or the Paralian?
You're in full sail, I see.
Iris. What's here to do?
Peis. Are there no birds in waiting? Nobody
To take her into custody?
Iris. Me, to custody?
Why, what's all this?
Peis. You'll find to your cost, I promise ye.
Iris. Well, this seems quite unaccountable!
Peis. Which of the gates
Did ye enter at, ye jade? How came you here?
Iris. Gates!—I know nothing about your gates, not I.
Peis. Fine innocent ignorant airs, she gives herself!
You applied to the Pelicans, I suppose?—The captain
Of the Cormorants on guard admitted you?
Iris. Why, what the plague! what's this?
Peis. So, you confess!
You come without permission!
Iris. Are you mad?
Peis. Did neither the sitting magistrates nor bird-masters
Examine and pass you?
Iris. Examine me, forsooth!
Peis. This is the way then!—without thanks or leave
You ramble and fly, committing trespasses
In an atmosphere belonging to your neighbors!
Iris. And where would you have us fly then? Us, the gods!

Peis. I neither know nor care. But, I know this,
They shan't fly here. And another thing, I know.
I know—that, if there ever was an instance
Of an Iris or a rainbow, such as you,
Detected in the fact, fairly condemned,
And justly put to death—it would be you.
Iris. But, I'm immortal.
Peis. That would make no difference:
We should be strangely circumstanced indeed;
With the possession of a Sovereign Power,
And you, the gods, in no subordination,
No kind of order! fairly mutinying,
Infringing and disputing our commands.
—Now then, you'll please to tell me—where you're going?
Which way you're steering with those wings of yours?
Iris. (*in a great fright, hesitating and hurried, but attempting to assume a tone of authority*). I? . . .
I'm commissioned from my father Jove,
To summon human mortals to perform
Their rites and offerings and oblations, due
To the powers above.
Peis. And who do you mean? what powers?
Iris. What powers? Ourselves, the Olympian Deities!
Peis. So then! you're Deities, the rest of ye!
Iris. Yes, to be sure. What others should there be?
Peis. Remember—once for all—that We, the Birds,
Are the only Deities, from this time forth;
And, not your father Jove. By Jove! not he!
Iris. Oh! rash, presumptuous wretch! Incense no more
The wrath of the angry gods! lest Ruin drive
Her ploughshare o'er thy mansion; and Destruction
With hasty besom sweep thee to the dust;
Or flaming Lightning smite thee with a flash,
Left in an instant smoldering and extinct.
Peis. Do ye hear her?—Quite in tragedy!—quite sublime!
Come, let me try for a bouncer in return.
Let's see. Let's recollect. "Me dost thou deem,

Like a base Lydian or a Phrygian slave,
With hyperbolical bombast to scare?
I tell ye, and you may tell him. Jupiter—
If he provokes me, and pushes things too far—
Will see some Eagles of mine, to outnumber his,
With firebrands in their claws about his house.
And, I shall send a flight of my Porphyrions.
A hundred covey or more, armed cap-a-pie
To assault him in his sublime celestial towers:
Perhaps, he may remember in old times,
He found enough to do with one Porphyrion.
Come, scuttle away; convey your person elsewhere;
Be brisk, and leave a vacancy. Brush off.

Iris. I shall inform my father. He shall know
Your rudeness and impertinence. He shall,—
He'll settle ye and keep ye in order. You shall see.

Peis. Oh dear! is it come to that! No, you're mistaken.
Young woman, upon that point, I'm not your man,
I'm an old fellow grown; I'm thunder-proof,
Proof against flames and darts and female arts:
You'd best look out for a younger customer.

Chorus. Notice is hereby given,
To the deities in heaven;
Not to trespass here,
Upon our atmosphere;
Take notice; from the present day,
No smoke or incense is allowed
To pass this way.

The effect that the establishment of this new colony has upon mankind is told by the hero in the following scene:

Enter HERALD

Her. O Peisthetairus, happiest, wisest, best,
Cleverest of men! Oh! most illustrious!
Oh! most inordinately fortunate!
Oh! most . . . Oh! do for shame, do, bid me have done.

Peis. What are you saying?

Her. All the people of Earth
Have joined in a complimentary vote, decreeing
A crown of gold to you, for your exertions.
Peis. I'm much obliged to the people of Earth. But why?
What was their motive?
Her. O most noble founder
Of this supereminent celestial city,
You can't conceive the clamor of applause,
The enthusiastic popularity,
That attends upon your name; the impulse and stir,
That moves among mankind, to colonize
And migrate hither. In the time before,
There was a Spartan mania, and people went
Stalking about the streets, with Spartan staves,
With their long hair, unwashed and slovenly,
Like so many Socrates's: but, of late,
Birds are the fashion—Birds are all in all—
Their modes of life are grown to be mere copies
Of the birds' habits; rising with the lark,
Scratching and scrabbling suits and informations;
Picking and pecking upon points of law;
Brooding and hatching evidence. In short,
It has grown to such a pitch, that names of Birds
Are given to individuals; Chaerephon
Is called an Owl, Theagenes, a Goose,
Philocles a Cock Sparrow, Midias,
A Dunghill Cock. And all the songs in vogue,
Have something about Birds; Swallows or Doves;
Or about Flying, or a Wish for Wings.
Such is the state of things, and I must warn you,
That you may expect to see some thousands of them
Arriving here, almost immediately,
With a clamorous demand for wings and claws:
I advise you to provide yourself in time.
Peis. Come, it won't do then, to stand dawdling here;
Go you, fill the hampers and the baskets there
With wings, and bid the loutish porter bring them.
While I stop here, to encounter the new-comers.

After interviews with various representatives from earth, including poets, singers, a young man who wishes to beat his father, and the typical sycophant, Prometheus enters:

PROMETHEUS, PEISTHETAIRUS, CHORUS.

Pro. (*enters muffled up, peeping about him with a look of anxiety and suspicion*).
Oh dear! If Jupiter should chance to see me!
Where's Peisthetairus? Where?
Peis. Why, what's all this?
This fellow muffled up?
Pro. Do look behind me;
Is anybody watching? any gods
Following and spying after me?
Peis. No, none.
None that I can see, there's nobody. But you!
What are ye?
Pro. Tell me, what's the time of day?
Peis. Why, noon, past noon; but tell me, who are ye?
Speak.
Pro. Much past,—how much?
Peis. (*aside*). Confound the fool, I say
The insufferable blockhead!
Pro. How's the sky?
Open or overcast? Are there any clouds?
Peis. (*aloud and angrily*).
Be hanged!
Pro. Then I'll disguise myself no longer.
Peis. My dear Prometheus!
Pro. Hold your tongue, I beg;
Don't mention my name! If Jupiter should see me,
Or overhear ye, I'm ruined and undone.
But now, to give you a full complete account
Of everything that's passing, there in Heaven—
The present state of things. . . . But first I'll trouble you
To take the Umbrella, and hold it overhead,

Lest they should overlook us.

Peis. What a thought!
Just like yourself! A true Promethean thought!
Stand under it, here! Speak boldly; never fear.

Pro. D'ye mind me?

Peis. Yes, I mind ye. Speak away.

Pro. (*emphatically*). Jupiter's ruined.

Peis. Ruined! How? Since when?

Pro. From the first hour you fortified and planted
Your atmospheric settlements. Ever since,
There's not a mortal offers anything
In the shape of sacrifice. No smoke of victims!
No fumes of incense! Absolutely nothing!
We're keeping a strict fast—fasting perforce,
From day to day—the whole community.
And the inland barbarous gods in the upper country
Are broken out, quite mutinous and savage,
With hunger and anger; threatening to come down
With all their force; if Jupiter refuses
To open the Ports, and allow them a free traffic
For their entrails and intestines, as before.

Peis. (*a little annoyed at being obliged to ask the question*).
What—are there other barbarous gods, besides,
In the upper country?

Pro. Barbarous?—to be sure!

Peis. (*as before hesitating, but with a sort of affected ease*).
Well—but—the name now. The same barbarous deities—
What name do you call 'em?

Pro. (*surprised at Peisthetairus's ignorance*).
Call them! The Triballi!

Peis. (*giving vent to his irritation by a forced joke*).
Ah! well then, that accounts for our old saying:—
Confound the *Tribe* of them!

Pro. (*annoyed and drily*). Precisely so.
But, now to business. Thus much, I can tell ye;

That Envoys will arrive immediately
From Jupiter, and those upland wild Triballi,
To treat for a peace. But, you must not consent
To ratify or conclude, till Jupiter
Acknowledges the sovereignty of the Birds;
Surrendering up to you, the Sovereign Queen,
Whom you must marry.

Peis. Why, what Queen is that?

Pro. What Queen? A most delightful charming girl,
Jove's housekeeper, that manages his matters,
Serves out his thunderbolts, arranges everything;
The constitutional laws and liberties,
Morals and manners, the marine department,
Freedom of speech, and Threepence for the Juries.

Peis. Why, that seems all in all.

Pro. Yes, everything,
I tell ye, in having her, you've everything:
I came down hastily, to say thus much;
I'm hearty, ye know; I stick to principle.
Steady to the Human Interest—always was.

Peis. Yes! we're obliged to you for our roast victuals.

Pro. And I hate these present gods, you know, most thoroughly.
I need not tell you that.

Peis. (*with a sort of half sneer.*) No, no, you need not,
You're known of old, for an enemy to the gods.

Pro. Yes, yes, like Timon, I'm a perfect Timon;
Just such another. But I must be going;
Give me the umbrella; if Jupiter should see me,
He'll think that I'm attending a procession.

Peis. That's well, but don't forget the folding chair,
For a part of your disguise. Here, take it with you.

[*Exeunt.*

Chorus. Socrates, besides the brink,
Summons from the murky sink
Many a disembodied ghost;
And Pisander reached the coast,
To raise the spirit, that he lost;
With a victim, strange and new,

A gawky Camel, which he slew
Like Ulysses—Whereupon,
The grizzly sprite of Chaerephon
Flitted round him; and appeared
With his eyebrows and his beard,
Like a strange infernal fowl,
Half a Vampire, half an Owl.
Beyond the navigable seas,
Amongst the fierce Antipodes,
There lies a lake, obscure and holy,
Lazy, deep, melancholy,
Solitary, secret, hidden,
Where baths and washing are forbidden.

The final interview with the delegation of the gods closes the play thus:

NEPTUNE, *the* TRIBALLIAN ENVOY, HERCULES

Nep. There's Nephelococcugia, that's the town,
The point we're bound to, with our embassy.
[*Turning to the Triballian.*
But you! What a figure have ye made yourself!
What a way to wear a mantle! slouching off
From the left shoulder! Hitch it round, I tell ye,
On the right side. For shame—come—so; that's better,
These folds, too, bundled up. There, throw them round
Even and easy—so. Why, you're a savage,
A natural born savage. Oh! democracy!
What will it bring us to? When such a ruffian
Is voted into an embassy!

Tri. (*to Neptune, who is pulling his dress about*).
Come, hands off!
Hands off!

Nep. Keep quiet, I tell ye, and hold your tongue.
For a very beast; in all my life in heaven,
I never saw such another—Hercules,
I say, what shall we do? What should you think?

Her. What would I do? What do I think? I've told you

Already . . . . I think to throttle him—the fellow,
Whoever he is, that's keeping us blockaded.

Nep. Yes, my good friend; but we were sent, you know,
To treat for a Peace. Our embassy is for peace.

Her. That makes no difference; or if it does,
It makes me long to throttle him the more.

Peis. (*very busy, affecting not to see them*).
Give me the Silphium spice. Where's the cheese grater?
Bring cheese here, somebody! Mend the charcoal fire.

Her. Mortal, we greet you and hail you! Three of us—
Three deities—

Peis. (*without looking up*). But I'm engaged at present;
A little busy, you see, mixing my sauce.

Her. Why sure! How can it be? what dish is this?
Birds seemingly!

Peis. (*without looking up*). Some individual birds,
Opposed to the popular democratic birds,
Rendered themselves obnoxious.

Her. So, you've plucked them,
And put them into sauce, provisionally?

Peis. (*looking up*). Oh! bless me, Hercules, I'm quite glad to see you.
What brings you here?

Her. We're come upon an embassy
From Heaven, to put an end to this same War. . . .

Serv. (*to Peisthetairus*).
The cruet's empty, our oil is out.

Peis. No matter,
Fetch more, fetch plenty, I tell ye. We shall want it.

Her. For, in fact it brings no benefit to us,
The continuance of the War prolonging it;
And you yourselves, by being on good terms
Of harmony with the gods . . . . why, for the future,
You'd never need to know, the want of rain,
For water in your tanks; and we could serve ye
With reasonable, seasonable weather,
According as you wished it, wet or dry.
And this is our commission coming here,

As Envoys, with authority to treat.
Peis. Well, the dispute, you know, from the beginning,
Did not originate with us. The War
(If we could hope in any way to bring you
To reasonable terms) might be concluded.
Our wishes, I declare it, are for Peace.
If the same wish prevails upon your part,
The arrangement in itself is obvious.
A retrocession on the part of Jupiter.
The Birds, again to be reintegrated
In their estate of sovereignty. This seems
The fair result; and if we can conclude,
I shall hope to see the ambassadors to supper.
Her. Well, this seems satisfactory; I consent.
Nep. (*to Hercules*). What's come to ye? What do ye mean?
Are ye gone mad?
You Glutton; would you ruin your own father,
Depriving him of his ancient sovereignty?
Peis. (*to Neptune, with the civil, good-humored sneer of a superior understanding*). Indeed! And would not it be a better method
For all you Deities, and confirm your power,
To leave the Birds to manage things below?
You sit there, muffled in your clouds above,
While all mankind are shifting, skulking, lurking,
And perjuring themselves here out of sight.
Whereas, if you would form a steady strict
Alliance with the Birds, when any man
(Using the common old familiar oath—
"By Jupiter and the crow") forswore himself,
The Crow would pick his eyes out, for his pains.
Nep. Well, that seems plausible—that's fairly put.
Her. I think so, too.
Peis. (*to the Triballian*). Well, what say you?
Trib. Say true.
Peis. (*very volubly—quite at his ease*). He consents, you see!
But I'll explain now

The services and good offices we could do you.
Suppose a mortal made a vow, for instance,
To any of you; then he delays and shuffles,
And says, "The gods are easy creditors."
In such a case, we could assist ye, I say,
To levy a fine.

Nep. (*open to conviction, but anxious to proceed on sure ground*).
How would you do it? Tell me.

Peis. Why, for example, when he's counting money,
Or sitting in the bath, we give the warrant
To a pursuivant of ours, a Kite or Magpie;
And they pounce down immediately, and distrain
Cash or apparel, money or money's worth,
To twice the amount of your demand upon him.

Her. Well, I'm for giving up the sovereignty,
For my part.

Nep. (*convinced, but wishing to avoid responsibility, by voting last*).
The Triballian, what says he?

Her. (*aside to the Triballian, showing his fist*).
You, sir; do you want to be well banged or not?
Mind, how you vote! Take care, how you provoke me.

Trib. Yaw, yaw. Goot, goot.

Her. He's of the same opinion.

Nep. Then, since you're both agreed, I must agree.

Her. (*shouting to Peisthetairus, the negotiators having withdrawn to consult at the extremity of the stage*).
Well, you! We've settled this concern, you see,
About the Sovereignty; we've all agreed.

Peis. Oh faith, there's one thing more, I recollect,
Before we part; a point that I must mention.
As for dame Juno, we'll not speak of her;
I've no pretensions, Jupiter may keep her;
But, for that other Queen, his manager,
The sovereign goddess, her surrender to me
Is quite an Article indispensable.

Nep. (*with gravity and dignity*). Your views, I find, are not disposed for peace:

We must turn homewards.

Peis. As you please, so be it.
Cook, mind what you're about there with the sauce;
Let's have it rich and savory, thicken it up!

Her. How now, man? Neptune! are you flying off?
Must we remain at war, here, for a woman?

Nep. But, what are we to do?

Her. Do? Why, make peace.

Nep. (*in great wrath, like a grave uncle scolding a great fool of a nephew*). I pity you really! I feel quite ashamed
And sorry to see you; ruining yourself!
If anything should happen to your father,
After surrendering the sovereignty,
What's to become of you? When you yourself
Have voted away your whole inheritance:
At his decease, you must remain a beggar.

Peis. (*aside to Hercules*). Ah there! I thought so; he's coming over ye;
Step here a moment! Let me speak to ye!
Your uncle's chousing you, my poor dear friend,
You've not a farthing's worth of expectation,
From what your father leaves. Ye can't inherit
By law: ye're illegitimate, ye know.

Her. Heigh-day! Why, what do you mean?

Peis. I mean the F'act!
Your mother was a foreigner; Minerva
Is counted an heiress, everybody knows;
How could that be, supposing her own father
To have had a lawful heir?

Her. But, if my Father
Should choose to leave the property to me,
In his last Will.

Peis. The law would cancel it!
And Neptune, he that's using all his influence
To work upon ye, he'd be the very first
To oppose ye, and oust ye, as the testator's brother.
I'll tell ye what the law says, Solon's law:
"A foreign heir shall not succeed,

Where there are children of the lawful breed:
But, if no native heir there be,
The kinsman nearest in degree
Shall enter on the property."

Her. Does nothing come to me, then? Nothing at all,
Of all my father leaves?

Peis. Nothing at all,
I should conceive. But you perhaps can tell me.
Did He, your Father, ever take ye with him,
To get ye enrolled upon the register?

Her. No, truly I . . . thought it strange . . . he . . . never did.

Peis. Well, but don't think things strange. Don't stand there, stammering,
Puzzling and gaping. Trust yourself to me,
'Tis I must make your fortune after all!
If you'll reside and settle amongst us here,
I'll make you chief commander among the birds,
Captain, and Autocrat and everything.
Here you shall domineer and rule the roost,
With splendor and opulence and pigeon's milk.

Her. (*in a more audible voice, and in a formal decided tone*).
I agreed with you before: I think your argument
Unanswerable. I shall vote for the surrender.

Peis. (*to Neptune*). And what say you?

Nep. (*firmly and vehemently*). Decidedly I dissent.

Peis. Then it depends upon our other friend,
It rests with the Triballian, what say you?

Tri. Me tell you; pretty girl, grand beautiful Queen,
Give him to Birds.

Her. Aye, give her up, you mean.

Nep. Mean! He knows nothing about it. He means nothing
But chattering like a Magpie.

Peis. Well "The Magpies."
He means, the Magpies or the Birds in general.
The Republic of the Birds—their government—
That the surrender should be made to them.

Nep. (*in great wrath*). Well, settle it yourselves; amongst yourselves;
In your own style: I've nothing more to say.
Her. (*to Peisthetairus*). Come, we're agreed in fact, to grant your terms;
But you must come, to accompany us to the sky;
To take back this same Queen, and the other matters.
Peis. (*very quietly*). It happens lucky enough, with this provision
For a marriage feast. It seems prepared on purpose.
Her. Indeed, and it does. Suppose in the meanwhile,
I superintend the cookery, and turn the roast,
While you go back together.
Nep. (*with a start of surprise and disgust*). Turn the roast!
A pretty employment! Won't you go with us?
Her. No, thank ye; I'm mighty comfortable here.
Peis. Come, give me a marriage robe; I must be going.
Chorus. Along the Sycophantic shore,
And where the savage tribes adore
The waters of the Clepsydra,
There dwells a nation, stern and strong,
Armed with an enormous tongue,
Wherewith they smite and slay;

With their tongues, they reap and sow,
And gather all the fruits that grow,
The vintage and the grain;
Gorgias is their Chief of pride,
And many more there be beside
Of mickle might and main.

Good they never teach, nor show
But how to work men harm and woe,
Unrighteousness and wrong;
And hence the custom doth arise,
When beasts are slain in sacrifice,
We sever out the tongue.

HARBINGER *or* HERALD (*announcing the approach of* PEISTHETAIRUS)

O fortunate! O triumphant! O beyond
All power of speech or thought, supremely blest,
Prosperous happy Birds! Behold your King,
Here in his glorious palace! Mark his entrance,
Dazzling all eyes, resplendent as a Star;
Outshining all the golden lights, that beam
From the rich roof, even as a summer Sun,
Or brighter than the Sun, blazing at Noon.
He comes; and at his side a female form
Of beauty ineffable; wielding on high,
In his right hand, the winged thunderbolt,
Jove's weapon. While the fumes of incense spread
Circling around, and subtle odors steal
Upon the senses from the wreathed smoke,
Curling and rising in the tranquil air.
See, there He stands! Now must the sacred Muse
Give with auspicious words her welcome due.

Semichorus. Stand aside and clear the ground,
Spreading in a circle round
With a worthy welcoming;
To salute our noble King
In his splendor and his pride,
Coming hither, side by side,
With his happy lovely bride.

O the fair delightful face!
What a figure! What a grace!
What a presence! What a carriage!
What a noble worthy marriage.

Let the Birds rejoice and sing,
At the wedding of the King:
Happy to congratulate
Such a blessing to the State.
Hymen, Hymen, Ho!

Jupiter, that god sublime,
When the Fates, in former time,

Matched him with the Queen of Heaven,
At a solemn banquet given,
Such a feast was held above;
And the charming god of Love,
Being present in command,
As a Bridesman took his stand,
With the golden reins in hand.
Hymen, Hymen, Ho!

Peis. I accept and approve the marks of your love,
Your music and verse I applaud and admire.
But rouse your invention, and raising it higher,
Describe me the terrible engine of Jove,
The thunder of earth and the thunder above.

Chorus. O dreaded Bolt of Heaven,
The Clouds with horror cleaving,
And ye terrestrial thunders deep and low
Closed in the subterranean caves below,
That even at this instant growl and rage,
Shaking with awful sound this earthly stage;
Our King by you has gained his due;
By your assistance, yours alone,
Everything is made his own,
Jove's dominion and his throne;
And his happiness and pride,
His delightful lovely bride.
Hymen, Hymen, Ho!

Peisthetairus. Birds of ocean and of air,
Hither in a troop repair,
To the royal ceremony,
Our triumphant matrimony!
Come for us to feast and feed ye!
Come to revel, dance, and sing!—
Lovely creature! Let me lead ye
Hand in hand, and wing to wing.

VI. "THE KNIGHTS." It was in 424 B. C. that Aristophanes showed the spitefulness of his political satire in *The Knights,* an attack upon the demagogue Cleon. Prior to this time

Aristophanes had attacked the leading demagogue and political thieves in his play *The Babylonians.* In revenge Cleon, to quote from *The Acharnians,*

Had dragged him [Aristophanes] to the Senate House,
And trodden him down and bellowed over him,
And mauled him till he scarcely escaped alive.

In the parabasis of the chorus in *The Acharnians,* he had taken partial revenge in these words:

Our poet has never as yet
Esteemed it proper or fit,
To detain you with a long
Encomiastic song,
On his own superior wit.
But being abused and accused,
And attacked of late,
As a foe to the state,
He makes an appeal in his proper defense
To your voluble humor and temper and sense,
With the following plea:
Namely that he
Never attempted or ever meant
To scandalize
In any wise
Your mighty imperial government.
Moreover he says,
That in various ways
He presumes to have merited honor and praise,
Exhorting you still to stick to your rights,
And no more to be fooled with rhetorical flights;
Such as of late each envoy tries
On the behalf of your allies,
That come to plead their cause before ye,
With fulsome phrase, and a foolish story
Of *violet crowns* and *Athenian glory;*

With *sumptuous Athens* at every word;
Sumptuous Athens is always heard,
Sumptuous ever; a suitable phrase
For a dish of meat or a beast at graze.
He therefore affirms,
In confident terms,
That his active courage and earnest zeal
Have usefully served your common weal:
He has openly shown
The style and tone
Of your democracy ruling abroad.
He has placed its practices on record;
The tyrannical arts, the knavish tricks,
That poison all your politics.
Therefore we shall see, this year,
The allies with tribute arriving here,
Eager and anxious all to behold
Their steady protector, the bard so bold:
The bard, they say, that has dared to speak,
To attack the strong, to defend the weak,
His fame in foreign climes is heard,
And a singular instance lately occurred.
It occurred in the case of the Persian king,
Sifting and cross-examining
The Spartan envoys. He demanded
Which of the rival states commanded
The Grecian seas? He asked them next
(Wishing to see them more perplexed),
Which of the two contending powers
Was chiefly abused by this bard of ours?
For he said, "Such a bold, so profound an adviser
By dint of abuse would render them wiser,
More active and able; and briefly that they
Must finally prosper and carry the day."
Now mark the Lacedaemonian guile!
Demanding an insignificant isle!
"Aegina," they say, "for a pledge of peace,
As a means to make all jealousy cease."

Meanwhile their privy design and plan
Is solely to gain this marvelous man,
Knowing his influence on your fate,
By obtaining a hold on his estate
Situate in the isle aforesaid.
Therefore there needs to be no more said.
You know their intention, and know that you know it.
You'll keep to your island, and stick to the poet.
And he for his part
Will practice his art
With a patriot heart
With the honest views
That he now pursues,
And fair buffoonery and abuse;
Not rashly bespattering, or basely beflattering,
Not pimping, or puffing, or acting the ruffian;
Not sneaking or fawning;
But openly scorning
All menace and warning,
All bribes and suborning:
He will do his endeavor on your behalf;
He will teach you to think, he will teach you to laugh.
So Cleon again and again may try;
I value him not, nor fear him, I!
His rage and rhetoric I defy.
His impudence, his politics,
His dirty designs, his rascally tricks
No stain of abuse on me shall fix.
Justice and right, in his despite,
Shall aid and attend me, and do me right:
With these a friend, I ne'er will bend,
Nor descend
To an humble tone
(Like his own),
As a sneaking loon,
A knavish, slavish, poor poltroon.

Strophe. Muse of old
Manly times,
Strike the bold

Hearty rhymes,
New revived
Firm energetical
Music of Acharnae;
Choleric, fiery, quick,
As the sparkle
From the charcoal,
Of the native evergreen
Knotted oak,
In the smoke
Shows his active fiery spleen.
Whilst beside
Stands the dish
Full of fish
Ready to be fried:
Every face, in the place,
Overjoyed, all employed,
Junketing apace.
Muse then, as a friend of all,
Hasten, and attend the call.
Give an ear
To your old,
Lusty, bold
Townsmen here.

However, in the following summer Cleon, by fortuitous circumstances, had again regained popular favor. A body of four hundred Spartans had been cut off and blockaded, and as many of them belonged to the first families of that republic, she sued for peace from the Athenians. Cleon opposed this, begged to continue the war, and by intrigue secured the assistance of the Athenian general Demosthenes and compelled the Spartans to surrender. So skillful was Cleon in his management of affairs

that he succeeded in getting all the credit for the expedition for himself. Aristophanes was undismayed by the success of his enemy, and succeeded in producing that most extraordinary drama called *The Knights,* which we shall now discuss.

Briefly, the plot of the play is that Athens shall be ruled by four slaves and vendors, each lower than his predecessor. First came the hemp seller, then the sheep seller, then the leather seller, who is the "Paphlagonian," Cleon, and last and worst of all, a sausage seller. The play turns upon the rivalry between Cleon and the vulgar sausage seller. Demus personifies the Athenian people, a cross-grained, selfish old man, cruel to all his slaves except a new one, the Paphlagonian, by whom he is hoodwinked and cajoled. The two generals, Nicias, cautious and superstitious, and Demosthenes, blunt, resolute, jolly, are two of the slaves of Demus. Aided by an oracle, they determine to supplant the Paphlagonian by the sausage seller. Ultimately, after a long and vulgar contest in words, the sausage seller succeeds in supplanting the Paphlagonian and becomes the favorite slave of Demus.

We can make only a few extracts from the translation of J. Hookham Frere, for the play is too long and too monotonous in its scurrility and vulgarity.

The following illustrates very well those plays upon words which are so difficult to translate:

YOUNG ATHENIAN WARRIOR

GREEK TOMB RELIEF.

Nicias. Aye, tell me; what do you think?
Demosthenes. No, you tell me—
Lest we should disagree.
Nic. That's what I won't!
Do you speak boldly first, and I'll speak next.
Dem. (*significantly, as quoting a well-known verse*).
"You first might utter, what I wish to tell."
Nic. Aye, but I'm so down-hearted, I've not spirit
To bring about the avowal cleverly,
In Euripides's style, by question and answer.
Dem. Well, then, don't talk of Euripides any more,
Or his mother either; don't stand picking endive:
But think of something in another style,
To the tune of "Trip and away."
Nic. Yes, I'll contrive it:
Say "Let us" first; put the first letter to it,
And then the last, and then put E, R, T.
"Let us Az ert." I say, "Let us Azert."
'Tis now your turn—take the next letter to it.
Put B for A.
Dem. "Let us Bezert," I say—
Nic. 'Tis now my turn—"Let us Cezert," I say.
'Tis now your turn.
Dem. "Let us Desert," I say.
Nic. You've said it!—and I agree to it—now repeat it
Once more!
Dem. Let us Desert! Let us Desert!
Nic. That's well.
Dem. But somehow it seems unlucky, rather
An awkward omen to meet with in a morning!
"To meet with our Deserts!"

Demosthenes explains to the sausage seller how he may learn to rule Athens:

S. S. These oracles hit my fancy! Notwithstanding
. . .
I'm partly doubtful, how I could contrive . . .
To manage an administration altogether . . .
Dem. The easiest thing in nature!—nothing easier!

Stick to your present practice: follow it up
In your new calling. Mangle, mince and mash,
Confound and hack, and jumble things together!
And interlard your rhetoric with lumps
Of mawkish sweet, and greasy flattery.
Be fulsome, coarse, and bloody! For the rest,
All qualities combine, all circumstances,
To entitle and equip you for command;
A filthy voice, a villainous countenance,
A vulgar birth, and parentage, and breeding.
Nothing is wanting, absolutely nothing.
And the oracles and responses of the gods,
And prophecies, all conspire in your behalf.
Place then this chaplet on your brows!—and worship
The anarchic powers; and rouse your spirits up
To encounter him.

S. S. But who do ye think will help me?
For all our wealthier people are alarmed,
And terrified at him; and the meaner sort
In a manner stupefied, grown dull and dumb.

Dem. Why there's a thousand lusty cavaliers,
Ready to back you, that detest and scorn him;
And every worthy well-born citizen;
And every candid critical spectator;
And I myself; and the help of Heaven to boot.
And never fear; his face will not be seen,
For all the manufacturers of masks,
From cowardice, refused to model it.
It matters not; his person will be known:
Our audience is a shrewd one—they can guess—

The next extract illustrates the abusive character of the chorus, which is composed of cavaliers:

Chorus. Close around him, and confound him, the confounder of us all.
Pelt him, pummel him and maul him; rummage, ransack, overhaul him,

Overbear him and out-bawl him; bear him down and bring him under.
Bellow like a burst of thunder, robber! harpy! sink of plunder!
Rogue and villain! rogue and cheat! rogue and villain, I repeat!
Oftener than I can repeat it, has the rogue and villain cheated.
Close around him left and right; spit upon him; spurn and smite:
Spit upon him as you see; spurn and spit at him like me.
But beware, or he'll evade ye, for he knows the private track,
Where Eucrates was seen escaping with the mill dust on his back.

Cleon. Worthy veterans of the jury, you that either right or wrong,
With my threepenny provision, I've maintained and cherished long,
Come to my aid! I'm here waylaid—assassinated and betrayed!

Chorus. Rightly served! we serve you rightly, for your hungry love of pelf,
For your gross and greedy rapine, gormandizing by yourself;
You that ere the figs are gathered, pilfer with a privy twitch
Fat delinquents and defaulters, pulpy, luscious, plump, and rich;
Pinching, fingering, and pulling—tampering, selecting, culling.
With a nice survey discerning, which are green and which are turning,
Which are ripe for accusation, forfeiture, and confiscation.
Him besides, the wealthy man, retired upon an easy rent,
Hating and avoiding party, noble-minded, indolent,

Fearful of official snares, intrigues and intricate affairs;
Him you mark; you fix and hook him, whilst he's gaping unawares;
At a fling, at once you bring him hither from the Chersonese,
Down you cast him, roast and baste him, and devour him at your ease.

Cleon. Yes! assault, insult, abuse me! this is the return, I find,
For the noble testimony, the memorial I designed:
Meaning to propose proposals, for a monument of stone,
On the which, your late achievements, should be carved and neatly done.

Chorus. Out, away with him! the slave! the pompous empty, fawning knave!
Does he think with idle speeches to delude and cheat us all?
As he does the doting elders, that attend his daily call.
Pelt him here, and bang him there; and here and there and everywhere.

Cleon. Save me, neighbors! O the monsters! O my side, my back, my breast!

Chorus. What, you're forced to call for help? You brutal overbearing pest.

S. S. (*returning to Cleon*).
I'll astound you with my voice; with my bawling looks and noise.

Chorus. If in bawling you surpass him, you'll achieve a victor's crown;
If again you overmatch him, in impudence, the day's our own.

Cleon. I denounce this traitor here, for sailing on clandestine trips,
With supplies of tripe and stuffing, to careen the Spartan ships.

S. S. I denounce then and accuse him, for a greater worse abuse:

That he steers his empty paunch, and anchors at the public board,
Running in without a lading, to return completely stored!

Chorus. Yes! and smuggles out, moreover, loaves and luncheons not a few,
More than ever Pericles, in all his pride, presumed to do.

Cleon (*in a thundering tone*). Dogs and villains, you shall die!

S. S. (*in a louder, shriller tone*).
Aye! I can scream ten times as high.

Cleon. I'll overbear ye, and out-yawl ye.

S. S. But I'll out-scream ye, and out-squall ye.

Cleon. I'll impeach you, whilst aboard,
Commanding on a foreign station.

S. S. I'll have you sliced, and slashed, and scored.

Cleon. Your lion's skin of reputation,
Shall be flayed off your back and tanned.

S. S. I'll take those guts of yours in hand.

Cleon. Come, bring your eyes and mine to meet!
And stare at me without a wink!

S. S. Yes! in the market-place and street,
I had my birth and breeding too;
And from a boy, to blush or blink,
I scorn the thing as much as you.

Cleon. I'll denounce you if you mutter.

S. S. I'll douse ye the first word you utter.

Cleon. My thefts are open and avowed;
And I confess them, which you dare not.

S. S. But I can take false oaths aloud,
And in the presence of a crowd;
And if they know the fact I care not.

Cleon. What! do you venture to invade
My proper calling and my trade?
But I denounce here, on the spot,
The sacrificial tripe you've got;
The tithe it owes was never paid:
It owes a tithe, I say, to Jove;

You've wronged and robbed the powers above.

Chorus.—Cretic Meter.

Dark and unsearchably profound abyss,
Gulf of unfathomable
Baseness and iniquity!
Miracle of immense,
Intense impudence!
Every court, every hall,
Juries and assemblies, all
Are stunned to death, deafened all,
Whilst you bawl.
The bench and bar
Ring and jar.
Each decree
Smells of thee,
Land and sea
Stink of thee.
Whilst we
Scorn and hate, execrate, abominate,
Thee the brawler and embroiler, of the nation and the State.
You that on the rocky seat of our assembly raise a din,
Deafening all our ears with uproar, as you rave and howl and grin;
Watching all the while the vessels with revenue sailing in.
Like the tunny-fishers perched aloft, to look about and bawl,
When the shoals are seen arriving, ready to secure a haul.

Another quotation from the chorus, a little further on:

Chorus. Even in your tender years,
And your early disposition,
You betrayed an inward sense
Of the conscious impudence,
Which constitutes a politician.

Hence you squeeze and drain alone the rich milch kine
of our allies;
Whilst the son of Hippodamus licks his lips with long-
ing eyes.
But now, with eager rapture we behold
A mighty miscreant of baser mold!
A more consummate ruffian!
An energetic ardent ragamuffin!
Behold him there! He stands before your eyes,
To bear you down, with a superior frown,
A fiercer stare,
And more incessant and exhaustless lies.

As an illustration of the kind of quarreling in which Cleon and the sausage seller engage, we give the following:

Chorus (*to the Sausage Seller*).
Now then do you, that boast a birth, from whence you
might inherit,
And from your breeding have derived a manhood and
a spirit,
Unbroken by the rules of art, untamed by education,
Show forth the native impudence and vigor of the
nation!
S. S. Well; if you like, then, I'll describe the nature of
him clearly,
The kind of rogue I've known him for.
Cleon. My friend, you're somewhat early.
First give *me* leave to speak.
S. S. I won't, by Jove! Aye. You may bellow!
I'll make you know, before I go, that I'm the baser
fellow.
Chorus. Aye! stand to that! Stick to the point; and for
a further glory,
Say that your family were base, time out of mind be-
fore ye.
Cleon. Let me speak first!
S. S. I won't.
Cleon. You shall, by Jove!

S. S. I won't, by Jove, though!
Cleon. By Jupiter, I shall burst with rage!
S. S. No matter, I'll prevent you.
Chorus. No; don't prevent, for Heaven's sake! Don't hinder him from bursting.
Cleon. What means—what ground of hope have you—to dare to speak against me?
S. S. What! I can speak! and I can chop—garlic and lard and logic.
Cleon. Aye! You're a speaker, I suppose! I should enjoy to see you,
Like a pert scullion set to cook—to see your talents fairly
Put to the test, with hot blood-raw disjointed news arriving,
Obliged to hash and season it, and dish it in an instant.
You're like the rest of 'em—the swarm of paltry weak pretenders.
You've made your pretty speech perhaps, and gained a little lawsuit
Against a merchant foreigner, by dint of water-drinking,
And lying long awake o' nights, composing and repeating,
And studying as you walked the streets, and wearing out the patience
Of all your friends and intimates, with practicing beforehand:
And now you wonder at yourself, elated and delighted
At your own talent for debate—you silly saucy coxcomb.
S. S. What's your own diet? How do you contrive to keep the city
Passive and hushed—What kind of drink drives ye to that presumption?
Cleon. Why mention any man besides, that's capable to match me;
That after a sound hearty meal of tunny-fish and cutlets,

Can quaff my gallon; and at once without premeditation,
With slang and jabber overpower the generals at Pylos.

S. S. But I can eat my paunch of pork, my liver and my haslets,
And scoop the sauce with both my hands; and with my dirty fingers
I'll seize old Nicias by the throat, and choke the grand debaters.

Chorus. We like your scheme in some respects; but still that style of feeding,
Keeping the sauce all to yourself, appears a gross proceeding.

Cleon. But I can domineer and dine on mullets at Miletus.

S. S. And I can eat my shins of beef, and farm the mines of silver.

Cleon. I'll tie you neck and heels at once, and kick ye to the kennel.

Chorus. Begin with us then! Try your skill!—kicking us all together!

Cleon. I'll have ye pilloried in a trice.

S. S. I'll have you tried for cowardice.

Cleon. I'll tan your hide to cover seats.

S. S. Yours shall be made a purse for cheats,
The luckiest skin that could be found.

Cleon. Dog, I'll pin you to the ground
With ten thousand tenter-hooks.

S. S. I'll equip you for the cooks,
Neatly prepared, with skewers and lard.

Cleon. I'll pluck your eyebrows off, I will.

S. S. I'll cut your collops out, I will.

Demosthenes. Yes, by Jove! and like a swine,
Dangling at the butcher's door,
Dress him cleanly, neat and fine,
Washed and scalded o'er and o'er;
Strutting out in all his pride,
With his carcass open wide,
And a skewer in either side;

While the cook, with keen intent,
By the steady rules of art,
Scrutinizes every part,
The tongue, the throat, the maw, the vent.

Chorus. Some element may prove more fierce than fire!
Some viler scoundrel may be seen,
Than ever yet has been!
And many a speech hereafter, many a word,
More villainous, than ever yet was heard.
We marvel at thy prowess and admire!
Therefore proceed!
In word and deed,
Be firm and bold,
Keep steadfast hold!

Only keep your hold upon him! Persevere as you began;
He'll be daunted and subdued; I know the nature of the man.

S. S. Such as here you now behold him, all his life has he been known.
Till he reaped a reputation, in a harvest not his own;
Now he shows the sheaves at home, that he clandestinely conveyed,
Tied and bound and heaped together, till his bargain can be made.

Cleon (*released and recovering himself*).
I'm at ease, I need not fear ye, with the Senate on my side,
And the commons all dejected, humble, poor, and stupefied.

Chorus. Mark his visage! and behold,
How brazen, unabashed, and bold!
How the color keeps its place
In his face!
Active, eager, airy thing!
Ever hovering on the wing,
Ever hovering and discovering
Golden sweet secreted honey,
Nature's mintage and her money.

May thy maw be purged and scoured,
From the gobbets it devoured;
By the emetic drench of law!
With the cheerful ancient saw,
Then we shall rejoice and sing,
Chanting out with hearty glee,
"Fill a bumper merrily,
For the merry news I bring!"
But he, the shrewd and venerable
Manciple of the public table,
Will chant and chuckle and rejoice,
With heart and voice.

The experience of the sausage seller in the Athenian Senate is ludicrously portrayed:

S. S. Aye, Aye—It's well worth hearing, I can tell ye:
I followed after him to the Senate House;
And there was he, storming, and roaring, driving
His thunderbolts about him, bowling down
His biggest words, to crush the cavaliers,
Like stones from a hill-top; calling them traitors,
Conspirators—What not?—There sat the Senate
With their arms folded, and their eyebrows bent,
And their lips puckered, with the grave aspect
Of persons utterly humbugged and bamboozled.
Seeing the state of things, I paused a while,
Praying in secret with an under voice:
"Ye influential impudential powers
Of sauciness and jabber, slang and jaw!
Ye spirits of the market-place and street,
Where I was reared and bred—befriend me now!
Grant me a voluble utterance, and a vast
Unbounded voice, and steadfast impudence!"
Whilst I thus thought and prayed, on the right hand,
I heard a sound of wind distinctly broken!
I seized the omen at once; and bouncing up,
I burst among the crowd, and bustled through,
And bolted in at the wicket, and bawled out:

"News! news! I've brought you news! the best of news!
Yes, Senators, since first the war began,
There never has been known, till now this morning,
Such a haul of pilchards." Then they smiled and seemed
All tranquilized and placid at the prospect
Of pilchards being likely to be cheap.
I then proceeded and proposed a vote
To meet the emergence secretly and suddenly:
To seize at once the trays of all the workmen,
And go with them to market to buy pilchards,
Before the price was raised. Immediately
They applauded, and sat gaping all together,
Attentive and admiring. He perceived it;
And framed a motion, suited as he thought
To the temper of the assembly. "I move," says he,
"That on occasion of this happy news,
We should proclaim a general thanksgiving;
With a festival moreover and a sacrifice
Of a hundred head of oxen; to the goddess."
Then seeing he meant to drive me to the wall
With his hundred oxen, I overbid him at once;
And said "two hundred," and proposed a vow,
For a thousand goats to be offered to Diana,
Whenever sprats should fall to forty a penny.
With that the Senate smiled upon me again;
And he grew stupefied and lost, and stammering;
And attempting to interrupt the current business,
Was called to order, and silenced and put down.
Then they were breaking up to buy their pilchards:
But he must needs persist, and beg for a hearing—
"For a single moment—for a messenger—
For a herald that was come from Lacedaemon,
With an offer of peace—for an audience to be given him."
But they broke out in an uproar all together:
"Peace truly! Peace forsooth! Yes, now's their time;
I warrant 'em; when pilchards are so plenty.

They've heard of it; and now they come for peace!
No! No! No peace! The war must take its course."
Then they called out to the presidents to adjourn;
And scrambled over the railing and dispersed;
And I dashed down to the market-place headlong;
And bought up all the fennel, and bestowed it
As donative, for garnish to their pilchards,
Among the poorer class of Senators;
And they so thanked and praised me, that in short,
For twenty-pence, I've purchased and secured them.

Chorus. With fair event your first essay began,
Betokening a predestined happy man.
The villain now shall meet
In equal war,
A more accomplished cheat,
A viler far;
With turns and tricks more various,
More artful and nefarious.
But thou!
Bethink thee now;
Rouse up thy spirit to the next endeavor!
Our hands and hearts and will,
Both heretofore and ever,
Are with thee still.

S. S. The Paphlagonian! Here he's coming, foaming
And swelling like a breaker in the surf!
With his hobgoblin countenance and look;
For all the world as if he'd swallow me up.

VII. Other Plays. Belonging to the first period of his production is *The Acharnians,* produced in 425 B. C. We have alluded to its relation to Cleon in the preceding section, but it is also notable as showing that the poet's animosity to Euripides began in the oldest of his preserved plays. The motive of the comedy was to aid the peace party by showing the contrast between the warlike Lamachus and his

brother countryman, the peaceful Dicaeopolis. The latter makes peace with Sparta and is well rewarded.

The Clouds, produced in 423 B. C., satirizes Socrates, the proprietor of a "thinking shop," whose chief purpose is to teach dishonesty. The young Athenian, Phidippides, is Alcibiades. Because of the public interest in Socrates, this became one of the most popular of the comedies. Critically speaking, the play is not complete, and the plot not well organized, but there are particular scenes that are decidedly humorous, and the style of the poet is exquisite. However, his representation of the ideas of Socrates is so untruthful that it has little interest for us at present.

In *The Wasps* Aristophanes ridicules the love of the Athenians for sitting in the jury court and trying cases. *The Peace* is much weaker than *The Acharnians,* and deals with the same idea, a truce with Sparta. The hero in the beginning of the play, in a lively parody on the *Bellerophon* of Euripides, is unable to procure a Pegasus, and accordingly he fattens a huge dung-rolling beetle and with it flies to heaven to present his case to the gods, while his servants and daughters are deeply mortified by the absurd procedure.

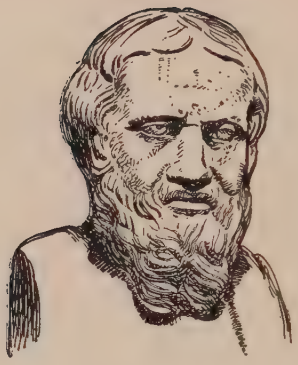
The main idea of *The Lycistrata* is that the women shall take matters into their own hands and establish peace. While Aristophanes professes to ridicule the women, yet all the time he is on their side, and while he accuses every-

body of all the vices he can think of at the moment, the only thing he can charge against the women is an addiction to afternoon wine.

Very clever is *The Thesmophoriazusae,* in which the women assemble to the feast of Thesmophoria, admit no men, and take counsel how they may be revenged upon Euripides for portraying such "horrid" women as he did in his tragedies. Euripides hears of the plan, induces his father-in-law to go in disguise to the meeting and to speak in his favor. The spy is discovered and handed over to a policeman, but finally escapes by the aid of his son-in-law. Behind the scenes, Euripides is heard humming extracts from his own plays, and his father-in-law, under the very nose of the policeman, replies in answering fragments.

The Ecclesiazusae, or *Women in Parliament,* is the weakest of the preserved plays of Aristophanes. It represents the men disfranchised and everything in the hands of the women; it ridicules the idea of communism and the abolition of the family.

Plutus, produced in 388 B. C., is very different from any of the other plays of Aristophanes, and belongs to the new school of comedy. It does not deal with politics, nor is there any indulgence in personalities. Plutus [Wealth] is a blind god, but if he should be caught, taken to a competent oculist and his sight restored, what a delightful state of affairs would ensue, for then only the worthy would be rewarded.



CHAPTER XVIII

HERODOTUS

BIOGRAPHY. The first great prose work in Greek is the *History* of Herodotus, who was born about 484 B. C. and must have died about his sixtieth year. The facts known of his life are extremely meager and give us no particular notion of the man, although from his writings we can infer many things about his character. He was a native of Halicarnassus, in Southern Asia Minor, where he was a subject of Persia, though himself of a mixed Greek strain, embodying both Dorian and Ionian blood. Artemisia, who had fought for Xerxes at Salamis, was then living, and her grandson was a tyrant. In his early manhood Herodotus fought with the other Greeks to free himself from Persian domination, but in his *History* he mentions no incidents of that period.

About 464 B. C. he left Halicarnassus and

traveled in Greece and other foreign lands. There is much doubt as to the extent of his travels, but that he visited Babylon, the remoter parts of Egypt, Scythia, Thrace and all parts of Greece is certain, while it is not improbable that he made still other excursions. He does not seem to have been hurried in his visiting, but rather to have made a study of manners and customs in all places and to have remained long enough to have familiarized himself with the geography, history and religion, as well as with the architecture and public works, of every region. His *History* was probably written in the island of Samos, under the protection of Athens, though he returned to Halicarnassus and was active in driving out the grandson of Artemisia. Later we find him in Athens for the purpose of putting his *History* before the people, and we know that he was voted about twelve thousand dollars as an acknowledgment of his genius.

Just after his fortieth year he joined the colonists sent by Pericles to Thurii, and there spent the remainder of his life, with the exception of brief visits to Athens and other nearby places.

II. The "History." Herodotus selected as the subject of his *History* the Persian Wars. It is a long and variegated work, and nearly a half of it is devoted to tracing the history of Greece and Persia up to the time they began upon the great struggle which forms the climax of his work. In tracing the history of these

kingdoms he takes up one after another the various nations which composed the empires, gives a sketch of the country each inhabited, and exploits their manners and customs.

The books, nine in number, are named for the Muses, and the last five books are devoted to the two great wars, although the entire first six may be said really to form an introduction to the last three, which deal with the invasion of Xerxes and its repulse. It is a dramatic recital, gaining in intensity all the time. At first it seems disconnected, and the reader questions its unity, but as he continues he finds that all the nations, with which he has been growing acquainted, are brought together in the one final conflict. From mythologic times there was enmity between Europe and Asia, and Herodotus begins the story with Croesus, the first Asiatic to enslave the Greek cities. Naturally enough, this leads to an account of the rise and subjugation of Media and Babylon and the rise to greatness of Persia.

Book II deals with Egypt, its geography, its people, its history.

Book III tells us the story of the wild reign of the insane Cambyses over Egypt, the rise and destruction of the false Smerdis, and the rise of Darius and his organization of the Persian Empire.

Book IV takes us north among the Scythians with the conquering army of Darius, and south to Lydia and the terrible advance over that country.

In Book V we are given descriptions of Thrace and are told of the exciting events which finally plunge Ionia into desperate resistance against the Persians; there is also discussed the alliance with Athens and the refusal of Sparta to join.

Book VI deals with the subjugation of Ionia, the flight of whole communities from Persian rule, the persistent advance of Mardonius over Macedonia and the final demands for the complete submission of the Greeks.

With Book VII we begin upon the steady narrative of the great conflict, though at first the tale moves slowly. Darius dies and Xerxes succeeds him. Three years are taken to collect the invincible army whose footsteps shake all Asia and whose numbers Herodotus estimates at two and half million men, with as many more slaves, workmen and camp followers. The gathering of the terrified Greeks; their wavering in the presence of danger, discouragement, and defeat; their final triumphant victory, when they had risen above the local dissensions and united in the tremendous defense of Europe, follow one another in swift succession.

It is probable that Herodotus did not finish his *History,* yet the point at which he stops is the dramatic conclusion of his tale, and from a literary point of view additional pages would lessen the effect.

III. Herodotus as a Writer. A critic who is not given to extravagant statements places

the writings of Herodotus as equal to those of Homer, "irremovably and irreplaceably" at the source of European prose. There are critics who doubt the accuracy of the work as history, and it requires only a superficial reader to find instances in which the writer is absurdly credulous, or to detect the introduction of mythical for veracious chronicles. Nevertheless, Herodotus was truthful so far as he knew, and away in advance of his compeers in his knowledge of men and things. It is his innate and wide sympathy that give to his words their greatest influence.

Among the most excellent of his characteristics as a writer may be mentioned his power of drawing character, his mastery of pathos, his appreciation of the tragic and his power of vivid description. On the whole, he is seriously minded, though there are passages that might be called humorous or even grotesque.

Discursive as his style may appear at times because of the infinite number of episodes he introduces, his imaginary conversations and eloquent pleas, yet it is all redeemed by the steady facing of everything toward the ultimate climax. It is the superabundance of his materials that sometimes clouds our vision, and not any lack of clearness in style. So interesting are the episodes, so quaint and attractive his bits of description, that we are willing to wander from the narrative, to travel and observe with him, confident that in time he will bring us back to the main events.

Before leaving this subject, we must call attention to what perhaps is one of the greatest merits of his work, namely, its extreme simplicity. Never do we find ornamental expressions or rhetorical devices introduced in such a way as to cloud the narrative, but always do we see a simple, straightforward, effective telling of the tale. On the other hand, he is never harsh nor forced in expression, but his sentences flow on as smoothly as the waters of a deep river. Such a translation as that by George Rawlinson, from which our extracts will be taken, will furnish many hours of delightful reading to any one who cares for historical entertainment.

IV. Descriptive Power. Herodotus does not pay much attention to natural scenery, nor are his descriptions of temples, tombs and the structures raised by man particularly impressive. Yet many are interesting, as for instance, this on the construction of the pyramid of Cheops:

Till the death of Rhampsinitus, the priests said, Egypt was excellently governed, and flourished greatly; but after him Cheops succeeded to the throne, and plunged into all manner of wickedness. He closed the temples, and forbade the Egyptians to offer sacrifice, compelling them instead to labor, one and all, in his service. Some were required to drag blocks of stone down to the Nile from the quarries in the Arabian range of hills; others received the blocks after they had been conveyed in boats across the river, and drew them to the range of hills called the Libyan. A hundred thousand men labored constantly, and were relieved every three months by a

fresh lot. It took ten years' oppression of the people to make the causeway for the conveyance of the stones, a work not much inferior, in my judgment, to the pyramid itself. This causeway is five furlongs in length, ten fathoms wide, and in height, at the highest part, eight fathoms. It is built of polished stone, and is covered with carvings of animals. To make it took ten years, as I said—or rather to make the causeway, the works on the mound where the pyramid stands, and the underground chambers, which Cheops intended as vaults for his own use: these last were built on a sort of island, surrounded by water introduced from the Nile by a canal. The pyramid itself was twenty years in building. It is a square, eight hundred feet each way, and the height the same, built entirely of polished stone, fitted together with the utmost care. The stones of which it is composed are none of them less than thirty feet in length.

The pyramid was built in steps, battlement-wise, as it is called, or, according to others, altar-wise. After laying the stones for the base, they raised the remaining stones to their places by means of machines formed of short wooden planks. The first machine raised them from the ground to the top of the first step. On this there was another machine, which received the stone upon its arrival, and conveyed it to the second step, whence a third machine advanced it still higher. Either they had as many machines as there were steps in the pyramid, or possibly they had but a single machine, which, being easily moved, was transferred from tier to tier as the stone rose—both accounts are given, and therefore I mention both. The upper portion of the pyramid was finished first, then the middle, and finally the part which was lowest and nearest the ground. There is an inscription in Egyptian characters on the pyramid which records the quantity of radishes, onions, and garlic consumed by the laborers who constructed it; and I perfectly well remember that the interpreter who read the writing to me said that the money expended in this way was 1600 talents of silver. If this then is a true record, what

a vast sum must have been spent on the iron tools used in the work, and on the feeding and clothing of the laborers, considering the length of time the work lasted, which has already been stated, and the additional time—no small space, I imagine—which must have been occupied by the quarrying of the stones, their conveyance, and the formation of the underground apartments.

The wickedness of Cheops reached to such a pitch that, when he had spent all his treasures and wanted more, he sent his daughter to the stews, with orders to procure him a certain sum—how much I cannot say, for I was not told; she procured it, however, and at the same time, bent on leaving a monument which should perpetuate her own memory, she required each man to make her a present of a stone towards the works which she contemplated. With these stones she built the pyramid which stands midmost of the three that are in front of the great pyramid, measuring along each side a hundred and fifty feet. Cheops reigned, the Egyptians said, fifty years, and was succeeded at his demise by Chephren, his brother.

It is his narrative-descriptions, his accounts of remarkable events, that give us distinct pictures. For instance, in the tale of Gyges and Candaules:

Now it happened that this Candaules was in love with his own wife; and not only so, but thought her the fairest woman in the whole world. This fancy had strange consequences. There was in his bodyguard a man whom he specially favored, Gyges, the son of Dascylus. All affairs of greatest moment were entrusted by Candaules to this person, and to him he was wont to extol the surpassing beauty of his wife. So matters went on for a while. At length, one day, Candaules, who was fated to end ill, thus addressed his follower: "I see thou dost not credit what I tell thee of my lady's loveliness; but come now, since men's ears are less credulous than

their eyes, contrive some means whereby thou mayst behold her naked.'' At this the other loudly exclaimed, saying, ''What most unwise speech is this, master, which thou hast uttered? Wouldst thou have me behold my mistress when she is naked? Bethink thee that a woman, with her clothes, puts off her bashfulness. Our fathers, in time past, distinguished right and wrong plainly enough, and it is our wisdom to submit to be taught by them. There is an old saying, 'Let each look on his own.' I hold thy wife for the fairest of all womankind. Only, I beseech thee, ask me not to do wickedly.''

Gyges thus endeavored to decline the King's proposal, trembling lest some dreadful evil should befall him through it. But the King replied to him, ''Courage, friend; suspect me not of the design to prove thee by this discourse; nor dread thy mistress, lest mischief befall thee at her hands. Be sure I will so manage that she shall not even know that thou hast looked upon her. I will place thee behind the open door of the chamber in which we sleep. When I enter to go to rest she will follow me. There stands a chair close to the entrance, on which she will lay her clothes one by one as she takes them off. Thou wilt be able thus at thy leisure to peruse her person. Then, when she is moving from the chair toward the bed, and her back is turned on thee, be it thy care that she see thee not as thou passest through the doorway.''

Gyges, unable to escape, could but declare his readiness. Then Candaules, when bedtime came, led Gyges into his sleeping-chamber, and a moment after the Queen followed. She entered, and laid her garments on the chair, and Gyges gazed on her. After a while she moved toward the bed, and her back being then turned, he glided stealthily from the apartment. As he was passing out, however, she saw him, and instantly divining what had happened, she neither screamed as her shame impelled her, nor even appeared to have noticed aught, purposing to take vengeance upon the husband who had so affronted her. For among the Lydians, and indeed among the

barbarians generally, it is reckoned a deep disgrace, even to a man, to be seen naked.

No sound or sign of intelligence escaped her at the time. But in the morning, as soon as day broke, she hastened to choose from among her retinue such as she knew to be most faithful to her, and preparing them for what was to ensue, summoned Gyges into her presence. Now it had often happened before that the Queen had desired to confer with him, and he was accustomed to come to her at her call. He therefore obeyed the summons, not suspecting that she knew aught of what had occurred. Then she addressed these words to him: "Take thy choice, Gyges, of two courses which are open to thee. Slay Candaules, and thereby become my lord, and obtain the Lydian throne, or die this moment in his room. So wilt thou not again, obeying all behests of thy master, behold what is not lawful for thee. It must needs be, that either he perish by whose counsel this thing was done, or thou, who sawest me naked, and so didst break our usages." At these words Gyges stood a while in mute astonishment; recovering after a time, he earnestly besought the Queen that she would not compel him to so hard a choice. But finding he implored in vain, and that necessity was indeed laid on him to kill or to be killed, he made choice of life for himself, and replied by this inquiry: "If it must be so, and thou compellest me against my will to put my lord to death, come, let me hear how thou wilt have me set on him." "Let him be attacked," she answered, "on that spot where I was by him shown naked to you, and let the assault be made when he is asleep."

All was then prepared for the attack, and when night fell, Gyges, seeing that he had no retreat or escape, but must absolutely either slay Candaules, or himself be slain, followed his mistress into the sleeping-room. She placed a dagger in his hand, and hid him carefully behind the self-same door. Then Gyges, when the King was fallen asleep, entered privily into the chamber and struck him dead. Thus did the wife and kingdom of Candaules pass into the possession of Gyges, of whom Archilochus the

Parian, who lived about the same time, made mention in a poem written in iambic trimeter verse.

Gyges was afterwards confirmed in the possession of the throne by an answer of the Delphic oracle. Enraged at the murder of their King, the people flew to arms, but after a while the partisans of Gyges came to terms with them, and it was agreed that if the Delphic oracle declared him King of the Lydians, he should reign; if otherwise, he should yield the throne to the Heraclides. As the oracle was given in his favor he became king. The Pythoness, however, added that, in the fifth generation from Gyges, vengeance should come for the Heraclides; a prophecy of which neither the Lydians nor their princes took any account till it was fulfilled. Such was the way in which the Mermnadae deposed the Heraclides, and themselves obtained the sovereignty.

Of the city of Babylon he writes:

Assyria possesses a vast number of great cities, whereof the most renowned and strongest at this time was Babylon, whither, after the fall of Nineveh, the seat of government had been removed. The following is a description of the place: The city stands on a broad plain, and is an exact square, a hundred and twenty furlongs in length each way, so that the entire circuit is four hundred and eighty furlongs. While such is its size, in magnificence there is no other city that approaches to it. It is surrounded, in the first place, by a broad and deep moat, full of water, behind which rises a wall fifty royal cubits in width, and two hundred in height. (The royal cubit is longer by three fingers' breadth than the common cubit.)

And here I may not omit to tell the use to which the mould dug out of the great moat was turned, nor the manner wherein the wall was wrought. As fast as they dug the moat the soil which they got from the cutting was made into bricks, and when a sufficient number were completed they baked the bricks in kilns. Then they set to building, and began with bricking the borders of

the moat, after which they proceeded to construct the wall itself, using throughout for their cement hot bitumen, and interposing a layer of wattled reeds at every thirtieth course of the bricks. On the top, along the edges of the wall, they constructed buildings of a single chamber facing one another, leaving between them room for a four-horse chariot to turn. In the circuit of the wall are a hundred gates, all of brass, with brazen lintels and side-posts. The bitumen used in the work was brought to Babylon from the Is, a small stream which flows into the Euphrates at the point where the city of the same name stands, eight days' journey from Babylon. Lumps of bitumen are found in great abundance in this river.

The city is divided into two portions by the river which runs through the midst of it. This river is the Euphrates, a broad, deep, swift stream, which rises in Armenia, and empties itself into the Erythraean Sea. The city wall is brought down on both sides to the edge of the stream: thence, from the corners of the wall, there is carried along each bank of the river a fence of burnt bricks. The houses are mostly three and four stories high; the streets all run in straight lines, not only those parallel to the river, but also the cross streets which lead down to the water-side. At the river end of these cross streets are low gates in the fence that skirts the stream, which are, like the great gates in the outer wall, of brass, and open on the water.

The outer wall is the main defense of the city. There is, however, a second inner wall, of less thickness than the first, but very little inferior to it in strength. The center of each division of the town was occupied by a fortress. In the one stood the palace of the kings, surrounded by a wall of great strength and size: in the other was the sacred precinct of Jupiter Belus, a square enclosure two furlongs each way, with gates of solid brass; which was also remaining in my time. In the middle of the precinct there was a tower of solid masonry, a furlong in length and breadth, upon which was raised a second tower, and

on that a third, and so on up to eight. The ascent to the top is on the outside, by a path which winds round all the towers. When one is about half-way up, one finds a resting-place and seats, where persons are wont to sit some time on their way to the summit. On the topmost tower there is a spacious temple, and inside the temple stands a couch of unusual size, richly adorned, with a golden table by its side. There is no statue of any kind set up in the place, nor is the chamber occupied of nights by any one but a single native woman, who, as the Chaldaeans, the priests of this god, affirm, is chosen for himself by the deity out of all the women of the land.

They also declare—but I for my part do not credit it—that the god comes down in person into this chamber, and sleeps upon the couch. This is like the story told by the Egyptians of what takes place in their city of Thebes, where a woman always passes the night in the temple of the Theban Jupiter. In each case the woman is said to be debarred all intercourse with men. It is also like the custom of Patara, in Lycia, where the priestess who delivers the oracles, during the time that she is so employed—for at Patara there is not always an oracle—is shut up in the temple every night.

Below, in the same precinct, there is a second temple, in which is a sitting figure of Jupiter, all of gold. Before the figure stands a large golden table, and the throne whereon it sits, and the base on which the throne is placed, are likewise of gold. The Chaldaeans told me that all the gold together was eight hundred talents' weight. Outside the temple are two altars, one of solid gold, on which it is only lawful to offer sucklings; the other a common altar, but of great size, on which the full-grown animals are sacrificed. It is also on the great altar that the Chaldaeans burn the frankincense, which is offered to the amount of a thousand talents' weight, every year, at the festival of the god. In the time of Cyrus there was likewise in this temple a figure of a man, twelve cubits high, entirely of solid gold. I myself did not see this figure, but I relate what the Chaldaeans report concerning

it. Darius, the son of Hystaspes, plotted to carry the statue off, but had not the hardihood to lay his hands upon it. Xerxes, however, the son of Darius, killed the priest who forbade him to move the statue, and took it away. Besides the ornaments which I have mentioned, there are a large number of private offerings in this holy precinct.

Many sovereigns have ruled over this city of Babylon, and lent their aid to the building of its walls and the adornment of its temples, of whom I shall make mention in my Assyrian history. Among them two were women. Of these, the earlier, called Semiramis, held the throne five generations before the later princess. She raised certain embankments well worthy of inspection, in the plain near Babylon, to control the river, which, till then, used to overflow, and flood the whole country round about.

The later of the two queens, whose name was Nitocris, a wiser princess than her predecessor, not only left behind her, as memorials of her occupancy of the throne, the works which I shall presently describe, but also, observing the great power and restless enterprise of the Medes, who had taken so large a number of cities, and among them Nineveh, and expecting to be attacked in her turn, made all possible exertions to increase the defenses of her empire. And first, whereas the river Euphrates, which traverses the city, ran formerly with a straight course to Babylon, she, by certain excavations which she made at some distance up the stream, rendered it so winding that it comes three several times in sight of the same village, a village in Assyria, which is called Ardericca; and to this day, they who would go from our sea to Babylon, on descending to the river touch three times, and on three different days, at this very place. She also made an embankment along each side of the Euphrates, wonderful both for breadth and height, and dug a basin for a lake a great way above Babylon, close alongside of the stream, which was sunk everywhere to the point where they came to water, and was of such

breadth that the whole circuit measured four hundred and twenty furlongs. The soil dug out of this basin was made use of in the embankments along the waterside. When the excavation was finished, she had stones brought, and bordered with them the entire margin of the reservoir. These two things were done, the river made to wind, and the lake excavated, that the stream might be slacker by reason of the number of curves, and the voyage be rendered circuitous, and that at the end of the voyage it might be necessary to skirt the lake and so make a long round. All these works were on that side of Babylon where the passes lay, and the roads into Media were the straightest, and the aim of the Queen in making them was to prevent the Medes from holding intercourse with the Babylonians, and so to keep them in ignorance of her affairs.

While the soil from the excavation was being thus used for the defense of the city, Nitocris engaged also in another undertaking, a mere by-work compared with those we have already mentioned. The city, as I said, was divided by the river into two distinct portions. Under the former kings, if a man wanted to pass from one of these divisions to the other, he had to cross in a boat; which must, it seems to me, have been very troublesome. Accordingly, while she was digging the lake, Nitocris bethought herself of turning it to a use which should at once remove this inconvenience, and enable her to leave another monument of her reign over Babylon. She gave orders for the hewing of immense blocks of stone, and when they were ready and the basin was excavated, she turned the entire stream of the Euphrates into the cutting, and thus for a time, while the basin was filling, the natural channel of the river was left dry. Forthwith she set to work, and in the first place lined the banks of the stream within the city with quays of burnt brick, and also bricked the landing-places opposite the river-gates, adopting throughout the same fashion of brickwork which had been used in the town wall; after which, with the materials which had been prepared, she

built, as near the middle of the town as possible, a stone bridge, the blocks whereof were bound together with iron and lead. In the daytime square wooden platforms were laid along from pier to pier, on which the inhabitants crossed the stream; but at night they were withdrawn, to prevent people passing from side to side in the dark to commit robberies. When the river had filled the cutting, and the bridge was finished, the Euphrates was turned back again into its ancient bed; and thus the basin, transformed suddenly into a lake, was seen to answer the purpose for which it was made, and the inhabitants, by help of the basin, obtained the advantage of a bridge.

It was this same princess by whom a remarkable deception was planned. She had her tomb constructed in the upper part of one of the principal gateways of the city, high above the heads of the passers-by, with this inscription cut upon it: "If there be one among my successors on the throne of Babylon who is in want of treasure, let him open my tomb, and take as much as he chooses,—not, however, unless he be truly in want, for it will not be for his good." This tomb continued untouched until Darius came to the kingdom. To him it seemed a monstrous thing that he should be unable to use one of the gates of the town, and that a sum of money should be lying idle, and moreover inviting his grasp, and he not seize upon it. Now he could not use the gate, because, as he drove through, the dead body would have been over his head. Accordingly he opened the tomb; but instead of money, found only the dead body, and a writing which said: "Hadst thou not been insatiate of pelf, and careless how thou gottest it, thou wouldst not have broken open the sepulchers of the dead."

The expedition of Cyrus was undertaken against the son of this princess, who bore the same name as his father Labynetus, and was king of the Assyrians.

The Babylonians, encamped without their walls, awaited his coming. A battle was fought at a short distance from the city, in which the Babylonians were

defeated by the Persian King, whereupon they withdrew within their defenses. Here they shut themselves up, and made light of his siege, having laid in a store of provisions for many years in preparation against this attack; for when they saw Cyrus conquering nation after nation, they were convinced that he would never stop, and that their turn would come at last.

Cyrus was now reduced to great perplexity, as time went on, and he made no progress against the place. In this distress either some one made the suggestion to him, or he bethought himself of a plan, which he proceeded to put in execution. He placed a portion of his army at the point where the river enters the city, and another body at the back of the place where it issues forth, with orders to march into the town by the bed of the stream, as soon as the water became shallow enough: he then himself drew off with the unwarlike portion of his host, and made for the place where Nitocris dug the basin for the river, where he did exactly what she had done formerly: he turned the Euphrates by a canal into the basin, which was then a marsh, on which the river sank to such an extent that the natural bed of the stream became fordable. Hereupon the Persians who had been left for the purpose at Babylon by the river-side, entered the stream, which had now sunk so as to reach about midway up a man's thigh, and thus got into the town. Had the Babylonians been apprised of what Cyrus was about, or had they noticed their danger, they would never have allowed the Persians to enter the city, but would have destroyed them utterly; for they would have made fast all the street-gates which gave upon the river, and mounting upon the walls along both sides of the stream, would so have caught the enemy as it were in a trap. But, as it was, the Persians came upon them by surprise and so took the city. Owing to the vast size of the place, the inhabitants of the central parts (as the residents at Babylon declare) long after the outer portions of the town were taken, knew nothing of what had chanced, but as they were engaged in a festival, continued dancing

and reveling until they learnt the capture but too certainly. Such, then, were the circumstances of the first taking of Babylon.

Egyptian animals:

Egypt, though it borders upon Libya, is not a region abounding in wild animals. The animals that do exist in the country, whether domesticated or otherwise, are all regarded as sacred. If I were to explain why they are consecrated to the several gods, I should be led to speak of religious matters, which I particularly shrink from mentioning; the points whereon I have touched slightly hitherto have all been introduced from sheer necessity. Their custom with respect to animals is as follows: For every kind there are appointed certain guardians, some male, some female, whose business it is to look after them; and this honor is made to descend from father to son. The inhabitants of the various cities, when they have made a vow to any god, pay it to his animals in the way which I will now explain. At the time of making the vow they shave the head of the child, cutting off all the hair, or else half, or sometimes a third part, which they then weigh in a balance against a sum of silver; and whatever sum the hair weighs is presented to the guardian of the animals, who thereupon cuts up some fish, and gives it to them for food—such being the stuff whereon they are fed. When a man has killed one of the sacred animals, if he did it with malice prepense, he is punished with death; if unwittingly, he has to pay such a fine as the priests choose to impose. When an ibis, however, or a hawk is killed, whether it was done by accident or on purpose, the man must needs die.

The number of domestic animals in Egypt is very great, and would be still greater were it not for what befalls the cats. As the females, when they have kittened, no longer seek the company of the males, these last, to obtain once more their companionship, practice a curious artifice. They seize the kittens, carry them off, and kill them, but do not eat them afterwards. Upon this the

females, being deprived of their young, and longing to supply their place, seek the males once more, since they are particularly fond of their offspring. On every occasion of a fire in Egypt the strangest prodigy occurs with the cats. The inhabitants allow the fire to rage as it pleases, while they stand about at intervals and watch these animals, which, slipping by the men or else leaping over them, rush headlong into the flames. When this happens, the Egyptians are in deep affliction. If a cat dies in a private house by a natural death, all the inmates of the house shave their eyebrows; on the death of a dog they shave the head and the whole of the body.

The cats on their decease are taken to the city of Bubastis, where they are embalmed, after which they are buried in certain sacred repositories. The dogs are interred in the cities to which they belong, also in sacred burial-places. The same practice obtains with respect to the ichneumons; the hawks and shrewmice, on the contrary, are conveyed to the city of Buto for burial, and the ibises to Hermopolis. The bears, which are scarce in Egypt, and the wolves, which are not much bigger than foxes, they bury wherever they happen to find them lying.

The following are the peculiarities of the crocodile:— During the four winter months they eat nothing; they are four-footed, and live indifferently on land or in the water. The female lays and hatches her eggs ashore, passing the greater portion of the day on dry land, but at night retiring to the river, the water of which is warmer than the night-air and the dew. Of all known animals this is the one which from the smallest size grows to be the greatest: for the egg of the crocodile is but little bigger than that of the goose, and the young crocodile is in proportion to the egg; yet when it is full grown, the animal measures frequently seventeen cubits and even more. It has the eyes of a pig, teeth large and tusk-like, of a size proportioned to its frame; unlike any other animal, it is without a tongue; it cannot move its under-jaw, and in this respect too it is singular, being the

only animal in the world which moves the upper-jaw but not the under. It has strong claws and a scaly skin, impenetrable upon the back. In the water it is blind, but on land it is very keen of sight. As it lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches; hence it happens that, while all the other birds and beasts avoid it, with the trochilus it lives at peace, since it owes much to that bird: for the crocodile, when he leaves the water and comes out upon the land, is in the habit of lying with his mouth wide open, facing the western breeze: at such times the trochilus goes into his mouth and devours the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilus.

The crocodile is esteemed sacred by some of the Egyptians, by others he is treated as an enemy. Those who live near Thebes, and those who dwell around Lake Moeris, regard them with especial veneration. In each of these places they keep one crocodile in particular, who is taught to be tame and tractable. They adorn his ears with ear-rings of molten stone or gold, and put bracelets on his fore-paws, giving him daily a set portion of bread, with a certain number of victims; and, after having thus treated him with the greatest possible attention while alive, they embalm him when he dies and bury him in a sacred repository. The people of Elephantine, on the other hand, are so far from considering these animals as sacred that they even eat their flesh. In the Egyptian language they are not called crocodiles, but champsae. The name of crocodiles was given them by the Ionians, who remarked their resemblance to the lizards, which in Ionia live in the walls, and are called crocodiles.

The modes of catching the crocodile are many and various. I shall only describe the one which seems to me most worthy of mention. They bait a hook with a chine of pork and let the meat be carried out into the middle of the stream, while the hunter upon the bank holds a living pig, which he belabors. The crocodile hears its cries, and, making for the sound, encounters the pork,

which he instantly swallows down. The men on the shore haul, and when they have got him to land, the first thing the hunter does is to plaster his eyes with mud. This once accomplished, the animal is despatched with ease, otherwise he gives great trouble.

The hippopotamus, in the canton of Papremis, is a sacred animal, but not in any other part of Egypt. It may be thus described: It is a quadruped, cloven-footed, with hoofs like an ox, and a flat nose. It has the mane and tail of a horse, huge tusks which are very conspicuous, and a voice like a horse's neigh. In size it equals the biggest oxen, and its skin is so tough that when dried it is made into javelins.

Otters also are found in the Nile, and are considered sacred. Only two sorts of fish are venerated, that called the lepidotus and the eel. These are regarded as sacred to the Nile, as likewise among birds is the vulpanser, or fox-goose.

They have also another sacred bird called the phoenix, which I myself have never seen, except in pictures. Indeed it is a great rarity, even in Egypt, only coming there (according to the accounts of the people of Heliopolis) once in five hundred years, when the old phoenix dies. Its size and appearance, if it is like the pictures, are as follows: The plumage is partly red, partly golden, while the general make and size are almost exactly that of the eagle. They tell a story of what this bird does, which does not seem to me to be credible: that he comes all the way from Arabia, and brings the parent bird, all plastered over with myrrh, to the temple of the Sun, and there buries the body. In order to bring him, they say, he first forms a ball of myrrh as big as he finds that he can carry; then he hollows out the ball, and puts his parent inside, after which he covers over the opening with fresh myrrh, and the ball is then of exactly the same weight as at first; so he brings it to Egypt, plastered over as I have said, and deposits it in the temple of the Sun. Such is the story they tell of the doings of this bird.

In the neighborhood of Thebes there are some sacred

serpents which are perfectly harmless. They are of small size, and have two horns growing out of the top of the head. These snakes, when they die, are buried in the temple of Jupiter, the god to whom they are sacred.

I went once to a certain place in Arabia, almost exactly opposite the city of Buto, to make inquiries concerning the winged serpents. On my arrival I saw the backbones and ribs of serpents in such numbers as it is impossible to describe: of the ribs there were a multitude of heaps, some great, some small, some middle-sized. The place where the bones lie is at the entrance of a narrow gorge between steep mountains, which there open upon a spacious plain communicating with the great plain of Egypt. The story goes, that with the spring the winged snakes come flying from Arabia towards Egypt, but are met in this gorge by the birds called ibises, who forbid their entrance and destroy them all. The Arabians assert, and the Egyptians also admit, that it is on account of the service thus rendered that the Egyptians hold the ibis in so much reverence.

The ibis is a bird of a deep-black color, with legs like a crane; its beak is strongly hooked, and its size is about that of the landrail. This is a description of the black ibis which contends with the serpents. The commoner sort, for there are two quite distinct species, has the head and the whole throat bare of feathers; its general plumage is white, but the head and neck are jet black, as also are the tips of the wings and the extremity of the tail; in its beak and legs it resembles the other species. The winged serpent is shaped like the water-snake. Its wings are not feathered, but resemble very closely those of the bat. And thus I conclude the subject of the sacred animals.

The following is the moving tale of the unfortunate Adrastus and Atys, son of Croesus:

Now it chanced that while he was making arrangements for the wedding, there came to Sardis a man under a misfortune, who had upon him the stain of blood. He

was by race a Phrygian, and belonged to the family of the King. Presenting himself at the palace of Croesus, he prayed to be admitted to purification according to the customs of the country. Now the Lydian method of purifying is very nearly the same as the Greek. Croesus granted the request, and went through all the customary rites, after which he asked the suppliant of his birth and country, addressing him as follows: "Who art thou, stranger, and from what part of Phrygia fledest thou to take refuge at my hearth? And whom, moreover, what man or what woman, hast thou slain?" "Oh! King," replied the Phrygian, "I am the son of Gordias, son of Midas. I am named Adrastus. The man I unintentionally slew was my own brother. For this my father drove me from the land, and I lost all. Then fled I here to thee." "Thou art the offspring," Croesus rejoined, "of a house friendly to mine, and thou art come to friends Thou shalt want for nothing so long as thou abidest in my dominions. Bear thy misfortune as easily as thou mayest, so will it go best with thee." Thenceforth Adrastus lived in the palace of the King.

It chanced that at this very same time there was in the Mysian Olympus a huge monster of a boar, which went forth often from this mountain-country, and wasted the corn-fields of the Mysains. Many a time had the Mysians collected to hunt the beast, but instead of doing him any hurt, they came off always with some loss to themselves. At length they sent ambassadors to Croesus, who delivered their message to him in these words: "Oh! King, a mighty monster of a boar has appeared in our parts, and destroys the labor of our hands. We do our best to take him, but in vain. Now therefore we beseech thee to let thy son accompany us back, with some chosen youths and hounds, that we may rid our country of the animal." Such was the tenor of their prayer.

But Croesus bethought him of his dream, and answered, "Say no more of my son going with you; that may not be in any wise. He is but just joined in wedlock, and is busy enough with that. I will grant you a

picked band of Lydians, and all my huntsmen and hounds; and I will charge those whom I send to use all zeal in aiding you to rid your country of the brute."

With this reply the Mysians were content; but the King's son, hearing what the prayer of the Mysians was, came suddenly in, and on the refusal of Croesus to let him go with them, thus addressed his father: "Formerly, my father, it was deemed the noblest and most suitable thing for me to frequent the wars and hunting parties, and win myself glory in them; but now thou keepest me away from both, although thou hast never beheld in me either cowardice or lack of spirit. What face meanwhile must I wear as I walk to the forum or return from it? What must the citizens, what must my young bride think of me? What sort of man will she suppose her husband to be? Either, therefore, let me go to the chase of this boar, or give me a reason why it is best for me to do according to thy wishes."

Then Croesus answered, "My son, it is not because I have seen in thee either cowardice or aught else which has displeased me that I keep thee back; but because a vision which came before me in a dream as I slept, warned me that thou wert doomed to die young, pierced by an iron weapon. It was this which first led me to hasten on thy wedding, and now it hinders me from sending thee upon this enterprise. Fain would I keep watch over thee, if by any means I may cheat fate of thee during my own lifetime. For thou art the one and only son that I possess; the other, whose hearing is destroyed, I regard as if he were not."

"Ah! father," returned the youth, "I blame thee not for keeping watch over me after a dream so terrible; but if thou mistakest, if thou dost not apprehend the dream aright, 'tis no blame for me to show thee wherein thou errest. Now the dream, thou saidst thyself, foretold that I should die stricken by an iron weapon. But what hands has a boar to strike with? What iron weapon does he wield? Yet this is what thou fearest for me. Had the dream said that I should die pierced by a tusk, then

thou hadst done well to keep me away; but it said a weapon. Now here we do not combat men, but a wild animal. I pray thee, therefore, let me go with them."

"There thou hast me, my son," said Croesus, "thy interpretation is better than mine. I yield to it, and change my mind, and consent to let thee go."

Then the king sent for Adrastus, the Phrygian, and said to him, "Adrastus, when thou wert smitten with the rod of affliction—no reproach, my friend—I purified thee, and have taken thee to live with me in my palace, and have been at every charge. Now, therefore, it behoves thee to requite the good offices which thou hast received at my hands by consenting to go with my son on this hunting party, and to watch over him, if perchance you should be attacked upon the road by some band of daring robbers. Even apart from this, it were right for thee to go where thou mayest make thyself famous by noble deeds. They are the heritage of thy family, and thou too art so stalwart and strong."

Adrastus answered, "Except for thy request, Oh! King, I would rather have kept away from this hunt; for methinks it ill beseems a man under a misfortune such as mine to consort with his happier compeers; and besides, I have no heart to it. On many grounds I had stayed behind; but, as thou urgest it, and I am bound to pleasure thee (for truly it does behove me to requite thy good offices), I am content to do as thou wishest. For thy son, whom thou givest into my charge, be sure thou shalt receive him back safe and sound, so far as depends upon a guardian's carefulness."

Thus assured, Croesus let them depart, accompanied by a band of picked youths, and well provided with dogs of chase. When they reached Olympus, they scattered in quest of the animal; he was soon found, and the hunters, drawing round him in a circle, hurled their weapons at him. Then the stranger, the man who had been purified of blood, whose name was Adrastus, he also hurled his spear at the boar, but missed his aim, and struck Atys. Thus was the son of Croesus slain by the point of an

iron weapon, and the warning of the vision was fulfilled. Then one ran to Sardis to bear the tidings to the King, and he came and informed him of the combat and of the fate that had befallen his son.

If it was a heavy blow to the father to learn that his child was dead, it yet more strongly affected him to think that the very man whom he himself once purified had done the deed. In the violence of his grief he called aloud on Jupiter Catharsius, to be a witness of what he had suffered at the stranger's hands. Afterwards he invoked the same god as Jupiter Ephistius and Hetaereus—using the one term because he had unwittingly harbored in his house the man who had now slain his son; and the other, because the stranger, who had been sent as his child's guardian, had turned out his most cruel enemy.

Presently the Lydians arrived, bearing the body of the youth, and behind them followed the homicide. He took his stand in front of the corse, and, stretching forth his hands to Croesus, delivered himself into his power with earnest entreaties that he would sacrifice him upon the body of his son—"his former misfortune was burthen enough; now that he had added to it a second, and had brought ruin on the man who purified him, he could not bear to live." Then Croesus, when he heard those words, was moved with pity towards Adrastus, notwithstanding the bitterness of his own calamity; and so he answered, "Enough, my friend; I have all the revenge that I require, since thou givest sentence of death against thyself. But in sooth it is not thou who hast injured me, except so far as thou hast unwittingly dealt the blow. Some god is the author of my misfortune, and I was forewarned of it a long time ago." Croesus after this buried the body of his son, with such honors as befitted the occasion. Adrastus, son of Gordias, son of Midas, the destroyer of his brother in time past, the destroyer now of his purifier, regarding himself as the most unfortunate wretch whom he had ever known, so soon as all was quiet about the place, slew himself upon the tomb. Croesus, bereft of his son, gave himself up to mourning for two full years.

V. A Touch of the Grotesque. In the tale of Arion is an example of the rare power of grotesqueness in narration:

This Periander, who apprised Thrasybulus of the oracle, was son of Cypselus, and tyrant of Corinth. In his time a very wonderful thing is said to have happened. The Corinthians and the Lesbians agree in their account of the matter. They relate that Arion of Methymna, who as a player on the harp, was second to no man living at that time, and who was, so far as we know, the first to invent the dithyrambic measure, to give it its name, and to recite in it at Corinth, was carried to Taenarum on the back of a dolphin.

He had lived for many years at the court of Periander, when a longing came upon him to sail across to Italy and Sicily. Having made rich profits in those parts, he wanted to recross the seas to Corinth. He therefore hired a vessel, the crew of which were Corinthians, thinking that there was no people in whom he could more safely confide; and, going on board, he set sail from Tarentum. The sailors, however, when they reached the open sea, formed a plot to throw him overboard and seize upon his riches. Discovering their design, he fell on his knees, beseeching them to spare his life, and making them welcome to his money. But they refused; and required him either to kill himself outright, if he wished for a grave on the dry land, or without loss of time to leap overboard into the sea. In this strait Arion begged them, since such was their pleasure, to allow him to mount upon the quarter-deck, dressed in his full costume, and there to play and sing, and promising that, as soon as his song was ended, he would destroy himself. Delighted at the prospect of hearing the very best harper in the world, they consented, and withdrew from the stern to the middle of the vessel: while Arion dressed himself in the full costume of his calling, took his harp, and standing on the quarter-deck, chanted the Orthian. His strain ended, he flung himself, fully attired as he was, headlong

into the sea. The Corinthians then sailed on to Corinth. As for Arion, a dolphin, they say, took him upon his back and carried him to Taenarum, where he went ashore, and thence proceeded to Corinth in his musician's dress, and told all that had happened to him. Periander, however, disbelieved the story, and put Arion in ward, to prevent his leaving Corinth, while he watched anxiously for the return of the mariners. On their arrival he summoned them before him and asked them if they could give him any tidings of Arion. They returned for answer that he was alive and in good health in Italy, and that they had left him at Tarentum, where he was doing well. Thereupon Arion appeared before them, just as he was when he jumped from the vessel: the men, astonished and detected in falsehood, could no longer deny their guilt. Such is the account which the Corinthians and Lesbians give; and there is to this day at Taenarum, an offering of Arion's at the shrine, which is a small figure in bronze, representing a man seated upon a dolphin.

Another grotesque passage may be found in this description of the funeral rites of the Scythian kings:

Whenever the Scythian king falls sick, he sends for the three soothsayers of most renown at the time, who come and with many ingenious devices make trial of their art. Generally they say that the king is ill, because such or such a person, mentioning his name, has sworn falsely by the royal hearth. This is the usual oath among the Scythians, when they wish to swear with very great solemnity. Then the man accused of having forsworn himself is arrested and brought before the king. The soothsayers tell him that by their art it is clear he has sworn a false oath by the royal hearth, and so caused the illness of the king—he denies the charge, protests that he has sworn no false oath, and loudly complains of the wrong done to him. Upon this the king sends for six new soothsayers, who try the matter by soothsaying. If they find the man guilty of the offense, straightway he is

beheaded by those who first accused him, and his goods are parted among them: if, on the contrary, they acquit him, other soothsayers, and again others, are sent for, to try the case. Should the greater number decide in favor of the man's innocence, then they who first accused him forfeit their lives.

The mode of their execution is the following: a wagon is loaded with brushwood, and oxen are harnessed to it; the soothsayers, with their feet tied together, their hands bound behind their backs, and their mouths gagged, are thrust into the midst of the brushwood; finally the wood is set alight, and the oxen, being startled, are made to rush off with the wagon. It often happens that the oxen and the soothsayers are both consumed together, but sometimes the pole of the wagon is burnt through, and the oxen escape with a scorching. Diviners—lying diviners, they call them—are burnt in the way described, for other causes besides the one here spoken of. When the king puts one of them to death, he takes care not to let any of his sons survive: all the male offspring are slain with the father, only the females being allowed to live.

Oaths among the Scyths are accompanied with the following ceremonies: a large earthen bowl is filled with wine, and the parties to the oath, wounding themselves slightly with a knife or an awl, drop some of their blood into the wine; then they plunge into the mixture a scymitar, some arrows, a battle axe, and a javelin, all the while repeating prayers; lastly the two contracting parties drink each a draught from the bowl, as do also the chief men among their followers.

The tombs of their kings are in the land of the Gerrhi, who dwell at the point where the Borysthenes is first navigable. Here, when the king dies, they dig a grave, which is square in shape, and of great size. When it is ready, they take the king's corpse, and, having opened the belly, and cleaned out the inside, fill the cavity with a preparation of chopped cypress, frankincense, parsley-seed, and anise-seed, after which they sew up the

opening, enclose the body in wax, and, placing it on a wagon, carry it about through all the different tribes. On this procession each tribe, when it receives the corpse, imitates the example which is first set by the Royal Scythians; every man chops off a piece of his ear, crops his hair close, and makes a cut all round his arm, lacerates his forehead and his nose, and thrusts an arrow through his left hand. Then they who have the care of the corpse carry it with them to another of the tribes which are under the Scythian rule, followed by those whom they first visited. On completing the circuit of all the tribes under their sway, they find themselves in the country of the Gerrhi, who are the most remote of all, and so they come to the tombs of the kings. There the body of the dead king is laid in the grave prepared for it, stretched upon a mattress; spears are fixed in the ground on either side of the corpse, and beams stretched across above it to form a roof, which is covered with a thatching of osier twigs. In the open space around the body of the king they bury one of his concubines, first killing her by strangling, and also his cup-bearer, his cook, his groom, his lackey, his messenger, some of his horses, firstlings of all his other possessions, and some golden cups; for they use neither silver nor brass. After this they set to work, and raise a vast mound above the grave, all of them vying with each other and seeking to make it as tall as possible.

When a year is gone by, further ceremonies take place. Fifty of the best of the late king's attendants are taken, all native Scythians—for as bought slaves are unknown in the country, the Scythian kings choose any of their subjects that they like, to wait on them—fifty of these are taken and strangled, with fifty of the most beautiful horses. When they are dead, their bowels are taken out, and the cavity cleaned, filled full of chaff, and straightway sewn up again. This done, a number of posts are driven into the ground, in sets of two pairs each, and on every pair half the felly of a wheel is placed archwise; then strong stakes are run lengthways through the bodies

of the horses from tail to neck, and they are mounted up upon the fellies, so that the felly in front supports the shoulders of the horse, while that behind sustains the belly and quarters, the legs dangling in mid-air; each horse is furnished with a bit and bridle, which latter is stretched out in front of the horse, and fastened to a peg. The fifty strangled youths are then mounted severally on the fifty horses. To effect this, a second stake is passed through their bodies along the course of the spine to the neck; the lower end of which projects from the body, and is fixed into a socket, made in the stake that runs lengthwise down the horse. The fifty riders are thus ranged in a circle round the tomb, and so left.

Such, then, is the mode in which the kings are buried: as for the people, when any one dies, his nearest of kin lay him upon a wagon and take him round to all his friends in succession: each receives them in turn and entertains them with a banquet, whereat the dead man is served with a portion of all that is set before the others: this is done for forty days, at the end of which time the burial takes place. After the burial, those engaged in it have to purify themselves, which they do in the following way. First they well soap and wash their heads; then, in order to cleanse their bodies, they act as follows: they make a booth by fixing in the ground three sticks inclined towards one another, and stretching around them woolen felts, which they arrange so as to fit as close as possible: inside the booth a dish is placed upon the ground, into which they put a number of red-hot stones, and then add some hemp-seed.

VI. A Humorous Passage. As an example of the humor of Herodotus, the following may be taken:

Croesus, informed of Alemaeon's kindnesses by the Lydians who from time to time conveyed his messages to the god, sent for him to Sardis, and when he arrived, made him a present of as much gold as he should be able

to carry at one time about his person. Finding that this was the gift assigned him, Alcmaeon took his measures, and prepared himself to receive it in the following way. He clothed himself in a loose tunic, which he made to bag greatly at the waist, and placing upon his feet the widest buskins that he could anywhere find, followed his guides into the treasure-house. Here he fell to upon a heap of gold-dust, and in the first place packed as much as he could inside his buskins, between them and his legs; after which he filled the breast of his tunic quite full of gold, and then, sprinkling some among his hair, and taking some likewise in his mouth, he came forth from the treasure-house, scarcely able to drag his legs along, like anything rather than a man, with his mouth crammed full, and his bulk increased every way. On seeing him, Croesus burst into a laugh, and not only let him have all that he had taken, but gave him presents besides of fully equal worth. Thus this house became one of great wealth; and Alcmaeon was able to keep horses for the chariot-race, and won the prize at Olympia.

VII. Pathos. To illustrate the power of Herodotus in drawing pathetic scenes is an easy matter, so numerous are the instances. From Egypt he brings us the story of Psammenitus:

Psammenitus, son of Amasis, lay encamped at the mouth of the Nile, called the Pelusiac, awaiting Cambyses. For Cambyses, when he went up against Egypt, found Amasis no longer in life: he had died after ruling Egypt forty and four years, during all which time no great misfortune had befallen him. When he died, his body was embalmed, and buried in the tomb which he had himself caused to be made in the temple. After his son Psammenitus had mounted the throne, a strange prodigy occurred in Egypt: Rain fell at Egyptian Thebes, a thing which never happened before, and which, to the present time, has never happened again, as the

Thebans themselves testify. In Upper Egypt it does not usually rain at all; but on this occasion, rain fell at Thebes in small drops.

The Persians crossed the desert, and, pitching their camp close to the Egyptians, made ready for battle. Hereupon the mercenaries in the pay of Psammenitus, who were Greeks and Carians, full of anger against Phanes for having brought a foreign army upon Egypt, bethought themselves of a mode whereby they might be revenged on him. Phanes had left sons in Egypt. The mercenaries took these, and leading them to the camp, displayed them before the eyes of their father; after which they brought out a bowl, and, placing it in the space between the two hosts, they led the sons of Phanes, one by one, to the vessel, and slew them over it. When the last was dead, water and wine were poured into the bowl, and all the soldiers tasted of the blood, and so they went to the battle. Stubborn was the fight which followed, and it was not till vast numbers had been slain upon both sides, that the Egyptians turned and fled.

On the field where this battle was fought I saw a very wonderful thing which the natives pointed out to me. The bones of the slain lie scattered upon the field in two lots, those of the Persians in one place by themselves, as the bodies lay at the first—those of the Egyptians in another place apart from them: If, then, you strike the Persian skulls, even with a pebble, they are so weak, that you break a hole in them; but the Egyptian skulls are so strong, that you may smite them with a stone and you will scarcely break them in. They gave me the following reason for this difference, which seemed to me likely enough: The Egyptians (they said) from early childhood have the head shaved, and so by the action of the sun the skull becomes thick and hard. The same cause prevents baldness in Egypt, where you see fewer bald men than in any other land. Such, then, is the reason why the skulls of the Egyptians are so strong. The Persians, on the other hand, have feeble skulls, because they keep themselves shaded from the first, wearing tur-

bans upon their heads. What I have here mentioned I saw with my own eyes, and I observed also the like at Papremis, in the case of the Persians who were killed with Achaemenes, the son of Darius, by Inarus the Libyan.

The Egyptians who fought in the battle, no sooner turned their backs upon the enemy, than they fled away in complete disorder to Memphis, where they shut themselves up within the walls. Hereupon Cambyses sent a Mytilenaean vessel, with a Persian herald on board, who was to sail up the Nile to Memphis, and invite the Egyptians to a surrender. They, however, when they saw the vessel entering the town, poured forth in crowds from the castle, destroyed the ship, and, tearing the crew limb from limb, so bore them into the fortress. After this Memphis was besieged, and in due time surrendered.

Ten days after the fort had fallen, Cambyses resolved to try the spirit of Psammenitus, the Egyptian King, whose whole reign had been but six months. He therefore had him set in one of the suburbs, and many other Egyptians with him, and there subjected him to insult. First of all he sent his daughter out from the city, clothed in the garb of a slave, with a pitcher to draw water. Many virgins, the daughters of the chief nobles, accompanied her, wearing the same dress. When the damsels came opposite the place where their fathers sate, shedding tears and uttering cries of woe, the fathers, all but Psammenitus, wept and wailed in return, grieving to see their children in so sad a plight; but he, when he had looked and seen, bent his head towards the ground. In this way passed by the water-carriers. Next to them came Psammenitus' son, and two thousand Egyptians of the same age with him—all of them having ropes round their necks and bridles in their mouths—and they too passed by on their way to suffer death for the murder of the Mytilenaeans who were destroyed, with their vessel, in Memphis. For so had the royal judges given their sentence—"for each Mytilenaean ten of the noblest Egyptians must forfeit life." King Psammenitus saw the

train pass on, and knew his son was being led to death, but, while the other Egyptians who sate around him wept and were sorely troubled, he showed no further sign than when he saw his daughter. And now, when they too were gone, it chanced that one of his former boon-companions, a man advanced in years, who had been stripped of all that he had and was a beggar, came where Psammenitus, son of Amasis, and the rest of the Egyptians were, asking alms from the soldiers. At this sight the King burst into tears, and, weeping out aloud, called his friend by his name, and smote himself on the head. Now there were some who had been set to watch Psammenitus and see what he would do as each train went by; so these persons went and told Cambyses of his behavior. Then he, astonished at what was done, sent a messenger to Psammenitus, and questioned him, saying, "Psammenitus, thy lord Cambyses asketh thee why, when thou sawest thy daughter brought to shame, and thy son on his way to death, thou didst neither utter cry nor shed tear, while to a beggar, who is, he hears, a stranger to thy race, thou gavest those marks of honor." To this question Psammenitus made answer, "O son of Cyrus, my own misfortunes were too great for tears; but the woe of my friend deserved them. When a man falls from splendor and plenty into beggary at the threshold of old age, one may well weep for him." When the messenger brought back this answer, Cambyses owned it was just; Croesus, likewise, the Egyptians say, burst into tears—for he too had come into Egypt with Cambyses—and the Persians who were present wept. Even Cambyses himself was touched with pity, and he forthwith gave an order, that the son of Psammenitus should be spared from the number of those appointed to die, and Psammenitus himself brought from the suburb into his presence.

The messengers were too late to save the life of Psammenitus' son, who had been cut in pieces the first of all; but they took Psammenitus himself and brought him before the King. Cambyses allowed him to live with him,

and gave him no more harsh treatment; nay, could he have kept from intermeddling with affairs, he might have recovered Egypt, and ruled it as governor. For the Persian wont is to treat the sons of kings with honor, and even to give their fathers' kingdoms to the children of such as revolt from them. There are many cases from which one may collect that this is the Persian rule. In this case Psammenitus plotted evil, and received his reward accordingly. He was discovered to be stirring up revolt in Egypt, wherefore Cambyses, when his guilt clearly appeared, compelled him to drink bull's blood, which presently caused his death. Such was the end of Psammenitus.

The story of Lycophron is equally pathetic:

It happened that Periander, son of Cypselus, had taken three hundred boys, children of the chief nobles among the Corcyraeans, and sent them to Alyattes for eunuchs; the men who had them in charge touched at Samos on their way to Sardis; whereupon the Samians, having found out what was to become of the boys when they reached that city, first prompted them to take sanctuary at the temple of Diana; and after this, when the Corinthians, as they were forbidden to tear the suppliants from the holy place, sought to cut off from them all supplies of food, invented a festival in their behoof, which they celebrate to this day with the self-same rites. Each evening, as night closed in, during the whole time that the boys continued there, choirs of youths and virgins were placed about the temple, carrying in their hands cakes made of sesame and honey, in order that the Corcyraean boys might snatch the cakes, and so get enough to live upon.

And this went on for so long, that at last the Corinthians who had charge of the boys gave them up, and took their departure, upon which the Samians conveyed them back to Corcyra. If now, after the death of Periander, the Corinthians and Corcyraeans had been good friends, it is not to be imagined that the former would

ever have taken part in the expedition against Samos for such a reason as this; but as, in fact, the two people have always, ever since the first settlement of the island, been enemies to one another, this outrage was remembered, and the Corinthians bore the Samians a grudge for it. Periander had chosen the youths from among the first families in Corcyra, and sent them a present to Alyattes, to revenge a wrong which he had received. For it was the Corcyraeans who began the quarrel and injured Periander by an outrage of a horrid nature.

After Periander had put to death his wife Melissa, it chanced that on this first affliction a second followed of a different kind. His wife had borne him two sons, and one of them had now reached the age of seventeen, the other of eighteen years, when their mother's father, Procles, tyrant of Epidaurus, asked them to his court. They went, and Procles treated them with much kindness, as was natural, considering they were his own daughter's children. At length, when the time for parting came, Procles, as he was sending them on their way, said, "Know you now, my children, who it was that caused your mother's death?" The elder son took no account of this speech, but the younger, whose name was Lycophron, was sorely troubled at it—so much so, that when he got back to Corinth, looking upon his father as his mother's murderer, he would neither speak to him, nor answer when spoken to, nor utter a word in reply to all his questionings. So Periander at last, growing furious at such behavior, banished him from his house.

The younger son gone, he turned to the elder and asked him what it was that their grandfather had said to them. Then he related in how kind and friendly a fashion he had received them; but, not having taken any notice of the speech which Procles had uttered at parting, he quite forgot to mention it. Periander insisted that it was not possible this should be all—their grandfather must have given them some hint or other—and he went on pressing him, till at last the lad remembered the parting speech and told it. Periander, after he had

turned the whole matter over in his thoughts, and felt unwilling to give way at all, sent a messenger to the persons who had opened their houses to his outcast son, and forbade them to harbor him. Then the boy, when he was chased from one friend, sought refuge with another, but was driven from shelter to shelter by the threats of his father, who menaced all those that took him in, and commanded them to shut their doors against him. Still, as fast as he was forced to leave one house he went to another, and was received by the inmates; for his acquaintance, although in no small alarm, yet gave him shelter, as he was Periander's son.

At last Periander made proclamation that whoever harbored his son or even spoke to him, should forfeit a certain sum of money to Apollo. On hearing this no one any longer liked to take him in, or even to hold converse with him, and he himself did not think it right to seek to do what was forbidden; so, abiding by his resolve, he made his lodging in the public porticos. When four days had passed in this way, Periander, seeing how wretched his son was, that he neither washed nor took any food, felt moved with compassion towards him; wherefore, foregoing his anger, he approached him, and said, "Which is better, oh! my son, to fare as now thou farest, or to receive my crown and all the good things that I possess, on the one condition of submitting thyself to thy father? See, now, though my own child, and lord of this wealthy Corinth, thou hast brought thyself to a beggar's life, because thou must resist and treat with anger him whom it least behooves thee to oppose. If there has been a calamity, and thou bearest me ill will on that account, bethink thee that I too feel it, and am the greatest sufferer, in as much as it was by me that the deed was done. For thyself, now that thou knowest how much better a thing it is to be envied than pitied, and how dangerous it is to indulge anger against parents and superiors, come back with me to thy home." With such words as these did Periander chide his son; but the son made no reply, except to remind his father that he was

indebted to the god in the penalty for coming and holding converse with him. Then Periander knew that there was no cure for the youth's malady, nor means of overcoming it; so he prepared a ship and sent him away out of his sight to Corcyra, which island at that time belonged to him. As for Procles, Periander, regarding him as the true author of all his present troubles, went to war with him as soon as his son was gone, and not only made himself master of his kingdom Epidaurus, but also took Procles himself, and carried him into captivity.

As time went on, and Periander came to be old, he found himself no longer equal to the oversight and management of affairs. Seeing, therefore, in his eldest son no manner of ability, but knowing him to be dull and blockish, he sent to Corcyra and recalled Lycophron to take the kingdom. Lycophron, however, did not even deign to ask the bearer of this message a question. But Periander's heart was set upon the youth, so he sent again to him, this time by his own daughter, the sister of Lycophron, who would, he thought, have more power to persuade him than any other person. Then she, when she reached Corcyra, spoke thus with her brother: "Dost thou wish the kingdom, brother, to pass into strange hands, and our father's wealth to be made a prey, rather than thyself return to enjoy it? Come back home with me, and cease to punish thyself. It is scant gain, this obstinacy. Why seek to cure evil by evil? Mercy, remember, is by many set above justice. Many, also, while pushing their mother's claims have forfeited their father's fortune. Power is a slippery thing—it has many suitors; and he is old and stricken in years—let not thy own inheritance go to another."

Thus did the sister, who had been tutored by Periander what to say, urge all the arguments most likely to have weight with her brother. He however made answer that so long as he knew his father to be still alive, he would never go back to Corinth. When the sister brought Periander this reply, he sent to his son a third time by a herald, and said he would come himself

to Corcyra, and let his son take his place at Corinth as heir to his kingdom. To these terms Lycophron agreed; and Periander was making ready to pass into Corcyra and his son to return to Corinth, when the Corcyraeans, being informed of what was taking place, to keep Periander away, put the young man to death.

VIII. Tragic Lives. In a history of such a contest as the Persian Wars we should expect to find tragedy in every chapter, and there it certainly is. Tragic enough are many of our extracts, but the following is a unique example of the power of the great prose writer:

At the time of which we are speaking, while Cleomenes in Egina was laboring for the general good of Greece, Demaratus at Sparta continued to bring charges against him, moved not so much by love of the Eginetans as by jealousy and hatred of his colleague. Cleomenes therefore was no sooner returned from Egina than he considered with himself how he might deprive Demaratus of his kingly office; and here the following circumstance furnished a ground for him to proceed upon. Ariston, King of Sparta, had been married to two wives, but neither of them had borne him any children; as however he still thought it was possible he might have offspring, he resolved to wed a third; and this was how the wedding was brought about. He had a certain friend, a Spartan, with whom he was more intimate than with any other citizen. This friend was married to a wife whose beauty far surpassed that of all the other women in Sparta; and what was still more strange, she had once been as ugly as she now was beautiful. For her nurse, seeing how ill-favored she was, and how sadly her parents, who were wealthy people, took her bad looks to heart, bethought herself of a plan, which was to carry the child every day to the temple of Helen at Therapna, which stands above the Phoebeum, and there to place her before the image, and beseech the goddess to take away the child's ugliness.

One day, as she left the temple, a woman appeared to her, and begged to know what it was she held in her arms. The nurse told her it was a child, on which she asked to see it; but the nurse refused; the parents, she said, had forbidden her to show the child to any one. However, the woman would not take a denial; and the nurse, seeing how highly she prized a look, at last let her see the child. Then the woman gently stroked its head, and said, "One day this child shall be the fairest dame in Sparta." And her looks began to change from that very day. When she was of marriageable age, Agetus, son of Alcides, the same whom I have mentioned above as the friend of Ariston, made her his wife.

Now it chanced that Ariston fell in love with this person; and his love so preyed upon his mind that at last he devised as follows. He went to his friend, the lady's husband, and proposed to him, that they should exchange gifts, each taking that which pleased him best out of all the possessions of the other. His friend, who felt no alarm about his wife, since Ariston was also married, consented readily; and so the matter was confirmed between them by an oath. Then Ariston gave Agetus the present, whatever it was, of which he had made choice, and when it came to his turn to name the present which he was to receive in exchange, required to be allowed to carry home with him Agetus's wife. But the other demurred, and said, "except his wife, he might have anything else:" however, as he could not resist the oath which he had sworn, or the trickery which had been practiced on him, at last he suffered Ariston to carry her away to his house.

Ariston hereupon put away his second wife and took for his third this woman; and she, in less than the due time—when she had not yet reached her full term of ten months—gave birth to a child, the Demaratus of whom we have spoken. Then one of his servants came and told him the news, as he sat in council with the Ephors; whereat, remembering when it was that the woman became his wife, he counted the months upon his fingers,

and having so done, cried out with an oath, "The boy cannot be mine." This was said in the hearing of the Ephors; but they made no account of it at the time. The boy grew up; and Ariston repented of what he had said; for he became altogether convinced that Demaratus was truly his son. The reason why he named him Demaratus was the following. Some time before these events the whole Spartan people, looking upon Ariston as a man of mark beyond all the kings that had reigned at Sparta before him, had offered up a prayer that he might have a son. On this account, therefore, the name Demaratus was given.

In course of time Ariston died; and Demaratus received the kingdom: but it was fated, as it seems, that these words, when bruited abroad, should strip him of his sovereignty. This was brought about by means of Cleomenes, whom he had twice sorely vexed, once when he led the army home from Eleusis, and a second time when Cleomenes was gone across to Egina against such as had espoused the side of the Medes.

Cleomenes now, being resolved to have his revenge upon Demaratus, went to Leotychides, who was prevailed upon by the earnest desire of Cleomenes to come forward against Demaratus and make oath "that Demaratus was not rightful king of Sparta, since he was not the true son of Ariston." After he had thus sworn, Leotychides sued Demaratus, and brought up against him the phrase which Ariston had let drop when, on the coming of his servant to announce to him the birth of his son, he counted the months, and cried out with an oath that the child was not his. It was on this speech of Ariston's that Leotychides relied to prove that Demaratus was not his son, and therefore not rightful king of Sparta; and he produced as witnesses the Ephors who were sitting with Ariston at the time and heard what he said.

At last, as there came to be much strife concerning this matter, the Spartans made a decree that the Delphic oracle should be asked to say whether Demaratus were

Ariston's son or no. Cleomenes set them upon this plan; and no sooner was the decree passed than he made a friend of Cobon, the son of Aristophantus, a man of the greatest weight among the Delphians; and this Cobon prevailed upon Perialla, the prophetess, to give the answer which Cleomenes wished. Accordingly, when the sacred messengers came and put their question, the Pythoness returned for answer that "Demaratus was not Ariston's son." Some time afterwards all this became known; and Cobon was forced to fly from Delphi; while Perialla, the prophetess, was deprived of her office.

Such were the means whereby the deposition of Demaratus was brought about; but his flying from Sparta to the Medes was by reason of an affront which was put upon him. On losing his kingdom he had been made a magistrate; and in that office soon afterwards, when the feast of the Gymnopaediae came round, he took his station among the lookers-on; whereupon Leotychides, who was now King in his room, sent a servant to him and asked him, by way of insult and mockery, "how it felt to be a magistrate after one had been a king?" Demaratus, who was hurt at the question, made answer, "Tell him I have tried them both, but he has not. Howbeit this speech will be the cause to Sparta of infinite blessings or else of infinite woes." Having thus spoken he wrapped his head in his robe, and, leaving the theater, went home to his own house, where he prepared an ox for sacrifice, and offered it to Jupiter, after which he called for his mother.

When she appeared, he took of the entrails, and placing them in her hand, besought her in these words following:

"Dear mother, I beseech you, by all the gods, and chiefly by our own hearth-god Jupiter, tell me the very truth, who was really my father. For Leotychides, in the suit which we had together, declared, that when thou becamest Ariston's wife thou didst already bear in thy womb a child by thy former husband; and others repeat a yet more disgraceful tale, that our groom found favor

in thine eyes, and that I am his son. I entreat thee therefore by the gods to tell me the truth. For if thou hast gone astray, thou hast done no more than many a woman; and the Spartans remark it as strange, if I am Ariston's son, that he had no children by his other wives."

Thus spake Demaratus; and his mother replied as follows: "Dear son, since thou entreatest so earnestly for the truth, it shall indeed be fully told to thee. When Ariston brought me to his house, on the third night after my coming, there appeared to me one like to Ariston, who, after staying with me a while, rose, and taking the garlands from his own brows placed them upon my head, and so went away. Presently after Ariston entered, and when he saw the garlands which I still wore, asked me who gave them to me. I said, 'twas he; but this he stoutly denied; whereupon I solemnly swore that it was none other, and told him he did not do well to dissemble when he had so lately risen from my side and left the garlands with me. Then Ariston, when he heard my oath, understood that there was something beyond nature in what had taken place. And indeed it appeared that the garlands had come from the hero-temple which stands by our court gates—the temple of him they call Astrabacus—and the soothsayers, moreover, declared that the apparition was that very person. And now, my son, I have told thee all thou wouldest fain know. Either thou art the son of that hero—either thou mayest call Astrabacus sire; or else Ariston was thy father. As for that matter which they who hate thee urge the most, the words of Ariston, who, when the messenger told him of thy birth, declared before many witnesses that 'thou wert not his son, forasmuch as the ten months were not fully out, it was a random speech, uttered from mere ignorance. The truth is, children are born not only at ten months, but at nine, and even at seven. Thou wert thyself, my son, a seven months' child. Ariston acknowledged, no long time afterwards, that his speech sprang from thoughtlessness. Hearken not then to other tales concerning thy birth, my son: for be assured thou

hast the whole truth. As for grooms, pray Heaven Leotychides and all who speak as he does may suffer wrong from them!" Such was the mother's answer.

Demaratus, having learnt all that he wished to know, took with him provision for the journey, and went into Elis, pretending that he purposed to proceed to Delphi, and there consult the oracle. The Lacedaemonians, however, suspecting that he meant to fly his country, sent men in pursuit of him; but Demaratus hastened, and leaving Elis before they arrived, sailed across to Zacynthus. The Lacedaemonians followed, and sought to lay hands upon him, and to separate him from his retinue; but the Zacynthians would not give him up to them: so he escaping, made his way afterwards by sea to Asia, and presented himself before King Darius, who received him generously, and gave him both lands and cities. Such was the chance which drove Demaratus to Asia, a man distinguished among the Lacedaemonians for many noble deeds and wise counsels, and who alone of all the Spartan kings brought honor to his country by winning at Olympia the prize in the four-horse chariot-race.

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Even Leotychides, however, did not spend his old age in Sparta, but suffered a punishment whereby Demaratus was fully avenged. He commanded the Lacedaemonians when they made war against Thessaly, and might have conquered the whole of it, but was bribed by a large sum of money. It chanced that he was caught in the fact, being found sitting in his tent on a gauntlet, quite full of silver. Upon this he was brought to trial and banished from Sparta; his house was razed to the ground; and he himself fled to Tegea, where he ended his days. But these events took place long afterwards.

At the time of which we are speaking, Cleomenes, having carried his proceedings in the matter of Demaratus to a prosperous issue, forthwith took Leotychides with him, and crossed over to attack the Eginetans; for his anger was hot against them on account of the affront which they had formerly put upon him. Hereupon the

Eginetans, seeing that both the kings were come against them, thought it best to make no further resistance. So the two kings picked out from all Egina the ten men who for wealth and birth stood the highest, among whom were Crius, son of Polycritus, and Casambus, son of Aristocrates, who wielded the chief power; and these men they carried with them to Attica, and there deposited them in the hands of the Athenians, the great enemies of the Eginetans.

Afterwards, when it came to be known what evil arts had been used against Demaratus, Cleomenes was seized with fear of his own countrymen, and fled into Thessaly. From thence he passed into Arcadia, where he began to stir up troubles, and endeavored to unite the Arcadians against Sparta. He bound them by various oaths to follow him withersoever ne should lead, and was even desirous of taking their chief leaders with him to the city of Nonacris, that he might swear them to his cause by the waters of the Styx. For the waters of Styx, as the Arcadians say, are in that city, and this is the appearance they present: you see a little water, dripping from a rock into a basin, which is fenced round by a low wall. Nonacris, where this fountain is to be seen, is a city of Arcadia near Pheneus.

When the Lacedaemonians heard how Cleomenes was engaged, they were afraid, and agreed with him that he should come back to Sparta and be king as before. So Cleomenes came back; but had no sooner returned than he, who had never been altogether of sound mind, was smitten with downright madness. This he showed by striking every Spartan he met upon the face with his scepter. On his behaving thus, and showing that he was gone quite out of his mind, his kindred imprisoned him, and even put his feet in the stocks. While so bound, finding himself left alone with a single keeper, he asked the man for a knife. The keeper at first refused, whereupon Cleomenes began to threaten him, until at last he was afraid, being only a helot, and gave him what he required. Cleomenes had no sooner got the steel than,

beginning at his legs, he horribly disfigured himself, cutting gashes in his flesh, along his legs, thighs, hips, and loins, until at last he reached his belly, which he likewise began to gash, whereupon in a little time he died. The Greeks generally think that this fate came upon him because he induced the Pythoness to pronounce against Demaratus; the Athenians differ from all others in saying that it was because he cut down the sacred grove of the goddesses when he made his invasion by Eleusis; while the Argives ascribe it to his having taken from their refuge and cut to pieces certain Argives who had fled from battle into a precinct sacred to Argus, where Cleomenes slew them, burning likewise at the same time, through irreverence, the grove itself.

For once, when Cleomenes had sent to Delphi to consult the oracle, it was prophesied to him that he should take Argos; upon which he went out at the head of the Spartans, and led them to the river Erasinus. This stream is reported to flow from the Stymphalian lake, the waters of which empty themselves into a pitch-dark chasm, and then (as they say) reappear in Argos, where the Argives call them the Erasinus. Cleomenes, having arrived upon the banks of this river, proceeded to offer sacrifice to it, but, in spite of all that he could do, the victims were not favorable to his crossing. So he said that he admired the god for refusing to betray his countrymen, but still the Argives should not escape him for all that. He then withdrew his troops, and led them down to Thyrea, where he sacrificed a bull to the sea, and conveyed his men on shipboard to Nauplia in the Tirynthian territory.

The Argives, when they heard of this, marched down to the sea, to defend their country; and arriving in the neighborhood of Tiryns, at the place which bears the name of Sepeia, they pitched their camp opposite to the Lacedaemonians, leaving no great space between the hosts. And now their fear was not so much lest they should be worsted in open fight as lest some trick should be practiced on them; for such was the danger which the

oracle given to them in common with the Milesians seemed to intimate. The oracle ran as follows:

Time shall be when the female shall conquer the male,
and shall chase him
Far away,—gaining so great praise and honor in Argos;
Then full many an Argive woman her cheeks shall
mangle;—
Hence, in the times to come 'twill be said by the men
who are unborn,
"Tamed by the spear expired the coiled terrible serpent."

At the coincidence of all these things the Argives were greatly cast down; and so they resolved that they would follow the signals of the enemy's herald. Having made this resolve, they proceeded to act as follows: whenever the herald of the Lacedaemonians gave any order to the soldiers of his own army, the Argives did the like on their side.

Now when Cleomenes heard that the Argives were acting thus, he commanded his troops that, so soon as the herald gave the word for the soldiers to go to dinner, they should instantly seize their arms and charge the host of the enemy. Which the Lacedaemonians did accordingly, and fell upon the Argives just as, following the signal, they had begun their repast; whereby it came to pass that vast numbers of the Argives were slain, while the rest, who were more than they which died in the fight, were driven to take refuge in the grove of Argus hard by, where they were surrounded, and watch kept upon them.

When things were at this pass Cleomenes acted as follows: Having learnt the names of the Argives who were shut up in the sacred precinct from certain deserters who had come over to him, he sent a herald to summon them one by one, on pretense of having received their ransoms. Now the ransom of prisoners among the Peloponnesians is fixed at two minae the man. So Cleomenes had these persons called forth severally, to the number of fifty, or thereabouts, and massacred them. All this

while they who remained in the enclosure knew nothing of what was happening; for the grove was so thick that the people inside were unable to see what was taking place without. But at last one of their number climbed up into a tree and spied the treachery; after which none of those who were summoned would go forth.

Then Cleomenes ordered all the helots to bring brushwood, and heap it around the grove; which was done accordingly; and Cleomenes set the grove on fire. As the flames spread he asked a deserter, "Who is the god of the grove?" whereto the other made answer, "Argus." So he, when he heard that, uttered a loud groan, and said:

"Greatly hast thou deceived me, Apollo, god of prophecy, in saying that I should take Argos. I fear me thy oracle has now got its accomplishment."

Cleomenes now sent home the greater part of his army, while with a thousand of his best troops he proceeded to the temple of Juno, to offer sacrifice. When however he would have slain the victim on the altar himself, the priest forbade him, as it was not lawful (he said) for a foreigner to sacrifice in that temple. At this Cleomenes ordered his helots to drag the priest from the altar and scourge him, while he performed the sacrifice himself, after which he went back to Sparta.

Thereupon his enemies brought him up before the Ephors, and made it a charge against him that he had allowed himself to be bribed, and on that account had not taken Argos when he might have captured it easily. To this he answered—whether truly or falsely I cannot say with certainty—but at any rate his answer to the charge was, that "so soon as he discovered the sacred precinct which he had taken to belong to Argos, he directly imagined that the oracle had received its accomplishment; he therefore thought it not good to attempt the town, at the least until he had inquired by sacrifice, and ascertained if the god meant to grant him the place, or was determined to oppose his taking it. So he offered in the temple of Juno, and when the omens

were propitious, immediately there flashed forth a flame of fire from the breast of the image; whereby he knew of a surety that he was not to take Argos. For if the flash had come from the head, he would have gained the town, citadel and all; but as it shone from the breast, he had done so much as the god intended.'' And his words seemed to the Spartans so true and reasonable, that he came clear off from his adversaries.

Argos, however, was left so bare of men that the slaves managed the state, filled the offices, and administered everything until the sons of those who were slain by Cleomenes grew up. Then these latter cast out the slaves, and got the city back under their own rule; while the slaves who had been driven out fought a battle and won Tiryns. After this for a time there was peace between the two; but a certain man, a soothsayer, named Cleander, who was by race a Phigalean from Arcadia, joined himself to the slaves, and stirred them up to make a fresh attack upon their lords. Then were they at war with one another by the space of many years; but at length the Argives with much trouble gained the upper hand.

The Argives say that Cleomenes lost his senses, and died so miserably, on account of these doings. But his own countrymen declare that his madness proceeded not from any supernatural cause whatever, but only from the habit of drinking wine unmixed with water, which he learnt of the Scyths. These nomads, from the time that Darius made his inroad into their country, had always had a wish for revenge. They therefore sent ambassadors to Sparta to conclude a league, proposing to endeavor themselves to enter Media by the Phasis, while the Spartans should march inland from Ephesus, and then the two armies should join together in one. When the Scyths came to Sparta on this errand Cleomenes was with them continually; and growing somewhat too familiar, learnt of them to drink his wine without water, a practice which is thought by the Spartans to have caused his madness. From this distance of time the Spartans.

according to their own account, have been accustomed, when they want to drink purer wine than common, to give the order to fill "Scythian fashion." The Spartans then speak thus concerning Cleomenes; but for my own part I think his death was a judgment on him for wronging Demaratus.

IX. Cambyses. An idea of the power Herodotus exhibits in drawing character may be gained from his picture of Cambyses:

About the time when Cambyses arrived at Memphis, Apis appeared to the Egyptians. Now Apis is the god whom the Greeks call Epaphus. As soon as he appeared, straightway all the Egyptians arrayed themselves in their gayest garments, and fell to feasting and jollity: which when Cambyses saw, making sure that these rejoicings were on account of his own ill success, he called before him the officers who had charge of Memphis, and demanded of them, why, when he was in Memphis before, the Egyptians had done nothing of this kind, but waited until now, when he had returned with the loss of so many of his troops? The officers made answer, that one of their gods had appeared to them, a god who at long intervals of time had been accustomed to show himself in Egypt—and that always on his appearance the whole of Egypt feasted and kept jubilee. When Cambyses heard this, he told them that they lied, and as liars he condemned them all to suffer death.

When they were dead, he called the priests to his presence, and questioning them received the same answer; whereupon he observed, that he would soon know whether a tame god had really come to dwell in Egypt—and straightway, without another word, he bade them bring Apis to him. So they went out from his presence to fetch the god. Now this Apis, or Epaphus, is the calf of a cow which is never afterwards able to bear young. The Egyptians say that fire comes down from heaven upon the cow, which thereupon conceives Apis. The

calf which is so called has the following marks: He is black, with a square spot of white upon his forehead, and on his back the figure of an eagle; the hairs in his tail are double, and there is a beetle upon his tongue.

When the priests returned bringing Apis with them, Cambyses, like the harebrained person that he was, drew his dagger and aimed at the belly of the animal, but missed his mark, and stabbed him in the thigh. Then he laughed, and said thus to the priests: "Oh! blockheads, and think ye that gods become like this, of flesh and blood, and sensible to steel? A fit god indeed for Egyptians, such an one! But it shall cost you dear that you have made me your laughing-stock." When he had so spoken, he ordered those, whose business it was, to scourge the priests, and if they found any of the Egyptians keeping festival to put them to death. Thus was the feast stopped throughout the land of Egypt, and the priests suffered punishment. Apis, wounded in the thigh, lay some time pining in the temple; at last he died of his wound, and the priests buried him secretly without the knowledge of Cambyses.

And now Cambyses, who even before had not been quite in his right mind, was forthwith, as the Egyptians say, smitten with madness for this crime. The first of his outrages was the slaying of Smerdis, his full brother, whom he had sent back to Persia from Egypt out of envy, because he drew the bow brought from the Ethiopians by the Icthyophagi (which none of the other Persians were able to bend) the distance of two fingers' breadth. When Smerdis was departed into Persia, Cambyses had a vision in his sleep—he thought a messenger from Persia came to him with tidings that Smerdis sat upon the royal throne, and with his head touched the heavens. Fearing therefore for himself, and thinking it likely that his brother would kill him, and rule in his stead, Cambyses sent into Persia Prexaspes, whom he trusted beyond all the other Persians, bidding him put Smerdis to death. So this Prexaspes went up to Susa and slew Smerdis. Some say he killed him as they hunted together, others,

that he took him down to the Erythraean Sea, and there drowned him.

This, it is said, was the first outrage which Cambyses committed. The second was the slaying of his sister, who had accompanied him into Egypt, and lived with him as his wife, though she was his full sister, the daughter both of his father and his mother. The way wherein he had made her his wife was the following: It was not the custom of the Persians, before his time, to marry their sisters—but Cambyses, happening to fall in love with one of his, and wishing to take her to wife, as he knew that it was an uncommon thing, called together the royal judges, and put it to them, whether there was any law which allowed a brother, if he wished, to marry his sister? Now the royal judges are certain picked men among the Persians, who hold their office for life, or until they are found guilty of some misconduct. By them justice is administered in Persia, and they are the interpreters of the old laws, all disputes being referred to their decision. When Cambyses, therefore, put his question to these judges, they gave him an answer which was at once true and safe—"they did not find any law," they said, "allowing a brother to take his sister to wife, but they found a law, that the King of the Persians might do whatever he pleased." And so they neither warped the law through fear of Cambyses, nor ruined themselves by over stiffly maintaining the law; but they brought another quite distinct law to the King's help, which allowed him to have his wish. Cambyses, therefore, married the object of his love, and no long time afterwards he took to wife another sister. It was the younger of these who went with him into Egypt, and there suffered death at his hands.

Concerning the manner of her death, as concerning that of Smerdis, two different accounts are given. The story which the Greeks tell, is, that Cambyses had set a young dog to fight the cub of a lioness—his wife looking on at the time. Now the dog was getting the worse, when a pup of the same litter broke his chain, and

came to his brother's aid—then the two dogs together fought the lion, and conquered him. The thing greatly pleased Cambyses, but his sister who was sitting by shed tears. When Cambyses saw this, he asked her why she wept: whereon she told him, that seeing the young dog come to his brother's aid made her think of Smerdis, whom there was none to help. For this speech, the Greeks say, Cambyses put her to death. But the Egyptians tell the story thus: The two were sitting at table, when the sister took a lettuce, and stripping the leaves off, asked her brother when he thought the lettuce looked the prettiest—when it had all its leaves on, or now that it was stripped? He answered, "When the leaves were on." "But thou," she rejoined, "hast done as I did to the lettuce, and made bare the house of Cyrus." Then Cambyses was wroth, and sprang fiercely upon her, though she was with child at the time. And so it came to pass that she miscarried and died.

Thus mad was Cambyses upon his own kindred, and this either from his usage of Apis, or from some other among the many causes from which calamities are wont to arise. They say that from his birth he was afflicted with a dreadful disease, the disorder which some call "the sacred sickness." It would be by no means strange, therefore, if his mind were affected in some degree, seeing that his body labored under so sore a malady.

He was mad also upon others besides his kindred; among the rest, upon Prexaspes, the man whom he esteemed beyond all the rest of the Persians, who carried his messages, and whose son held the office—an honor of no small account in Persia—of his cupbearer. Him Cambyses is said to have once addressed as follows: "What sort of man, Prexaspes, do the Persians think me? What do they say of me?" Prexaspes answered, "Oh! sire, they praise thee greatly in all things but one—they say thou art too much given to love of wine." Such Prexaspes told him was the judgment of the Persians; whereupon Cambyses, full of rage, made answer, "What? they say now that I drink too much wine, and so have lost

my senses, and am gone out of my mind! Then their former speeches about me were untrue.'' For once, when the Persians were sitting with him, and Croesus was by, he had asked them, what sort of man they thought him compared to his father Cyrus. Hereon they had answered, that he surpassed his father, for he was lord of all that his father ever ruled, and further had made himself master of Egypt, and the sea. Then Croesus, who was standing near, and misliked the comparison, spoke thus to Cambyses: ''In my judgment, O son of Cyrus, thou art not equal to thy father, for thou hast not yet left behind thee such a son as he.'' Cambyses was delighted when he heard this reply, and praised the judgment of Croesus.

Recollecting these answers, Cambyses spoke fiercely to Prexaspes, saying, ''Judge now thyself, Prexaspes, whether the Persians tell the truth, or whether it is not they who are mad for speaking as they do. Look there now at thy son standing in the vestibule—if I shoot and hit him right in the middle of the heart, it will be plain the Persians have no grounds for what they say: if I miss him, then I allow that the Persians are right, and that I am out of my mind.'' So speaking he drew his bow to the full, and struck the boy, who straightway fell down dead. Then Cambyses ordered the body to be opened, and the wound examined; and when the arrow was found to have entered the heart, the king was quite overjoyed, and said to the father with a laugh, ''Now thou seest plainly, Prexaspes, that it is not I who am mad, but the Persians who have lost their senses. I pray thee tell me, sawest thou ever mortal man send an arrow with a better aim?'' Prexaspes, seeing that the King was not in his right mind, and fearing for himself, replied, ''Oh! my lord, I do not think that God himself could shoot so dexterously.'' Such was the outrage which Cambyses committed at this time: at another, he took twelve of the noblest Persians, and, without bringing any charge worthy of death against them, buried them all up to the neck.

Hereupon Croesus the Lydian thought it right to admonish Cambyses, which he did in these words following: "Oh! King, allow not thyself to give way entirely to thy youth, and the heat of thy temper, but check and control thyself. It is well to look to consequences, and in forethought is true wisdom. Thou layest hold of men, who are thy fellow-citizens, and, without cause of complaint, slayest them—thou even puttest children to death—bethink thee now, if thou shalt often do things like these, will not the Persians rise in revolt against thee? It is by thy father's wish that I offer thee advice; he charged me strictly to give thee such counsel as I might see to be most for thy good." In thus advising Cambyses, Croesus meant nothing but what was friendly. But Cambyses answered him, "Dost thou presume to offer me advice? Right well thou rulest thy own country when thou wert a king, and right sage advice thou gavest my father Cyrus, bidding him cross the Araxes and fight the Massagetae in their own land, when they were willing to have passed over into ours. By thy misdirection of thine own affairs thou broughtest ruin upon thyself, and by thy bad counsel, which he followed, thou broughtest ruin upon Cyrus, my father. But thou shalt not escape punishment now, for I have long been seeking to find some occasion against thee." As he thus spoke, Cambyses took up his bow to shoot at Croesus; but Croesus ran hastily out, and escaped. So when Cambyses found that he could not kill him with his bow, he bade his servants seize him, and put him to death. The servants, however, who knew their master's humor, thought it best to hide Croesus; that so, if Cambyses relented, and asked for him, they might bring him out, and get a reward for having saved his life—if, on the other hand, he did not relent, or regret the loss, they might then despatch him. Not long afterwards, Cambyses did in fact regret the loss of Croesus, and the servants, perceiving it, let him know that he was still alive. "I am glad," said he, "that Croesus lives, but as for you who saved him, ye shall not escape my vengeance, but shall all of you be put to death." And he did even as he had said.

Thus it appears certain to me, by a great variety of proofs, that Cambyses was raving mad; he would not else have set himself to make a mock of holy rites and long-established usages. For if one were to offer men to choose out of all the customs in the world such as seemed to them the best, they would examine the whole number, and end by preferring their own; so convinced are they that their own usages far surpass those of all others. Unless, therefore, a man was mad, it is not likely that he would make sport of such matters. That people have this feeling about their laws may be seen by very many proofs: among others, by the following: Darius, after he had got the kingdom, called into his presence certain Greeks who were at hand, and asked—"What he should pay them to eat the bodies of their fathers when they died?" To which they answered, that there was no sum that would tempt them to do such a thing. He then sent for certain Indians, of the race called Callatians, men who eat their fathers, and asked them, while the Greeks stood by, and knew by the help of an interpreter all that was said, what he should give them to burn the bodies of their fathers at their decease. The Indians exclaimed aloud, and bade him forbear such language.

While Cambyses, son of Cyrus, after losing his senses, still lingered in Egypt, two Magi, brothers, revolted against him. One of them had been left in Persia by Cambyses as comptroller of his household; and it was he who began the revolt. Aware that Smerdis was dead, and that his death was hid, and known to few of the Persians, while most believed that he was still alive, he laid his plan, and made a bold stroke for the crown. He had a brother—the same of whom I spoke before as his partner in the revolt—who happened greatly to resemble Smerdis, the son of Cyrus, whom Cambyses his brother had put to death. And not only was this brother of his like Smerdis in person, but he also bore the selfsame name, to wit, Smerdis. Patizeithes, the other Magus, having persuaded him that he would carry the whole business through, took him and made him sit upon the royal

throne. Having so done, he sent heralds through all the land, to Egypt and elsewhere, to make proclamation to the troops that henceforth they were to obey Smerdis, the son of Cyrus, and not Cambyses.

The other heralds therefore made proclamation as they were ordered, and likewise the herald whose place it was to proceed into Egypt. He, when he reached Agbatana in Syria, finding Cambyses and his army there, went straight into the middle of the host, and standing forth before them all, made the proclamation which Patizeithes the Magus had commanded. Cambyses no sooner heard him, than believing that what the herald said was true, and imagining that he had been betrayed by Prexaspes (who, he supposed, had not put Smerdis to death when sent into Persia for that purpose), he turned his eyes full upon Prexaspes, and said, "Is this the way, Prexaspes, that thou didst my errand?" "Oh! my liege," answered the other, "there is no truth in the tidings that Smerdis thy brother has revolted against thee, nor hast thou to fear in time to come any quarrel, great or small, with that man. With my own hands I wrought thy will on him, and with my own hands I buried him. If of a truth the dead can leave their graves, expect Astyages the Mede to rise and fight against thee; but if the course of nature be the same as formerly, then be sure no ill will ever come upon thee from this quarter. Now therefore my counsel is, that we send in pursuit of the herald, and strictly question him who it was that charged him to bid us obey King Smerdis."

When Prexaspes had so spoken, and Cambyses had approved his words, the herald was forthwith pursued, and brought back to the King. Then Prexaspes said to him, "Sirrah, thou bear'st us a message, sayst thou, from Smerdis, son of Cyrus. Now answer truly, and go thy way scathless. Did Smerdis have thee to his presence and give thee thy orders, or hadst thou them from one of his officers?" The herald answered, "Truly I have not set eyes on Smerdis, son of Cyrus, since the day when King Cambyses led the Persians into Egypt. The man

who gave me my orders was the Magus that Cambyses left in charge of the household; but he said that Smerdis, son of Cyrus, sent you the message.'' In all this the herald spoke nothing but the strict truth. Then Cambyses said thus to Prexaspes: ''Thou art free from all blame, Prexaspes, since, as a right good man, thou hast not failed to do the thing which I commanded. But tell me now, which of the Persians can have taken the name of Smerdis, and revolted from me?'' ''I think, my liege,'' he answered, ''that I apprehend the whole business. The men who have risen in revolt against thee are the two Magi, Patizeithes, who was left comptroller of thy household, and his brother, who is named Smerdis.''

Cambyses no sooner heard the name of Smerdis than he was struck with the truth of Prexaspes' words, and the fulfillment of his own dream—the dream, I mean, which he had in former days, when one appeared to him in his sleep and told him that Smerdis sate upon the royal throne, and with his head touched the heavens. So when he saw that he had needlessly slain his brother Smerdis, he wept and bewailed his loss: after which, smarting with vexation as he thought of all his ill luck, he sprang hastily upon his steed, meaning to march his army with all haste to Susa against the Magus. As he made his spring, the button of his sword-sheath fell off, and the bared point entered his thigh, wounding him exactly where he had himself once wounded the Egyptian god Apis. Then Cambyses, feeling that he had got his death-wound, inquired the name of the place where he was, and was answered, ''Agbatana.'' Now before this it had been told him by the oracle at Buto that he should end his days at Agbatana. He, however, had understood the Median Agbatana, where all his treasures were, and had thought that he should die there in a good old age: but the oracle meant Agbatana in Syria. So when Cambyses heard the name of the place, the double shock that he had received, from the revolt of the Magus and from his wound, brought him back to his senses. And he understood now the true meaning of the oracle, and said, ''Here then Cambyses, son of Cyrus, is doomed to die.''

At this time he said no more; but twenty days afterwards he called to his presence all the chief Persians who were with the army, and addressed them as follows: "Persians, needs must I tell you now what hitherto I have striven with the greatest care to keep concealed. When I was in Egypt I saw in my sleep a vision, which would that I had never beheld! I thought a messenger came to me from my home, and told me that Smerdis sate upon the royal throne, and with his head touched the heavens. Then I feared to be cast from my throne by Smerdis my brother, and I did what was more hasty than wise. Ah! truly, do what they may, it is impossible for men to turn aside the coming fate. I, in my folly, sent Prexaspes to Susa, to put my brother to death. So this great woe was accomplished, and I then lived without fear, never imagining that after Smerdis was dead, I need dread revolt from any other. But herein I had quite mistaken what was about to happen, and so I slew my brother without any need, and nevertheless have lost my crown. For it was Smerdis the Magus, and not Smerdis my brother, of whose rebellion God forewarned me by the vision. The deed is done, however, and Smerdis, son of Cyrus, be sure is lost to you. The Magi have the royal power—Patizeithes, whom I left at Susa to overlook my household, and Smerdis his brother. There was one who would have been bound beyond all others to avenge the wrongs I have suffered from these Magians, but he, alas! has perished by a horrid fate, deprived of life by those nearest and dearest to him. In his default, nothing now remains for me but to tell you, O Persians, what I would wish to have done after I have breathed my last. Therefore, in the name of the gods that watch over our royal house, I charge you all, and specially such of you as are Achaemenids, that ye do not tamely allow the kingdom to go back to the Medes. Recover it one way or another, by force or fraud; by fraud, if it is by fraud that they have seized on it; by force, if force has helped them in their enterprise. Do this, and then may your land bring you forth fruit abundantly, and your wives bear

children, and your herds increase, and freedom be your portion for ever: but do it not—make no brave struggle to regain the kingdom—and then my curse be on you, and may the opposite of all these things happen to you—and not only so, but may you, one and all, perish at the last by such a fate as mine!" Then Cambyses, when he left speaking, bewailed his whole misfortune from beginning to end.

Whereupon the Persians, seeing their King weep, rent the garments that they had on, and uttered lamentable cries; after which, as the bone presently grew carious, and the limb gangrened, Cambyses, son of Cyrus, died. He had reigned in all seven years and five months, and left no issue behind him, male or female. The Persians who had heard his words, put no faith in anything that he said concerning the Magi having the royal power; but believed that he spoke out of hatred towards Smerdis, and had invented the tale of his death to cause the whole Persian race to rise up in arms against him. Thus they were convinced that it was Smerdis, the son of Cyrus, who had rebelled and now sate on the throne. For Prexaspes stoutly denied that he had slain Smerdis, since it was not safe for him, after Cambyses was dead, to allow that a son of Cyrus had met with death at his hands.

X. Thermopylae. The following is what Herodotus tells us of the battle at Thermopylae:

Artemisium is where the sea of Thrace contracts into a narrow channel, running between the isle of Sciathus and the mainland of Magnesia. When this narrow strait is passed you come to the line of coast called Artemisium; which is a portion of Euboea, and contains a temple of Artemis (Diana). As for the entrance into Greece by Trachis, it is, at its narrowest point, about fifty feet wide. This however is not the place where the passage is most contracted; for it is still narrower a little above and a

little below Thermopylae. At Alpeni, which is lower down than that place, it is only wide enough for a single carriage; and up above, at the river Phoenix, near the town called Anthela, it is the same. West of Thermopylae rises a lofty and precipitous hill, impossible to climb, which runs up into the chain of Oeta; while to the east the road is shut in by the sea and by marshes. In this place are the warm springs, which the natives call "The Cauldrons;" and above them stands an altar sacred to Hercules. A wall had once been carried across the opening; and in this there had of old times been a gateway. These works were made by the Phocians, through fear of the Thessalians, at the time when the latter came from Thesprotia to establish themselves in the land of Aeolis, which they still occupy. As the Thessalians strove to reduce Phocis, the Phocians raised the wall to protect themselves, and likewise turned the hot springs upon the pass, that so the ground might be broken up by water-courses, using thus all possible means to hinder the Thessalians from invading their country. The old wall had been built in very remote times; and the greater part of it had gone to decay through age. Now however the Greeks resolved to repair its breaches, and here make their stand against the barbarian. At this point there is a village very nigh the road, Alpeni by name, from which the Greeks reckoned on getting corn for their troops.

These places, therefore, seemed to the Greeks fit for their purpose. Weighing well all that was likely to happen, and considering that in this region the barbarians could make no use of their vast numbers, nor of their cavalry, they resolved to await here the invader of Greece. And when news reached them of the Persians being in Pieria, straightway they broke up from the Isthmus, and proceeded, some on foot to Thermopylae, others by sea to Artemisium.

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The Greeks who at this spot awaited the coming of Xerxes were the following: From Sparta, three hundred men-at-arm; from Arcadia, a thousand Tegeans

and Mantineans, five hundred of each people; a hundred and twenty Orchomenians, from the Arcadian Orchomenus; and a thousand from other cities; from Corinth, four hundred men; from Phlius, two hundred; and from Mycenae, eighty. Such was the number from the Peloponnese. There were also present, from Boeotia, seven hundred Thespians and four hundred Thebans.

Besides these troops, the Locrians of Opus and the Phocians had obeyed the call of their countrymen, and sent, the former all the force they had, the latter a thousand men. For envoys had gone from the Greeks at Thermopylae among the Locrians and Phocians, to call on them for assistance, and to say—"They were themselves but the vanguard of the host, sent to precede the main body, which might every day be expected to follow them. The sea was in good keeping, watched by the Athenians, the Eginetans, and the rest of the fleet. There was no cause why they should fear; for after all the invader was not a god but a man; and there never had been, and never would be, a man who was not liable to misfortunes from the very day of his birth, and those misfortunes greater in proportion to his own greatness. The assailant therefore, being only a mortal, must needs fall from his glory." Thus urged, the Locrians and the Phocians had come with their troops to Trachis.

The various nations had each captains of their own under whom they served; but the one to whom all especially looked up, and who had the command of the entire force, was the Lacedaemonian, Leonidas. . . .

Leonidas had come to be king of Sparta quite unexpectedly.

Having two elder brothers, Cleomenes and Dorieus, he had no thought of ever mounting the throne. However, when Cleomenes died without male offspring, as Dorieus was likewise deceased, having perished in Sicily, the crown fell to Leonidas. He had now come to Thermopylae, accompanied by the three hundred men which the law assigned him, whom he had himself chosen from among the citizens, and who were all of them

fathers with sons living. On his way he had taken the troops from Thebes, whose number I have already mentioned, and who were under the command of Leontiades, the son of Eurymachus. The reason why he made a point of taking troops from Thebes, and Thebes only, was, that the Thebans were strongly suspected of being well inclined to the Medes. Leonidas therefore called on them to come with him to the war, wishing to see whether they would comply with his demand, or openly refuse, and disclaim the Greek alliance. They, however, though their wishes leant the other way, nevertheless sent the men.

The force with Leonidas was sent forward by the Spartans in advance of their main body, that the sight of them might encourage the allies to fight, and hinder them from going over to the Medes, as it was likely they might have done had they seen that Sparta was backward. They intended presently, when they had celebrated the Carneian festival, which was what now kept them at home, to leave a garrison in Sparta, and hasten in full force to join the army. The rest of the allies also intended to act similarly; for it happened that the Olympic festival fell exactly at this same period. None of them looked to see the contest at Thermopylae decided so speedily; wherefore they were content to send forward a mere advanced guard. Such accordingly were the intentions of the allies.

The Greek forces at Thermopylae, when the Persian army drew near to the entrance of the pass, were seized with fear; and a council was held to consider about a retreat. It was the wish of the Peloponnesians generally that the army should fall back upon the Peloponnese, and there guard the Isthmus. But Leonidas, who saw with what indignation the Phocians and Locrians heard of this plan, gave his voice for remaining where they were, while they sent envoys to the several cities to ask for help, since they were too few to make a stand against an army like that of the Medes.

While this debate was going on, Xerxes sent a mounted

spy to observe the Greeks, and note how many they were, and see what they were doing. He had heard, before he came out of Thessaly, that a few men were assembled at this place, and that at their head were certain Lacedaemonians, under Leonidas, a descendant of Hercules. The horseman rode up to the camp, and looked about him, but did not see the whole army; for such as were on the further side of the wall (which had been rebuilt and was now carefully guarded) it was not possible for him to behold; but he observed those on the outside, who were encamped in front of the rampart. It chanced that at this time the Lacedaemonians held the outer guard, and were seen by the spy, some of them engaged in gymnastic exercises, others combing their long hair. At this the spy greatly marveled, but he counted their number, and when he had taken accurate note of everything, he rode back quietly; for no one pursued after him, nor paid any heed to his visit. So he returned, and told Xerxes all that he had seen.

Upon this, Xerxes, who had no means of surmising the truth—namely, that the Spartans were preparing to do or die manfully—but thought it laughable that they should be engaged in such employments, sent and called to his presence Demaratus, the son of Ariston, who still remained with the army. When he appeared, Xerxes told him all that he had heard, and questioned him concerning the news, since he was anxious to understand the meaning of such behavior on the part of the Spartans. Then Demaratus said:

"I spake to thee, O King! concerning these men long since, when we had but just begun our march upon Greece; thou, however, didst only laugh at my words, when I told thee of all this, which I saw would come to pass. Earnestly do I struggle at all times to speak truth to thee, sire; and now listen to it once more. These men have come to dispute the pass with us; and it is for this that they are now making ready. 'Tis their custom, when they are about to hazard their lives, to adorn their heads with care. Be assured, however, that if thou canst subdue

the men who are here and the Lacedaemonians who remain in Sparta, there is no other nation in all the world which will venture to lift a hand in their defense. Thou hast now to deal with the first kingdom and town in Greece, and with the bravest men."

Then Xerxes, to whom what Demaratus said seemed altogether to surpass belief, asked further, how it was possible for so small an army to contend with his.

"O king!" Demaratus answered, "let me be treated as a liar, if matters fall not out as I say."

But Xerxes was not persuaded any the more. Four whole days he suffered to go by, expecting that the Greeks would run away. When, however, he found on the fifth that they were not gone, thinking that their firm stand was mere impudence and recklessness, he grew wroth, and sent against them the Medes and Cissians, with orders to take them alive and bring them into his presence. Then the Medes rushed forward and charged the Greeks, but fell in vast numbers: others, however, took the places of the slain, and would not be beaten off, though they suffered terrible losses. In this way it became clear to all, and especially to the King, that though he had plenty of combatants, he had but very few warriors. The struggle, however, continued during the whole day.

Then the Medes, having met so rough a reception, withdrew from the fight; and their place was taken by the band of Persians under Hydarnes, whom the king called his "Immortals:" they, it was thought, would soon finish the business. But when they joined battle with the Greeks, 'twas with no better success than the Median detachment—things went much as before—the two armies fighting in a narrow space, and the barbarians using shorter spears than the Greeks, and having no advantage from their numbers. The Lacedaemonians fought in a way worthy of note, and showed themselves far more skillful in fight than their adversaries, often turning their backs, and making as though they were all flying away, on which the barbarians would rush after them with much noise and shouting, when the Spartans

at their approach would wheel round and face their pursuers, in this way destroying vast numbers of the enemy. Some Spartans likewise fell in these encounters, but only a very few. At last the Persians, finding that all their efforts to gain the pass availed nothing, and that, whether they attacked by divisions or in any other way, it was to no purpose, withdrew to their own quarters.

During these assaults, it is said that Xerxes, who was watching the battle, thrice leaped from the throne on which he sate, in terror for his army.

Next day the combat was renewed, but with no better success on the part of the barbarians. The Greeks were so few that the barbarians hoped to find them disabled, by reason of their wounds, from offering any further resistance; and so they once more attacked them. But the Greeks were drawn up in detachments according to their cities, and bore the brunt of the battle in turns,—all except the Phocians, who had been stationed on the mountain to guard the pathway. So, when the Persians found no difference between that day and the preceding, they again retired to their quarters.

Now, as the King was in a great strait, and knew not how he should deal with the emergency, Ephialtes, the son of Eurydemus, a man of Malis, came to him and was admitted to a conference. Stirred by the hope of receiving a rich reward at the King's hands, he had come to tell him of the pathway which led across the mountain to Thermopylae; by which disclosure he brought destruction on the band of Greeks who had there withstood the barbarians. This Ephialtes afterwards, from fear of the Lacedaemonians, fled into Thessaly; and during his exile, in an assembly of the Amphictyons held at Pylae, a price was set upon his head by the Pylagorae. When some time had gone by, he returned from exile, and went to Anticyra, where he was slain by Athenades, a native of Trachis.

. . . . . .

Great was the joy of Xerxes on this occasion; and as he approved highly of the enterprise which Ephialtes

undertook to accomplish, he forthwith sent upon the errand Hydarnes, and the Persians under him. The troops left the camp about the time of the lighting of the lamps. The pathway along which they went was first discovered by the Malians of these parts, who soon afterwards led the Thessalians by it to attack the Phocians, at the time when the Phocians fortified the pass with a wall, and so put themeslves under covert from danger. And ever since, the path has always been put to an ill use by the Malians.

The Persians took this path, and, crossing the Asopus, continued their march through the whole of the night, having the mountains of Oeta on their right hand, and on their left those of Trachis. At dawn of day they found themselves close to the summit. Now the hill was guarded, as I have already said, by a thousand Phocian men-at-arms, who were placed there to defend the pathway, and at the same time to secure their own country. They had been given the guard of the mountain path, while the other Greeks defended the pass below, because they had volunteered for the service, and had pledged themselves to Leonidas to maintain the post.

The ascent of the Persians became known to the Phocians in the following manner: During all the time that they were making their way up, the Greeks remained unconscious of it, inasmuch as the whole mountain was covered with groves of oak; but it happened that the air was very still, and the leaves which the Persians stirred with their feet made, as it was likely they would, a loud rustling, whereupon the Phocians jumped up and flew to seize their arms. In a moment the barbarians came in sight, and, perceiving men arming themselves, were greatly amazed; for they had fallen in with an enemy when they expected no opposition. Hydarnes, alarmed at the sight, and fearing lest the Phocians might be Lacedaemonians, inquired of Ephialtes to what nation these troops belonged. Ephialtes told him the exact truth, whereupon he arrayed his Persians for battle. The Phocians, galled by the showers of arrows to which they

were exposed, and imagining themselves the special object of the Persian attack, fled hastily to the crest of the mountain, and there made ready to meet death; but while their mistake continued, the Persians, with Ephialtes and Hydarnes, not thinking it worth their while to delay on account of Phocians, passed on and descended the mountain with all possible speed.

The Greeks at Thermopylae received the first warning of the destruction which the dawn would bring on them from the seer Megistias, who read their fate in the victims as he was sacrificing. After this deserters came in, and brought the news that the Persians were marching round by the hills: it was still night when these men arrived. Last of all, the scouts came running down from the heights, and brought in the same accounts, when the day was just beginning to break. Then the Greeks held a council to consider what they should do, and here opinions were divided: some were strong against quitting their post, while others contended to the contrary. So when the council had broken up, part of the troops departed and went their ways homeward to their several states; part however resolved to remain, and to stand by Leonidas to the last.

It is said that Leonidas himself sent away the troops who departed, because he tendered their safety, but thought it unseemly that either he or his Spartans should quit the post which they had been especially sent to guard. For my own part, I incline to think that Leonidas gave the order, because he perceived the allies to be out of heart and unwilling to encounter the danger to which his own mind was made up. He therefore commanded them to retreat, but said that he himself could not draw back with honor; knowing that, if he stayed, glory awaited him, and that Sparta in that case would not lose her prosperity. For when the Spartans, at the very beginning of the war, sent to consult the oracle concerning it, the answer which they received from the Pythoness was, that either Sparta must be overthrown by the barbarians, or one of her kings must perish.

The prophecy was delivered in hexameter verse, and ran thus:

O ye men who dwell in the streets of broad Lacedaemon!
Either your glorious town shall be sacked by the children of Perseus,
Or, in exchange, must all through the whole Laconian country
Mourn for the loss of a king, descendant of great Heracles.
He cannot be withstood by the courage of bulls nor of lions,
Strive as they may; he is mighty as Jove; there is nought that shall stay him,
Till he have got for his prey your king, or your glorious city.

The remembrance of this answer, I think, and the wish to secure the whole glory for the Spartans, caused Leonidas to send the allies away. This is more likely than that they quarreled with him, and took their departure in such unruly fashion.

To me it seems no small argument in favor of this view, that the seer also who accompanied the army, Megistias, the Acarnanian, who, though bidden to depart, refused, and stayed with the army; but he had an only son present with the expedition, whom he now sent away.

So the allies, when Leonidas ordered them to retire, obeyed him and forthwith departed. Only the Thespians and the Thebans remained with the Spartans; and of these the Thebans were kept back by Leonidas as hostages, very much against their will. The Thespians, on the contrary, stayed entirely of their own accord, refusing to retreat, and declaring that they would not forsake Leonidas and his followers. So they abode with the Spartans, and died with them. Their leader was Demophilus, the son of Diadromes.

At sunrise Xerxes made libations, after which he waited until the time when the forum is wont to fill, and then began his advance. Ephialtes had instructed him thus, as the descent of the mountain is much quicker,

and the distance much shorter, than the way round the hills, and the ascent. So the barbarians under Xerxes began to draw nigh; and the Greeks under Leonidas, as they now went forth determined to die, advanced much further than on previous days, until they reached the more open portion of the pass. Hitherto they had held their station within the wall, and from this had gone forth to fight at the point where the pass was the narrowest. Now they joined battle beyond the defile, and carried slaughter among the barbarians, who fell in heaps. Behind them the captains of the squadrons, armed with whips, urged their men forward with continual blows. Many were thrust into the sea, and there perished; a still greater number were trampled to death by their own soldiers; no one heeded the dying. For the Greeks, reckless of their own safety and desperate, since they knew that, as the mountain had been crossed, their destruction was nigh at hand, exerted themselves with the most furious valor against the barbarians.

By this time the spears of the greater number were all shivered, and with their swords they hewed down the ranks of the Persians; and here, as they strove, Leonidas fell fighting bravely, together with many other famous Spartans, whose names I have taken care to learn on account of their great worthiness, as indeed I have those of all the three hundred. There fell too at the same time very many famous Persians.

Thus two brothers of Xerxes here fought and fell. And now there arose a fierce struggle between the Persians and the Lacedaemonians over the body of Leonidas, in which the Greeks four times drove back the enemy, and at last by their great bravery succeeded in bearing off the body. This combat was scarcely ended when the Persians with Ephialtes approached; and the Greeks, informed that they drew nigh, made a change in the manner of their fighting. Drawing back into the narrowest part of the pass, and retreating even behind the cross wall, they posted themselves upon a hillock, where they stood all drawn up together in one close body, except

only the Thebans. The hillock whereof I speak is at the entrance of the straits, where the stone lion stands which was set up in honor of Leonidas. Here they defended themselves to the last, such as still had swords using them, and the others resisting with their hands and teeth; till the barbarians, who in part had pulled down the wall and attacked them in front, in part had gone round and now encircled them upon every side, overwhelmed and buried the remnant which was left beneath showers of missile weapons.

Thus nobly did the whole body of Lacedaemonians and Thespians behave; but nevertheless one man is said to have distinguished himself above all the rest, to wit, Dieneces the Spartan. A speech which he made before the Greeks engaged the Medes, remains on record. One of the Trachinians told him, "Such was the number of the barbarians, that when they shot forth their arrows the sun would be darkened by their multitude." Dieneces, not at all frightened at these words, but making light of the Median numbers, answered, "Our Trachinian friend brings us excellent tidings. If the Medes darken the sun, we shall have our fight in the shade." Other sayings too of a like nature are reported to have been left on record by this same person.

Next to him two brothers, Lacedaemonians, are reputed to have made themselves conspicuous: they were named Alpheus and Maro, and were the sons of Orsiphantus. There was also a Thespian who gained greater glory than any of his countrymen: he was a man called Dithyrambus, the son of Harmatidas.

The slain were buried where they fell; and in their honor, nor less in honor of those who died before Leonidas sent the allies away, an inscription was set up, which said:—

> "Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land
> Against three hundred myriads bravely stand."

This was in honor of all. Another was for the Spartans alone:—

WAHKIAKUM HIGH SCHOOL
Cathalmet, Wash.

"Go, stranger, and to Lacedaemon tell
That here, obeying her behests, we fell."

This was for the Lacedaemonians. The seer had the following:—

"The great Megistias' tomb you here may view,
Whom slew the Medes, fresh from Spercheius' fords.
Well the wise seer the coming death foreknew,
Yet scorned he to forsake his Spartan lords."

These inscriptions, and the pillars likewise, were all set up by the Amphictyons, except that in honor of Megistias, which was inscribed to him (on account of their sworn friendship) by Simonides, the son of Leoprepes.

XI. Salamis. The great battle at Salamis is thus described:

In the midst of their contention, Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, who had crossed from Egina, arrived in Salamis. He was an Athenian, and had been ostracized by the commonalty; yet I believe, from what I have heard concerning his character, that there was not in all Athens a man so worthy or so just as he. He now came to the council, and, standing outside, called for Themistocles. Now Themistocles was not his friend, but his most determined enemy. However, under the pressure of the great danger impending, Aristides forgot their feud, and called Themistocles out of the council, since he wished to confer with him. He had heard before his arrival of the impatience of the Peloponnesians to withdraw the fleet to the Isthmus. As soon therefore as Themistocles came forth, Aristides addressed him in these words:

"Our rivalry at all times, and especially at the present season, ought to be a struggle, which of us shall most advantage our country. Let me then say to thee, that so far as regards the departure of the Peloponnesians from this place, much talk and little will be found precisely alike. I have seen with my own eyes that which I now report: that, however much the Corinthians or

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Eurybiades himself may wish it, they cannot now retreat; for we are enclosed on every side by the enemy. Go in to them, and make this known."

"Thy advice is excellent," answered the other; "and thy tidings are also good. That which I earnestly desired to happen, thine eyes have beheld accomplished. Know that what the Medes have now done was at my instance; for it was necessary, as our men would not fight here of their own free will, to make them fight whether they would or no. But come now, as thou hast brought the good news, go in and tell it. For if I speak to them, they will think it a feigned tale, and will not believe that the barbarians have inclosed us around. Therefore do thou go to them, and inform them how matters stand. If they believe thee, 'twill be for the best; but if otherwise, it will not harm. For it is impossible that they should now flee away, if we are indeed shut in on all sides, as thou sayest."

Then Aristides entered the assembly, and spoke to the captains: he had come, he told them, from Egina, and had but barely escaped the blockading vessels—the Greek fleet was entirely inclosed by the ships of Xerxes—and he advised them to get themselves in readiness to resist the foe. Having said so much, he withdrew. And now another contest arose; for the greater part of the captains would not believe the tidings.

But while they still doubted, a Tenian trireme deserted from the Persians and joined the Greeks, bringing full intelligence. For this reason the Tenians were inscribed upon the tripod at Delphi among those who overthrew the barbarians. With this ship, which deserted to their side at Salamis, and the Lemnian vessel which came over before at Artemisium, the Greek fleet was brought to the full number of 380 ships; otherwise it fell short by two of that amount.

The Greeks now, not doubting what the Tenians told them, made ready for the coming fight. At the dawn of day, all the men-at-arms were assembled together, and speeches were made to them, of which the best was that of

Themistocles; who throughout contrasted what was noble with what was base, and bade them, in all that came within the range of man's nature and constitution, *always* to make choice of the nobler part. Having thus wound up his discourse, he told them to go at once on board their ships, which they accordingly did; and about this time the trireme, that had been sent to Egina for the Aeacidae, returned; whereupon the Greeks put to sea with all their fleet.

The fleet had scarce left the land when they were attacked by the barbarians. At once most of the Greeks began to back water, and were about touching the shore, when Ameinias of Pallene, one of the Athenian captains, darted forth in front of the line, and charged a ship of the enemy. The two vessels became entangled, and could not separate, whereupon the rest of the fleet came up to help Ameinias, and engaged with the Persians. Such is the account which the Athenians give of the way in which the battle began; but the Eginetans maintain that the vessel which had been to Egina for the Aeacidae, was the one that brought on the fight. It is also reported, that a phantom in the form of a woman appeared to the Greeks, and, in a voice that was heard from end to end of the fleet, cheered them on to the fight; first, however, rebuking them, and saying—"Strange men, how long are ye going to back water?"

Against the Athenians, who held the western extremity of the line towards Eleusis, were placed the Phoenicians; against the Lacedaemonians, whose station was eastward towards the Piraeus, the Ionians. Of these last a few only followed the advice of Themistocles, to fight backwardly; the greater number did far otherwise. I could mention here the names of many trierarchs who took vessels from the Greeks, but I shall pass over all excepting Theomestor, the son of Androdamas, and Phylacus, the son of Histiaeus, both Samians. I show this preference to them, inasmuch as for this service Theomestor was made tyrant of Samos by the Persians, while Phylacus was enrolled among the King's benefactors, and

presented with a large estate in land. In the Persian tongue the king's benefactors are called *Orosangs*.

Far the greater number of the Persian ships engaged in this battle were disabled, either by the Athenians or by the Eginetans. For as the Greeks fought in order and kept their line, while the barbarians were in confusion and had no plan in anything that they did, the issue of the battle could scarce be other than it was. Yet the Persians fought far more bravely here than at Euboea, and indeed surpassed themselves; each did his utmost through fear of Xerxes, for each thought that the King's eye was upon himself.

What part the several nations, whether Greek or barbarian, took in the combat, I am not able to say for certain; Artemisia, Queen of Halicarnassus, however, I know, distinguished herself in such a way as raised her even higher than she stood before in the esteem of the King. For after confusion had spread throughout the whole of the King's fleet, and her ship was closely pursued by an Athenian trireme, she, having no way to fly, since in front of her were a number of friendly vessels, and she was nearest of all the Persians to the enemy, resolved on a measure which in fact proved her safety. Pressed by the Athenian pursuer, she bore straight against one of the ships of her own party, a Calyndian, which had Damasithymus, the Calyndian King, himself on board. I cannot say whether she had had any quarrel with the man while the fleet was at the Hellespont, or no—neither can I decide whether she of set purpose attacked his vessel, or whether it merely chanced that the Calyndian ship came in her way—but certain it is that she bore down upon his vessel and sank it, and that thereby she had the good fortune to procure herself a double advantage. For the commander of the Athenian trireme, when he saw her bear down on one of the enemy's fleet, thought immediately that her vessel was a Greek, or else had deserted from the Persians, and was now fighting on the Greek side; he therefore gave up the chase, and turned away to attack others.

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Thus in the first place she saved her life by the action, and was enabled to get clear off from the battle; while further, it fell out that in the very act of doing the King an injury she raised herself to a greater height than ever in his esteem. For as Xerxes beheld the fight, he remarked (it is said) the destruction of the vessel, whereupon the bystanders observed to him—"Seest thou, master, how well Artemisia fights, and how she has just sunk a ship of the enemy?" Then Xerxes asked if it were really Artemisia's doing; and they answered, "Certainly; for they knew her ensign:" while all made sure that the sunken vessel belonged to the opposite side. Everything, it is said, conspired to prosper the Queen—it was especially fortunate for her that not one of those on board the Calyndian ship survived to become her accuser. Xerxes, they say, in reply to the remarks made to him, observed—"My men have behaved like women, my women like men!"

There fell in this combat Ariabignes, one of the chief commanders of the fleet, who was son of Darius and brother of Xerxes; and with him perished a vast number of men of high repute, Persians, Medes, and allies. Of the Greeks there died only a few; for, as they were able to swim, all those that were not slain outright by the enemy escaped from the sinking vessels and swam across to Salamis. But on the side of the barbarians more perished by drowning than in any other way, since they did not know how to swim. The great destruction took place when the ships which had been first engaged began to fly; for they who were stationed in the rear, anxious to display their valor before the eyes of the King, made every effort to force their way to the front, and thus became entangled with such of their own vessels as were retreating.

In this confusion the following event occurred: Certain Phoenicians belonging to the ships which had thus perished made their appearance before the King, and laid the blame of their loss on the Ionians, declaring that they were traitors, and had willfully destroyed the vessels.

But the upshot of this complaint was, that the Ionian captains escaped the death which threatened them, while their Phoenician accusers received death as their reward. For it happened that, exactly as they spoke, a Samothracian vessel bore down on an Athenian and sank it, but was attacked and crippled immediately by one of the Eginetan squadron. Now the Samothracians were expert with the javelin, and aimed their weapons so well, that they cleared the deck of the vessel which had disabled their own, after which they sprang on board, and took it. This saved the Ionians. Xerxes, when he saw the exploit, turned fiercely on the Phoenicians—(he was ready, in his extreme vexation, to find fault with any one)—and ordered their heads to be cut off, to prevent them, he said, from casting the blame of their own misconduct upon braver men. During the whole time of the battle Xerxes sate at the base of the hill called Aegaleos, over against Salamis; and whenever he saw any of his own captains perform any worthy exploit he inquired concerning him; and the man's name was taken down by his scribes, together with the names of his father and his city. Ariaramnes too, a Persian, who was a friend of the Ionians, and present at the time whereof I speak, had a share in bringing about the punishment of the Phoenicians.

When the rout of the barbarians began, and they sought to make their escape to Phalerum, the Eginetans, awaiting them in the channel, performed exploits worthy to be recorded. Through the whole of the confused struggle the Athenians employed themselves in destroying such ships as either made resistance or fled to shore, while the Eginetans dealt with those which endeavored to escape down the strait; so that the Persian vessels were no sooner clear of the Athenians than forthwith they fell into the hands of the Eginetan squadron.

It chanced here that there was a meeting between the ship of Themistocles, which was hasting in pursuit of the enemy, and that of Polycritus, son of Crius the Eginetan, which had just charged a Sidonian trireme. . . .

Polycritus no sooner saw the Athenian trireme than, knowing at once whose vessel it was, as he observed that it bore the ensign of the admiral, he shouted to Themistocles jeeringly, and asked him, in a tone of reproach, if the Eginetans did not show themselves rare friends to the Medes. At the same time, while he thus reproached Themistocles, Polycritus bore straight down on the Sidonian. Such of the barbarian vessels as escaped from the battle fled to Phalerum, and there sheltered themselves under the protection of the land army.

The Greeks who gained the greatest glory of all in the sea-fight off Salamis were the Eginetans, and after them the Athenians. The individuals of most distinction were Polycritus the Eginetan, and two Athenians, Eumenes of Anagyrus, and Ameinias of Pallene; the latter of whom had pressed Artemisia so hard. And assuredly, if he had known that the vessel carried Artemisia on board, he would never have given over the chase till he had either succeeded in taking her, or else been taken himself. For the Athenian captains had received special orders touching the Queen; and moreover a reward of ten thousand drachmas had been proclaimed for any one who should make her prisoner; since there was great indignation felt that a woman should appear in arms against Athens. However, as I said before, she escaped; and so did some others whose ships survived the engagement: and these were all now assembled at the port of Phalerum.

The Athenians say that Adeimantus, the Corinthian commander, at the moment when the two fleets joined battle, was seized with fear, and being beyond measure alarmed, spread his sails, and hasted to fly away: on which the other Corinthians, seeing their leader's ship in full flight, sailed off likewise. They had reached in their flight that part of the coast of Salamis where stands the temple of Minerva Sciras, when they met a light bark, a very strange apparition: it was never discovered that any one had sent it to them; and till it appeared they were altogether ignorant how the battle was going. That there was something beyond nature in the matter they

judged from this—that when the men in the bark drew near to their ships they addressed them, saying—"Adeimantus, while thou playest the traitor's part, by withdrawing all these ships, and flying away from the fight, the Greeks whom thou hast deserted are defeating their foes as completely as they ever wished in their prayers." Adeimantus, however, would not believe what the men said; whereupon they told him, he might take them with him as hostages, and put them to death if he did not find the Greeks winning. Then Adeimantus put about, both he and those who were with him; and they rejoined the fleet when the victory was already gained. Such is the tale which the Athenians tell concerning them of Corinth; these latter however do not allow its truth. On the contrary, they declare that they were among those who distinguished themselves most in the fight. And the rest of Greece bears witness in their favor.

In the midst of the confusion Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, the Athenian, of whom I lately spoke as a man of the greatest excellence, performed the following service. He took a number of the Athenian heavy-armed troops, who had previously been stationed along the shore of Salamis, and, landing with them on the islet of Psyttaleia, slew all the Persians by whom it was occupied.

As soon as the sea-fight was ended, the Greeks drew together to Salamis all the wrecks that were to be found in that quarter, and prepared themselves for another engagement, supposing that the King would renew the fight with the vessels which still remained to him. Many of the wrecks had been carried away by a westerly wind to the coast of Attica, where they were thrown upon the strip of shore called Colias.

Xerxes, when he saw the extent of his loss, began to be afraid lest the Greeks might be counseled by the Ionians, or without their advice might determine to sail straight to the Hellespont and break down the bridges there; in which case he would be blocked up in Europe, and run great risk of perishing. He therefore made up his mind to fly.

XII. Brief Extracts. The following brief extracts will be of interest for one cause or another.

Persian customs:

To these gods the Persians offer sacrifice in the following manner: they raise no altar, light no fire, pour no libations; there is no sound of the flute, no putting on of chaplets, no consecrated barley-cake; but the man who wishes to sacrifice brings his victim to a spot of ground which is pure from pollution, and there calls upon the name of the god to whom he intends to offer. It is usual to have the turban encircled with a wreath, most commonly of myrtle. The sacrificer is not allowed to pray for blessings on himself alone, but he prays for the welfare of the king, and of the whole Persian people, among whom he is of necessity included. He cuts the victim in pieces, and having boiled the flesh, he lays it out upon the tenderest herbage that he can find, trefoil especially. When all is ready, one of the Magi comes forward and chants a hymn, which they say recounts the origin of the gods. It is not lawful to offer sacrifice unless there is a Magus present. After waiting a short time the sacrificer carries the flesh of the victim away with him, and makes whatever use of it he may please.

They hold it unlawful to talk of anything which it is unlawful to do. The most disgraceful thing in the world, they think, is to tell a lie; the next worst, to owe a debt: because, among other reasons, the debtor is obliged to tell lies. If a Persian has the leprosy he is not allowed to enter into a city, or to have any dealings with the other Persians; he must, they say, have sinned against the sun. Foreigners attacked by this disorder are forced to leave the country: even white pigeons are often driven away, as guilty of the same offense. They never defile a river with the secretions of their bodies, nor even wash their hands in one; nor will they allow others to do so.

as they have a great reverence for rivers. There is another peculiarity, which the Persians themselves have never noticed, but which has not escaped my observation. Their names, which are expressive of some bodily or mental excellence, all end with the same letter—the letter which is called San by the Dorians, and Sigma by the Ionians. Any one who examines will find that the Persian names, one and all without exception, end with this letter.

Two Babylonian customs:

Of their customs, whereof I shall now proceed to give an account, the following (which I understand belongs to them in common with the Illyrian tribe of the Eneti) is the wisest in my judgment. Once a year in each village the maidens of age to marry were collected all together into one place; while the men stood round them in a circle. Then a herald called up the damsels one by one, and offered them for sale. He began with the most beautiful. When she was sold for no small sum of money, he offered for sale the one who came next to her in beauty. All of them were sold to be wives. The richest of the Babylonians who wished to wed bid against each other for the loveliest maidens, while the humbler wife-seekers, who were indifferent about beauty, took the more homely damsels with marriage-portions. For the custom was that when the herald had gone through the whole number of the beautiful damsels, he should then call up the ugliest—a cripple, if there chanced to be one—and offer her to the men, asking who would agree to take her with the smallest marriage-portion. And the man who offered to take the smallest sum had her assigned to him. The marriage-portions were furnished by the money paid for the beautiful damsels, and thus the fairer maidens portioned out the uglier. No one was allowed to give his daughter in marriage to the man of his choice, nor might any one carry away the damsel whom he had purchased without finding bail really and truly to make her his wife; if, however, it turned out that they did not agree,

the money might be paid back. All who liked might come even from distant villages and bid for the women. This was the best of all their customs, but it has now fallen into disuse. They have lately hit upon a very different plan to save their maidens from violence, and prevent their being torn from them and carried to distant cities, which is to bring up their daughters to be courtesans. This is now done by all the poorer of the common people, who since the conquest have been maltreated by their lords, and have had ruin brought upon their families.

The following custom seems to me the wisest of their institutions next to the one lately praised. They have no physicians, but when a man is ill, they lay him in the public square, and the passers-by come up to him, and if they have ever had his disease themselves or have known any one who has suffered from it, they give him advice, recommending him to do whatever they found good in their own case, or in the case known to them; and no one is allowed to pass the sick man in silence without asking him what his ailment is.

They bury their dead in honey, and have funeral lamentations like the Egyptians. When a Babylonian has consorted with his wife, he sits down before a censer of burning incense, and the woman sits opposite to him. At dawn of day they wash; for till they are washed they will not touch any of their common vessels. This practice is observed also by the Arabians.

Customs of the Massagetae:

The following are some of their customs: Each man has but one wife, yet all the wives are held in common; for this is a custom of the Massagetae and not of the Scythians, as the Greeks wrongly say. Human life does not come to its natural close with this people; but when a man grows very old, all his kinsfolk collect together and offer him up in sacrifice; offering at the same time some cattle also. After the sacrifice they boil the flesh and feast on it; and those who thus end their days are

reckoned the happiest. If a man dies of disease they do not eat him, but bury him in the ground, bewailing his ill-fortune that he did not come to be sacrificed. They sow no grain, but live on their herds, and on fish, of which there is great plenty in the Araxes. Milk is what they chiefly drink. The only god they worship is the sun, and to him they offer the horse in sacrifice; under the notion of giving to the swiftest of the gods the swiftest of all mortal creatures.

The Amazons:

It is reported of the Sauromatae, that when the Greeks fought with the Amazons, whom the Scythians call *Oiorpata* or "man-slayers," it is reported, I say, that the Greeks after gaining the battle of the Thermodon, put to sea, taking with them on board three of their vessels all the Amazons whom they had made prisoners; and that these women upon the voyage rose up against the crews, and massacred them to a man. As, however, they were quite strange to ships, and did not know how to use either rudder, sails, or oars, they were carried, after the death of the men, where the winds and the waves listed. At last they reached the shores of the Palus Maeotis and came to a place called Cremni or "the Cliffs," which is in the country of the free Scythians. Here they went ashore, and proceeded by land towards the inhabited regions; the first herd of horses which they fell in with they seized, and mounting upon their backs, fell to plundering the Scythian territory.

The Scyths could not tell what to make of the attack upon them—the dress, the language, the nation itself, were alike unknown—whence the enemy had come even, was a marvel. Imagining, however, that they were all men of about the same age, they went out against them, and fought a battle. Some of the bodies of the slain fell into their hands, whereby they discovered the truth. Hereupon they deliberated, and made a resolve to kill no more of them, but to send against them a detachment of their youngest men, as near as they could guess equal

to the women in number, with orders to encamp in their neighborhood, and do as they saw them do—when the Amazons advanced against them, they were to retire, and avoid a fight—when they halted, the young men were to approach and pitch their camp near the camp of the enemy. All this they did on account of their strong desire to obtain children from so notable a race.

So the youths departed, and obeyed the orders which had been given them. The Amazons soon found out that they had not come to do them any harm; and so they on their part ceased to offer the Scythians any molestation. And now day after day the camps approached nearer to one another; both parties led the same life, neither having anything but their arms and horses, so that they were forced to support themselves by hunting and pillage.

At last an incident brought two of them together—the man easily gained the good graces of the woman, who bade him by signs (for they did not understand each other's language) to bring a friend the next day to the spot where they had met—promising on her part to bring with her another woman. He did so, and the woman kept her word. When the rest of the youths heard what had taken place, they also sought and gained the favor of the other Amazons.

The two camps were then joined in one, the Scythians living with the Amazons as their wives; and the men were unable to learn the tongue of the women, but the women soon caught up the tongue of the men. When they could thus understand one another, the Scyths addressed the Amazons in these words: "We have parents, and properties, let us therefore give up this mode of life, and return to our nation, and live with them. You shall be our wives there no less than here, and we promise you to have no others." But the Amazons said, "We could not live with your women—our customs are quite different from theirs. To draw the bow, to hurl the javelin, to bestride the horse, these are our arts—of womanly employments we know nothing. Your women, on the contrary, do none of these things; but stay at home in

their wagons, engaged in womanish tasks, and never go out to hunt, or to do anything. We should never agree together. But if you truly wish to keep us as your wives, and would conduct yourselves with strict justice towards us, go you home to your parents, bid them give you your inheritance, and then come back to us, and let us and you live together by ourselves."

The youths approved of the advice, and followed it. They went and got the portion of goods which fell to them, returned with it, and rejoined their wives, who then addressed them in these words following: "We are ashamed, and afraid to live in the country where we now are. Not only have we stolen you from your fathers, but we have done great damage to Scythia by our ravages. As you like us for wives, grant the request we make of you. Let us leave this country together, and go and dwell beyond the Tanais." Again the youths complied.

Crossing the Tanais they journeyed eastward a distance of three days' march from that stream, and again northward a distance of three days' march from the Palus Maeotis. Here they came to the country where they now live, and took up their abode in it. The women of the Sauromatae have continued from that day to the present to observe their ancient customs, frequently hunting on horseback with their husbands, sometimes even unaccompanied; in war taking the field; and wearing the very same dress as the men.

A Thracian custom:

The Thracians who live above the Crestonaeans observe the following customs. Each man among them has several wives; and no sooner does a man die than a sharp contest ensues among the wives upon the question, which of them all the husband loved most tenderly; the friends of each eagerly plead on her behalf, and she to whom the honor is adjudged, after receiving the praises both of men and women, is slain over the grave by the hand of her next of kin, and then buried with her husband. The others are sorely grieved, for nothing is considered such a disgrace.

CHAPTER XIX

THUCYDIDES

BIOGRAPHY. The birth of Thucydides is placed at about 471 B. C., upon the belief that at the beginning of the Peloponnesian War he was forty years old. There is extant a biography of him, but it is so full of contradictions and doubtful stories that it is not worthy of credence. From various writings we learn that he was instructed in oratory and philosophy by the best teachers; that, by reason of the ownership in gold mines in Thrace, he was a person of considerable influence in that locality. In 424 B. C. he commanded a small squadron of seven ships, but, failing to save

Amphipolis, he became an exile. After twenty years he returned under the terms of the general amnesty that was granted when democracy was restored to Athens. Where he spent this period of exile we are not definitely informed, though a part of it was passed somewhere on his Thracian lands.

Authorities differ as to the place and manner of his death, some claiming that he was assassinated at Athens soon after the return from exile, while others say that he died in Thrace and his bones were carried to Athens. In any event, his death must have taken place after 399 B. C.

II. His History. Thucydides lived in a different epoch and under different conditions than his predecessor, Herodotus. When the latter died, Persia was beaten and Athens was free. It was the end of a cycle of events which seemed to leave to Greece a coming era of prosperity; but, in fact, it marked only the beginning of a fierce struggle for supremacy within her own boundaries, among her own states. It was, then, into the period of the Peloponnesian War that Thucydides came, and the man formed the idea of watching that war from the very beginning, marking every step of its progress and writing history that should set down fairly and truthfully everything as it was. Moreover, he intended to help win the contest himself.

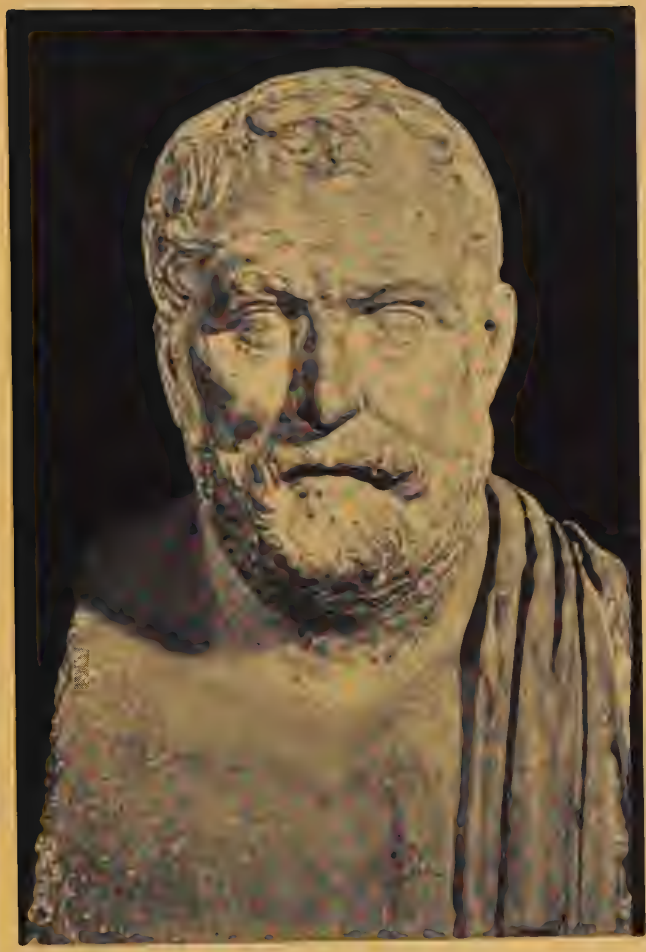
Throughout the continuation of the war he was engaged in this preparation of materials,

but it was not until after his return from exile that he proceeded to reduce his facts to orderly writing. The eighth book ends the account abruptly at about the middle of the year 411 B. C., seven years before the war ended; so it is evident that Thucydides did not live to complete his self-appointed task.

III. Literary Characteristics. In general, the style of Thucydides is virile and energetic, but it lacks the smooth, even flow of Herodotus, and at times, especially in the speeches which he is at great pains to elaborate, he loses clearness and his meaning becomes obscure, even to efficient scholars. Nevertheless, there is a harmony and consistency in the details of his work, and the result is a vivid picture by an eye witness or an observer at first hand.

Thucydides was a close and intelligent observer of human character, and his conclusions are usually marked by strict impartiality, though he was an enthusiastic and devout supporter of the Athenian cause. The *History* reads like a great drama of human action, the hero being the Athenian people in their struggle for supremacy over the other belligerent states.

A remarkable feature of his work consists of the introduction of important dialogues between the leading characters and of the arguments and orations of both the Spartan and Athenian statesmen. He says himself that he wished he were able to produce these speeches



THUCYDIDES
c. 471–399 B C

THE GREATEST HISTORIAN OF ANTIQUITY.

in exactly the language of their utterance, but, being unable to do so, he comes as nearly to the actual words as it is possible. Such a practice is not conducive to historical accuracy, and historian critics have been inclined to say things detrimental to Thucydides and a long list of his followers, who have decorated their historical works in like manner. However, as literature the *History* of Thucydides is extremely interesting, and its readers are willing to forego what his critics may desire, in the belief that such writings give a more accurate idea of the manners, customs, government and life of the ancient peoples than it is possible to obtain through a plain recital of facts.

It is probable that many of the obscurities and involutions that appear in his text are the result of interpolations and changes which have crept in during the centuries of his popularity. Competent critics say that the texts we know are manifestly corrupt and full of imperfections. It is only by painstaking study that in some instances scholars can follow the text in such a way as to determine just what this erudite warrior, keen observer and brilliant writer really transcribed for the benefit of posterity.

When Thucydides returned from his long exile, he came into a new Athens and his *History* was actually written under conditions vastly different from those in which the materials were collected. The Age of Pericles had passed, and a new era had dawned. His old

friends, his old leaders, the men he had admired and respected, had passed away. There was no inclination on his part to enter into the new life, and he was left to write in an unbiased way upon what was in a sense already ancient history. There was no reason why he should argue or attempt to establish any of the principles for which he had fought, and by nature he was opposed to such a course. Accordingly, he was able to use the masses of information he had collected with a freedom that no one had ever before shared, and his purpose was again to bring into life the great men of the past epoch and let them speak in their own voices to the degenerate present. His work was unfinished, and soon after his death other writers took up the theme in a manner more in harmony with their surroundings, so that the work of Thucydides never gained popularity with the people for whom it was written, but was appreciated by few until brought to light and deserved esteem in the days of Augustus Caesar.

IV. A Funeral Oration by Pericles. At the end of the first year of the war, the dead were honored, according to custom. The account by Thucydides is given as nearly as possible in his own words through the literal translation by Reverend Henry Dale. There is no attempt to make idiomatic English of the Greek text of this oration by Pericles, but there is nothing difficult to understand in Greek thought expressed by English words:

In the course of this winter the Athenians, in accordance with the custom of their forefathers, buried at the public expense those who had first fallen in this war, after the following manner: Having erected a tent, they lay out the bones of the dead three days before, and each one brings to his own relative whatever [funeral offering] he pleases. When the funeral procession takes place, cars convey coffins of cypress wood, one for each tribe; in which are laid the bones of every man, according to the tribe to which he belonged; and one empty bier is carried, spread in honor of the missing, whose bodies could not be found to be taken up. Whoever wishes, both of citizens and strangers, joins in the procession; and their female relatives attend at the burial to make the wailings. They lay them then in the public sepulcher, which is in the fairest suburb of the city, and in which they always bury those who have fallen in the wars (except, at least, those who fell at Marathon; but to them, as they considered their valor distinguished above that of all others, they gave a burial on the very spot). After they have laid them in the ground, a man chosen by the state—one who in point of intellect is considered talented, and in dignity is pre-eminent—speaks over them such a panegyric as may be appropriate; after which they all retire. In this way they bury them: and through the whole of the war, whenever they had occasion, they observed the established custom. Over these who were first buried at any rate, Pericles, son of Xanthippus, was chosen to speak. And when the time for doing so came, advancing from the sepulcher on to a platform, which had been raised to some height, that he might be heard over as great a part of the crowd as possible, he spoke to the following effect:

"The greater part of those who ere now have spoken in this place, have been accustomed to praise the man who introduced this oration into the law; considering it a right thing that it should be delivered over those who are buried after falling in battle. To me, however, it would have appeared sufficient, that when

men had shown themselves brave by deeds, their honors also should be displayed by deeds—as you now see in the case of this burial, prepared at the public expense—and not that the virtues of many should be periled in one individual, for credit to be given him according as he expresses himself well or ill. For it is difficult to speak with propriety on a subject on which even the impression of one's truthfulness is with difficulty established. For the hearer who is acquainted [with the facts], and kindly disposed [towards those who performed them], might perhaps think them somewhat imperfectly set forth, compared with what he both wishes and knows; while he who is unacquainted with them might think that some points were even exaggerated, being led to this conclusion by envy, should he hear anything surpassing his own natural powers. For praises spoken of others are only endured so far as each one thinks that he is himself also capable of doing any of the things he hears; but that which exceeds their own capacity men at once envy and disbelieve. Since, however, our ancestors judged this to be a right custom, I too, in obedience to the law, must endeavor to meet the wishes and views of every one, as far as possible.

"I will begin then with our ancestors first: for it is just, and becoming too at the same time, that on such an occasion the honor of being thus mentioned should be paid them. For always inhabiting the country without change, through a long succession of posterity, by their valor they transmitted it free to this very time. Justly then may they claim to be commended; and more justly still may our own fathers. For in addition to what they inherited, they acquired the great empire which we possess, and by painful exertions bequeathed it to us of the present day: though to most part of it have additions been made by ourselves here, who are still, generally speaking, in the vigor of life; and we have furnished our city with everything, so as to be most self-sufficient both for peace and for war. Now with regard to our military achievements, by which each

possession was gained, whether in any case it were ourselves, or our fathers, that repelled with spirit hostilities brought against us by barbarian or Greek; as I do not wish to enlarge on the subject before you who are well acquainted with it, I will pass them over. But by what a mode of life we attained to our power, and by what form of government and owing to what habits it became so great, I will explain these points first, and then proceed to the eulogy of these men; as I consider that on the present occasion they will not be inappropriately mentioned, and that it is profitable for the whole assembly, both citizens and strangers, to listen to them.

"For we enjoy a form of government which does not copy the laws of our neighbors; but we are ourselves rather a pattern to others than imitators of them. In name, from its not being administered for the benefit of the few, but of the many, it is called a democracy; but with regard to its laws, all enjoy equality, as concerns their private differences; while with regard to public rank, according as each man has reputation for anything, he is preferred for public honors, not so much from consideration of party, as of merit; nor, again, on the ground of poverty, while he is able to do the state any good service, is he prevented by the obscurity of his position. We are liberal then in our public administration; and with regard to mutual jealousy of our daily pursuits, we are not angry with our neighbor, if he does anything to please himself; nor wear on our countenance offensive looks, which though harmless, are yet unpleasant. While, however, in private matters we live together agreeably, in public matters, under the influence of fear, we most carefully abstain from transgression, through our obedience to those who are from time to time in office, and to the laws; especially such of them as are enacted for the benefit of the injured, and such as, though unwritten, bring acknowledged disgrace [on those who break them].

"Moreover, we have provided for our spirits the most numerous recreations from labors, by celebrating games

and sacrifices through the whole year, and by maintaining elegant private establishments, of which the daily gratification drives away sadness. Owing to the greatness too of our city, everything from every land is imported into it; and it is our lot to reap with no more peculiar enjoyment the good things which are produced here, than those of the rest of the world likewise.

"In the studies of war also we differ from our enemies in the following respects: We throw our city open to all, and never, by the expulsion of strangers, exclude any one from either learning or observing things, by seeing which unconcealed any of our enemies might gain an advantage; for we trust not so much to preparations and stratagems, as to our own valor for daring deeds. Again, as to our modes of education, *they* aim at the acquisition of a manly character, by laborious training from their very youth; while *we,* though living at our ease, no less boldly advance to meet equal dangers. As a proof of this, the Lacedaemonians never march against our country singly, but with all [their confederates] together: while we, generally speaking, have no difficulty in conquering in battle upon hostile ground those who are standing up in defense of their own. And no enemy ever yet encountered our whole united force, through our attending at the same time to our navy, and sending our troops by land on so many different services: but wherever they have engaged with any part of it, if they conquer only some of us, they boast that we were all routed by them; and if they are conquered, they say it was by all that they were beaten. And yet if with careless ease rather than with laborious practice, and with a courage which is the result not so much of laws as of natural disposition, we are willing to face danger, we have the advantage of not suffering beforehand from coming troubles, and of proving ourselves, when we are involved in them, no less bold than those who are always toiling; so that our country is worthy of admiration in these respects, and in others besides.

"For we study taste with economy, and philosophy

without effeminacy; and employ wealth rather for opportunity of action than for boastfulness of talking; while poverty is nothing disgraceful for a man to confess, but not to escape it by exertion is more disgraceful. Again, the same men can attend at the same time to domestic as well as to public affairs; and others, who are engaged with business, can still form a sufficient judgment on political questions. For we are the only people that consider the man who takes no part in these things, not as unofficious, but as useless; and we ourselves judge rightly of measures, at any rate, if we do not originate them; while we do not regard words as any hindrance to deeds, but rather [consider it a hindrance] not to have been previously instructed by word, before undertaking in deed what we have to do. For we have this characteristic also in a remarkable degree, that we are at the same time most daring and most calculating in what we take in hand; whereas to other men it is ignorance that brings daring, while calculation brings fear. Those, however, would deservedly be deemed most courageous, who know most fully what is terrible and what is pleasant, and yet do not on this account shrink from dangers. As regards beneficence also we differ from the generality of men; for we make friends, not by receiving, but by conferring kindness. Now he who has conferred the favor is the firmer friend, in order that he may keep alive the obligation by good will towards the man on whom he has conferred it; whereas he who owes it in return feels less keenly, knowing that it is not as a favor, but as a debt, that he will repay the kindness. Nay, we are the only men who fearlessly benefit any one, not so much from calculations of expediency, as with the confidence of liberality.

"In short, I say that both the whole city is a school for Greece, and that, in my opinion, the same individual would amongst us prove himself qualified for the most varied kinds of action, and with the most graceful versatility. And that this is not mere vaunting language for the occasion, so much as actual truth, the very power of

the state, which we have won by such habits, affords a proof. For it is the only country at the present time that, when brought to the test, proves superior to its fame; and the only one that neither gives to the enemy who has attacked us any cause for indignation at being worsted by such opponents, nor to him who is subject to us room for finding fault, as not being ruled by men who are worthy of empire. But we shall be admired both by present and future generations as having exhibited our power with great proofs, and by no means without evidence; and as having no further need, either of Homer to praise us, or any one else who might charm for the moment by his verses, while the truth of the facts would mar the idea formed of them; but as having compelled every sea and land to become accessible to our daring, and everywhere established everlasting records, whether of evil or of good. It was for such a country then that these men, nobly resolving not to have it taken from them, fell fighting; and every one of their survivors may well be willing to suffer in its behalf.

"For this reason, indeed, it is that I have enlarged on the characteristics of the state; both to prove that the struggle is not for the same object in our case as in that of men who have none of these advantages in an equal degree; and at the same time clearly to establish by proofs [the truth of] the eulogy of those men over whom I am now speaking. And now the chief points of it have been mentioned; for with regard to the things for which I have commended the city, it was the virtues of these men, and such as these, that adorned her with them; and few of the Greeks are there whose fame, like these men's, would appear but the just counterpoise of their deeds. Again, the closing scene of these men appears to me to supply an illustration of human worth, whether as affording us the first information respecting it, or its final confirmation. For even in the case of men who have been in other respects of an inferior character, it is but fair for them to hold forth as a screen their military courage in their country's behalf; for, having wiped out

their evil by their good, they did more service collectively, than harm by their individual offenses. But of these men there was none that either was made a coward by his wealth, from preferring the continued enjoyment of it; or shrank from danger through a hope suggested by poverty, namely, that he might yet escape it, and grow rich; but conceiving that vengeance on their foes was more to be desired than these objects, and at the same time regarding this as the most glorious of hazards, they wished by risking it to be avenged on their enemies, and so to aim at procuring those advantages; committing to hope the uncertainty of success, but resolving to trust to action, with regard to what was visible to themselves; and in that action, being minded rather to resist and die, than by surrendering to escape, they fled from the shame of [a discreditable] report, while they endured the brunt of the battle with their bodies; and after the shortest crisis, when at the very height of their fortune, were taken away from their glory rather than their fear.

"Such did these men prove themselves, as became the character of their country. For you that remain, you must pray that you may have a more successful resolution, but must determine not to have one less bold against your enemies; not in word alone considering the benefit [of such a spirit], (on which one might descant to you at great length—though you know it yourselves quite as well—telling you how many advantages are contained in repelling your foes); but rather day by day beholding the power of the city as it appears in fact, and growing enamored of it, and reflecting, when you think it great, that it was by being bold, and knowing their duty, and being alive to shame in action, that men acquired these things; and because, if they ever failed in their attempt at anything, they did not on that account think it right to deprive their country also of their valor, but conferred upon her a most glorious joint-offering. For while collectively they gave her their lives, individually they received that renown which never grows old, and the most distinguished tomb they could

have; not so much that in which they are laid as that in which their glory is left behind them, to be everlastingly recorded on every occasion for doing so, either by word or deed, that may from time to time present itself. For of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulcher; and not only does the inscription upon columns in their own land point it out, but in that also which is not their own there dwells with every one an unwritten memorial of the heart, rather than of a material monument. Vieing then with these men in your turn, and deeming happiness to consist in freedom, and freedom in valor, do not think lightly of the hazards of war. For it is not the unfortunate, [and those] who have no hope of any good, that would with most reason be unsparing of their lives; but those who, while they live, still incur the risk of a change to the opposite condition, and to whom the difference would be the greatest, should they meet with any reverse. For more grievous, to a man of high spirit at least, is the misery which accompanies cowardice, than the unfelt death which comes upon him at once, in the time of his strength and of his hope for the common welfare.

"Wherefore to the parents of the dead—as many of them as are here among you—I will not offer condolence, so much as consolation. For they know that they have been brought up subject to manifold misfortunes; but that happy is *their* lot who have gained the most glorious—death, as these have,—sorrow, as you have; and to whom life has been so exactly measured, that they were both happy in it, and died in [that happiness]. Difficult, indeed, I know it is to persuade you of this, with regard to those of whom you will often be reminded by the good fortune of others, in which you yourselves also once rejoiced; and sorrow is felt, not for the blessings of which one is bereft without full experience of them, but of that which one loses after becoming accustomed to it. But you must bear up in the hope of other children, those of you whose age yet allows you to have them. For to yourselves individually those who are subsequently born will be a reason for your forgetting

those who are no more; and to the state it will be beneficial in two ways, by its not being depopulated, and by the enjoyment of security; for it is not possible that those should offer any fair and just advice, who do not incur equal risk with their neighbors by having children at stake. Those of you, however, who are past that age, must consider that the longer period of your life during which you have been prosperous is so much gain, and that what remains will be but a short one; and you must cheer yourselves with the fair fame of these [your lost ones]. For the love of honor is the only feeling that never grows old; and in the helplessness of age it is not the acquisition of gain, as some assert, that gives greatest pleasure, but the enjoyment of honor.

"For those of you, on the other hand, who are sons or brothers of the dead, great, I see, will be the struggle of competition. For every one is accustomed to praise the man who is no more; and scarcely, though even for an excess of worth, would you be esteemed, I do not say equal to them, but only slightly inferior. For the living are exposed to envy in their rivalry; but those who are in no one's way are honored with a good will free from all opposition. If, again, I must say anything on the subject of woman's excellence also, with reference to those of you who will now be in widowhood, I will express it all in a brief exhortation. Great will be your glory in not falling short of the natural character that belongs to you; and great is hers, who is least talked of amongst the men, either for good or evil.

"I have now expressed *in word,* as the law required, what I had to say befitting the occasion; and, *in deed,* those who are here interred, have already received part of their honors; while, for the remaining part, the state will bring up their sons at the public expense, from this time to their manhood; thus offering both to these and to their posterity a beneficial reward for such contests; for where the greatest prizes for virtue are given, there also the most virtuous men are found amongst the citizens. And now, having finished your lamentations for your several relatives, depart."

V. Experience of Thucydides as a Commander. The historian-general had no opportunity to distinguish himself until the end of the eighth year of the war, when he was sent into Thrace, where the Spartan General, Brasidas, was raging among the Athenian allies. The opportunity for observation was great; as an opportunity for distinction it was a dismal failure, as Thucydides relates in simple pathos:

Including, therefore, the first war of ten years, the suspicious cessation of hostilities which followed it, and the subsequent war which succeeded to that, any one will find that the number of years was what I have mentioned (reckoning by the great divisions of time), with only a few days' difference; and that such as positively asserted anything on the strength of oracles, found this the only fact which proved true. At least I, for my own part, remember that all along, both at the beginning of the war, and till it was brought to a conclusion, it was alleged by many that it was to last thrice nine years. And I lived on through the whole of it, being of an age to comprehend events, and paying attention, in order to gain accurate knowledge on each point. It was also my lot to be banished my country twenty years after my command at Amphipolis; and thus, by being present at the transactions of either party, and especially of the Peloponnesians, in consequence of my banishment, to gain at my leisure a more perfect acquaintance with each of them.

His account of the operations at Amphipolis is as follows:

The same winter, Brasidas with his allies Thrace-ward marched against Amphipolis, the Athenian colony on the river Strymon. On the site on which the town now stands

a settlement was before attempted by Aristagoras the Milesian, when flying from King Darius; but he was driven away by the Edonians: and then by the Athenians, two-and-thirty years later, who sent ten thousand settlers of their own citizens, and whoever else would go; who were cut off by the Thracians at Drabescus. Twenty-nine years after, the Athenians went again, Hagnon, son of Nicias, being sent out as leader of the colony, and expelled the Edonians, and founded a town on the spot which before was called "Nineways." They set out for the purpose from Eion, which they occupied themselves at the mouth of the river, on the coast, at a distance of five-and-twenty stades from the present town, which Hagnon named Amphipolis, because, as the river Strymon flows round it on both sides, with a view to enclosing it, he ran a long wall across from river to river, and built the town so as to be conspicuous both towards the sea and towards the land.

Against this town then Brasidas marched with his forces, starting from Arnae in Chalcidice. Having arrived about dusk at Aulon and Bromiscus, where the lake Bolbe empties itself into the sea, and there supped, he proceeded during the night. The weather was stormy, and it was snowing a little; on which account he hurried on the more, wishing to surprise the people of Amphipolis, except those who were to betray it. For there were residing in it some Argilians (this people are a colony from Andros), and some others, who were carrying on this intrigue together; some at the suggestion of Perdiccas, others at that of the Chalcidians. But most active of all were the Argilians, who lived close by, and had always been suspected by the Athenians of forming designs upon the place. For when the opportunity now presented itself, and Brasidas had come; as they had for some time past been intriguing with their countrymen who resided here with a view to its being delivered up to him, so at that time they received him into their own town, and revolted from Athens, and took him forward that same night to the bridge over the river. The town

stands further off than the passage of the river, and the walls did not reach down to it as they do now, but there was only a small guard posted there; which Brasidas easily drove in (partly from there being treason amongst them, and partly from the stormy weather and the suddenness of his attack), and then crossed the bridge, and was at once master of all the property outside the town belonging to the Amphipolitans, who had houses over the whole quarter.

His passage having thus taken by surprise those who were in the city, while of those who were outside many were made prisoners, and others took refuge within the wall, the Amphipolitans were thrown into great confusion, especially as they were suspected by each other. Indeed it is said, that if Brasidas would not have set his troops to plunder, but marched straightway to the town, he would probably have taken it. But as it was, after establishing his army there, he overran the property outside; and when he found no result produced by those within, as he expected, he remained quiet. In the meantime, the party opposed to the traitors, prevailing by their numbers to prevent the gates being immediately thrown open, sent with Eucles the general, who had come to them from Athens to defend the place, to the other commander Thrace-ward, Thucydides, son of Olorus, the historian of this war, who was at Thasos (this island is a colony of the Parians, distant from Amphipolis about half a day's sail), requesting him to come to their relief. On hearing the news, he set sail with the greatest speed, with seven ships which happened to be there; wishing, if possible, to reach Amphipolis in time, before any surrender was made, or, at any rate, to reach Eion.

In the meantime Brasidas, being afraid of the naval succor from Thasos, and hearing that Thucydides possessed the right of working the gold mines in those parts of Thrace, and by this means had influence amongst the chief persons on the mainland, made haste to get possession of the town beforehand, if possible; lest, if he came, the populace of Amphipolis, hoping that he

would raise a confederate force from the sea and from Thrace, and so save them, should not then surrender to him. Accordingly he was willing to come to moderate terms with them, and made this proclamation; that of the Amphipolitans and Athenians in the town whoever would might remain in possession of his property, sharing in a fair and equal government; and whoever would not, might depart and take out his property with him, within five days.

The mass of the people, on hearing this, rather changed their minds; especially as only a small number of Athenians were citizens of the place, the majority being a mixed multitude. There were also within the walls many relations of those who had been taken without; and they considered the proclamation to be reasonable, when measured by the standard of their fear. The Athenians took this view of it, because they were glad to go out, thinking that the danger was greater for them than the rest, and, besides, not expecting any speedy relief; the rest of the multitude, because they were not to be deprived of their franchise, on an equal footing, and were released from peril beyond their expectation. When therefore the partisans of Brasidas now openly advocated these proposals, on seeing that the populace had changed their minds, and no longer listened to the Athenian commander, who was present; the surrender was made, and they admitted him on the terms of his proclamation. In this way they delivered up the city; and Thucydides and his ships landed at Eion late on the same day. Brasidas had just taken possession of Amphipolis, and was within a night of taking Eion; for if the ships had not quickly come to its aid, in the morning it would have been in his hands.

After this, Thucydides arranged matters in Eion, so that it might be safe, both for the present time, if Brasidas should attack it, and in future; receiving into it those who had chosen to come there from up the country, according to the terms of the treaty. And Brasidas suddenly sailed down the river to Eion, with a great

number of boats, on the chance of taking the point of land which runs out from the wall, and so commanding the entrance into the place: and he attempted it by land at the same time; but was beaten off in both instances: at Amphipolis, however, he was putting everything in readiness.

VI. Brasidas. The close of the career of Brasidas is told as follows:

Now when Cleon, at the time we last mentioned him, sailed round from Torone to go against Amphipolis, making Eion the base of his operations, he assaulted Stagirus, a colony of the Andrians, but without reducing it; but Galepsus, the Thasian colony, he took by storm. And having sent ambassadors to Perdiccas, that he might join him with an army according to the terms of their alliance, and others into Thrace, to Polles, the king of the Odomantians, who was to bring as many Thracian mercenaries as he could, he himself remained quiet in Eion, awaiting their arrival. On hearing this, Brasidas, on his side also, took up an opposite position on Cerdylium. This spot is in the Argilian country, being on the high ground on the other side of the river, not far from the city of Amphipolis; and everything was distinctly seen from it; so that Cleon could not unobserved by him set out with his army, as he expected him to do, and despising the numbers of the Lacedaemonians to march up with the forces he had with him against Amphipolis. At the same time he was getting ready fifteen hundred Thracian mercenaries, and was calling all the Edonians to his aid, both targeteers and cavalry; and he had a thousand targeteers of the Myrcinians and Chalcidians, in addition to those in Amphipolis. All his heavy-armed force too was mustered, about two thousand in number, and three hundred Grecian horse. With fifteen hundred of these Brasidas stationed himself on Cerdylium, whilst the rest were posted with Clearidas in Amphipolis.

Cleon remained quiet for some time, but was then compelled to do what Brasidas had expected. For his soldiers being annoyed at sitting still, and reflecting, with regard to his command, against what skill and daring in the enemy, with what ignorance and cowardice in himself it would be held, and how unwillingly they had accompanied him from home, he perceived their murmers; and not wishing them to be exasperated by remaining stationary in the same place, he broke up his camp and led them forward. And he adopted the same plan as he had also succeeded with at Pylus, and therefore felt confident in his own discernment. For that any one would come out against him to battle, he had not so much as a thought; but said that he was going up rather to see the place, and was waiting for his more numerous forces; not for the purpose of gaining a victory without any risk, should he be compelled to engage, but of surrounding the city on all sides, and so taking it by storm. Having come, therefore, and posted his army on a strong hill in front of Amphipolis, he himself proceeded to reconnoiter the lake formed by the Strymon, and what was the position of the city on the side of Thrace. He thought to retire, whenever he pleased, without a battle; for indeed there was neither any one seen on the wall, nor did any one come out through the gates, but they were all closed: so that he even considered he had made a mistake in not having come down with engines; for he believed that in that case he might have taken the city.

Immediately that Brasidas saw the Athenians in motion, he too went down from Cerdylium, and entered Amphipolis. Now for any regular sally, and array of troops against the Athenians, he made none; being afraid of his own resources, and considering them inferior to the enemy; not so much in numbers (for they were pretty nearly equal), but in character (for it was the flower of the Athenian force that was in the field, and the best of the Lemnians and Imbrians); but he prepared to attack them by means of a stratagem. For if he showed the enemy his numbers, and the equipment of the

troops with him, which was such as necessity alone dictated, he did not think that he should conquer them so well as he should without their seeing his forces beforehand, and despising them on sufficient grounds. Having therefore himself picked out a hundred and fifty heavy-armed, and having put the rest under the command of Clearidas, he purposed making a sudden attack on the Athenians before they could retire; as he did not think that he should catch them again so isolated, if once their reinforcements should have joined them. Calling therefore all his soldiers together, and wishing to encourage them and acquaint them with his design, he spoke to the following effect:

"Men of the Peloponnese, with regard to the character of the country from which we are come, namely, that through its bravery it has always been a free country, and that you are Dorians about to engage with Ionians, to whom you are habitually superior, let a brief declaration suffice. But with regard to the present attack, I will explain in what way I purpose making it: that the fact of your meeting the danger in small divisions, and not in one body, may not cause a want of courage by an appearance of weakness. For I conjecture that it is through contempt of us, and their not expecting any one to march out against them to battle, that the enemy went up to their present position, and are now thinking nothing of us, while, without any order, they are engaged in looking about them. But whoever best observes such mistakes in his opponents, and also plans his attack upon them with regard to his own power, not so much in an open manner and in regular battle-array, as with reference to his present advantage, that man would be most successful. And those stratagems by which one would most deceive his enemies, and benefit his friends, have the highest reputation. While, then, they are still unprepared, yet confident, and are thinking, from what I see, of retiring rather than remaining; while their minds are irresolute, and before their plans are more definitely arranged, I will take my own division,

and surprise them, if I can, by falling at full speed on the center of their forces. And do you, Clearidas, afterwards, when you see me now charging, and in all probability frightening them, take *your* division, both the Amphipolitans and the other allies, and suddenly opening the gates rush out against them, and make all haste to close with them as quickly as possible. For we may expect that in this way they will be most alarmed; since the force which follows up an attack is more terrible to an enemy than that which is already before him and engaged with him. And do you be a brave man yourself, as it is natural that you should, being a Spartan; and do ye, allies, follow him courageously; and consider that it is the proof of good soldiership to be willing, and to be alive to shame, and to obey your commanders. Reflect, too, that on this day you either gain your liberty, if you act bravely, and the title of confederates of the Lacedaemonians; or are slaves of the Athenians—if you fare as well as you possibly can, without being reduced to personal bondage, or put to death—and incur a more galling slavery than before, while you oppose the liberation of the rest of the Greeks. Do not you, then, act as cowards, seeing for how much you are struggling; and *I* will show you that I am not better able to give advice to others, than to carry it out in action myself.

Having thus spoken, Brasidas himself prepared for marching out, and posted the rest of the troops with Clearidas at what were called the Thracian gates, to sally out after him, as had been arranged. His descent from Cerdylium having been observed, as also his sacrificing, when he was in the city—of which a view is commanded from the outside—near the temple of Minerva, and his being occupied with these measures, tidings were carried to Cleon (for he had gone forward at the time to look about him) that the enemy's whole force was visible in the city; and that under the gates were observed many feet of horses and men, as though prepared to make a sally.

On receiving this intelligence he came up to the spot;

and when he saw that it was so, not wishing to come to a decisive engagement before his reinforcements also had arrived, and thinking that he should have time to retire, he at once gave orders for the signal to march back, and sent word to the troops on the retreat to draw off in the direction of Eion, moving on their left wing; which indeed was the only way they could. But when he thought there was a dilatoriness on their part, he himself made the right wing turn round, and presenting their exposed side to the enemy, began to lead off his troops. Upon this, Brasidas, marking his opportunity, and seeing that the Athenian force was on the move, said to his own company and the rest: "The men are not disposed to wait for us, as is evident by the motion of their spears and of their heads; for those who have this going on amongst them do not generally receive the charge of their assailants. So then let somebody throw open for me the gates I have mentioned, and let us march out against them as quickly as possible, and with good courage."

He, accordingly, sallied out by the gates near the stockade, the first in the long wall which was then standing, and ran full speed along the high road, where the trophy now stands, as you go by the strongest part of the position; and falling on the Athenians, who were both terrified by their own disorder and confounded by his boldness, in the center of their forces, he put them to the rout. Clearidas too, as had been arranged, sallied out after him by the Thracian gates, and rushed upon the enemy's troops. The consequence was, that by this unexpected and sudden charge on both sides, the enemy were thrown into confusion; and their left wing, on the side of Eion, which had already advanced some distance, immediately broke away and fled. When it was now on its retreat, Brasidas, in advancing along to attack the right wing, received a wound; and while the Athenians did not observe his fall, those who were near him took him up, and carried him off the field. The right of the Athenians, however, stood its ground better; and though Cleon, who from the first had no intention of making a

stand, immediately fled, and was overtaken and killed by a Myrcinian targeteer, his heavy-armed retreated in a close body to the hill, and repulsed the charge of Clearidas twice or thrice, and did not give way till the Myrcinian and Chalcidian horse, with the targeteers, having surrounded them, and pouring their missiles upon them, put them to the rout. And so now the whole army of the Athenians, flying with great difficulty, and taking many different roads over the mountains, effected their return to Eion; excepting such as were killed either in the immediate action, or by the Chalcidian horse and the targeteers. Those who had taken up and rescued Brasidas, carried him still breathing into the city; where he lived to hear that his troops were victorious, but after a short interval expired. The rest of the army, on returning with Clearidas from the pursuit, stripped the dead, and erected a trophy.

After this all the allies attended in arms, and interred Brasidas at the public expense in the city, in front of the present market-place. And ever since the Amphipolitans, having enclosed his tomb with a fence, have made offerings to him as to a hero, and have given him the honor of games and annual sacrifices.

VII. Syracuse. The destruction of the Athenian forces after their unsuccessful siege of Syracuse was one of the great events of history, and its description by Thucydides one of his most eloquent and forcible passages. Having eliminated some of the speeches of the opposing generals and a few minor paragraphs and sentences, we give the condensed account:

The Syracusans and their allies, then, reasonably conceived that it would be a glorious prize for them, after their recent victory in the sea-fight, to capture the whole armament of the Athenians, great as it was, and not to let them escape either way, neither by sea nor land. They

began therefore immediately to close up the great harbor, the mouth of which was about eight stades across, with triremes ranged broadside, and merchant-vessels, and boats, mooring them with anchors; while they prepared everything else, in case the Athenians should still have courage for a sea-fight, and entertained no small designs with regard to anything.

The Athenians, seeing them closing up the harbor, and having received intelligence of their other plans, thought it necessary to hold a council. Accordingly the generals and the Taxiarchs assembled to deliberate on their difficulties, arising both from other causes, and especially because they had neither any more provisions for their immediate use (for, thinking that they were going to sail away, they had sent before to Catana, and commanded them to bring them no longer), nor were likely to have them in future, unless they should gain the command of the sea. They determined therefore to evacuate the upper part of their lines, and having enclosed with a cross wall just by the ships the least space that could be sufficient to hold their stores and their sick, to garrison that, while with the rest of their troops, making every one go on board, they manned all their ships, both such as were sound and such as were less fit for service; and after a naval engagement, if they were victorious, to proceed to Catana; but if not, to burn their ships, throw themselves into line and retreat by land, in whatever direction they would soonest reach some friendly town, whether barbarian or Grecian. They, then, having resolved on these things, acted accordingly; for they gradually descended from their upper lines, and manned all their ships, having compelled to go on board whoever, even in any degree, seemed of age for rendering service. Thus there were manned in all about a hundred and ten ships; on board which they embarked a large number of bow-men and dart-men, taken from the Acarnanian and other mercenaries, and provided everything else, as far as it was possible for them, when acting upon a plan which necessity alone dictated, such as the present.

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The Syracusan commanders and Gylippus immediately manned the ships on their side also, since they saw that the Athenians were doing it. Nicias, on the other hand, being dismayed at the present circumstances of himself and his colleagues, and seeing how great and how close at hand now their peril was, since they were all but on the point of putting out; considering, too (as men usually feel in great emergencies), that in deed everything fell short of what they would have it, while in word enough had not yet been said by them; again called to him each one of the Trierarchs, addressing them severally by their father's name, their own, and that of their tribe; begging each one who enjoyed any previous distinction, from personal considerations not to sacrifice it, nor to obscure those hereditary virtues for which his forefathers were illustrious; reminding them too of their country—the most free one in the world—and the power, subject to no man's dictation, which all enjoyed in it with regard to their mode of life; mentioning other things also, such as men would say at a time now so critical, not guarding against being thought by any one to bring forward old and hackneyed topics, and such as are advanced in all cases alike, about men's wives and children and country's gods, but loudly appealing to them, because they think they may be of service in the present consternation. Thus he, thinking that he had addressed to them an exhortation which was not so much a satisfactory one, as one that he was compelled to be content with, went away from them, and led the troops down to the beach, and ranged them over as large a space as he could, that the greatest possible assistance might be given to those on board towards keeping up their spirits. Demosthenes, Menander, and Euthydemus, who went on board the Athenian fleet to take the command, put out from their own station, and immediately sailed to the bar at the mouth of the harbor, and the passage through it which had been closed up, wishing to force their way to the outside.

The Syracusans and their allies, having previously

put out with pretty nearly the same number of ships as before, proceeded to keep guard with part of them at the passage out, and also round the circumference of the whole harbor, that they might fall upon the Athenians on all sides at once, while their troops also at the same time came to their aid at whatever part their vessels might put in to shore. The commanders of the Syracusan fleet were Sicanus and Agatharchus, each occupying a wing of the whole force, with Pythen and the Corinthians in the center. When the Athenians came up to the bar, in the first rush with which they charged they got the better of the ships posted at it, and endeavored to break the fastenings. Afterwards, when the Syracusans and their allies bore down upon them from all quarters, the engagement was going on no longer at the bar alone, but over the harbor also; and an obstinate one it was, such as none of the previous ones had been. For great eagerness for the attack was exhibited by the seamen on both sides, when the command was given; and there was much counter-maneuvering on the part of the masters, and rivalry with each other; while the soldiers on board exerted themselves, when vessel came in collision with vessel, that the operations on deck might not fall short of the skill shown by others. Indeed every one, whatever the duty assigned him, made every effort that he might himself in each case appear the best man. And as a great number of ships were engaged in a small compass (for indeed they were the largest fleets fighting in the narrowest space that had ever been known, since both of them together fell little short of two hundred), the attacks made with the beaks were few, as there were no means of backing water, or cutting through the enemy's line; but chance collisions were more frequent, just as one ship might happen to run into another, either in flying from or attacking a second. So long as a vessel was coming up to the charge, those on her decks plied javelins, arrows, and stones in abundance against her; but when they came to close quarters, the heavy-armed marines, fighting hand to hand, endeavored to board each

other's ships. In many cases too it happened, through want of room, that on one side they were charging an enemy, and on the other were being charged themselves, and that two ships, and sometimes even more, were by compulsion entangled round one. And thus the masters had to guard against some, and to concert measures against others—not one thing at a time, but many things on every side—while the great din from such a number of ships coming into collision both spread dismay and prevented their hearing what the boatswains said. For many were the orders given and the shouts raised by those officers on each side, both in the discharge of their duty, and from their present eagerness for the battle.

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The troops on shore too, on both sides, when the sea-fight was so equally balanced, suffered a great agony and conflict of feelings; those of the country being ambitious now of still greater honor, while their invaders were afraid of faring even worse than at present. For, since the Athenians' all was staked on their fleet, their fear for the future was like none they had ever felt before; and from the unequal nature of the engagement they were also compelled to have an unequal view of it from the beach. For as the spectacle was near at hand, and as they did not all look at the same part at once, if any saw their own men victorious in any quarter, they would be encouraged, and turn to calling on the gods not to deprive them of safety; while those who looked on the part that was being beaten, uttered lamentations at the same time as cries, and from the sight they had of what was going on, expressed their feelings more than those engaged in the action. Others, again, looking on a doubtful point of the engagement, in consequence of the indecisive continuance of the conflict, in their excessive fear made gestures with their very bodies, corresponding with their thoughts, and continued in the most distressing state, for they were constantly within a little of escaping, or of being destroyed. And thus amongst the troops of the Athenians, as long as they were fighting at sea on

equal terms, every sound might be heard at once, wailing, shouting, "they conquer," "they are conquered," and all the other various exclamations which a great armament in great peril would be constrained to utter—very much in the same way as their men on board their ships were affected—until at length, after the battle had continued for a long time, the Syracusans and their allies routed the Athenians, and pressing on them in a decisive manner, with much shouting and cheering of each other on, pursued them to the shore. Then the sea forces, as many as were not taken afloat, put in to the land at different parts, and rushed from on board to the camp, while the army, no longer with any different feelings, but all on one impulse, lamenting and groaning, deplored the event, and proceeded, some to succor the ships, others to guard what remained of their wall; while others, and those the greatest part, began now to think of themselves, and how they should best provide for their own preservation. Indeed their dismay at the moment had been exceeded by none of all they had ever felt. And they now experienced pretty nearly what they had themselves inflicted at Pylus: for by the Lacedaemonians' losing their ships, their men who had crossed over into the island were lost to them besides: and at this time for the Athenians to escape by land was hopeless, unless something beyond all expectation should occur.

After the battle had been thus obstinately disputed, and many ships and men destroyed on both sides, the Syracusans and allies, having gained the victory, took up their wrecks and dead, and then sailed away to the city, and erected a trophy. The Athenians, from the extent of their present misery, did not so much as think about their dead or their wrecks or of asking permission to take them up, but wished to retreat immediately during the night. Demosthenes, however, went to Nicias, and expressed it as his opinion, that they should still man their remaining ships, and force their passage out, if they could, in the morning; alleging that they still had left more ships fit for service than the enemy; for the Athen-

ians had about sixty remaining, while their adversaries had less than fifty. But when Nicias agreed with this opinion, and they wished to man them, the seamen would not embark, through being dismayed at their defeat, and thinking that they could not now gain a victory. And so they all now made up their minds to retreat by land.

But Hermocrates the Syracusan, suspecting their purpose, and thinking that it would be a dreadful thing, if so large a force, after retreating by land and settling anywhere in Sicily, should choose again to carry on the war with them, went to the authorities, and explained to them that they ought not to suffer them to retreat during the night (stating what he himself thought), but that all the Syracusans and allies should at once go out, and block up the roads, and keep guard beforehand at the narrow passes. But though the magistrates also agreed with him in thinking this, no less than himself, and were of opinion that it ought to be done, yet they thought that the people, in their recent joy and relaxation after the labors of a great sea-fight, especially, too, as it was a time of feasting (for they happened to celebrate on this day a sacrifice to Hercules), would not easily be induced to listen to them; as the majority, from excessive gladness at their victory, had fallen to drinking during the festival, and would, they expected, rather obey them in anything than in taking arms, just at present, and marching out. When, on consideration of this, it appeared a difficulty to the magistrates, and Hermocrates could not then prevail upon them to attempt it, he afterwards devised the following scheme. Being afraid that the Athenians might get the start of them by quietly passing during the night the most difficult points of the country, he sent certain of his own friends with some cavalry to the Athenian camp, as soon as it grew dark. These, riding up to within hearing, and calling to them certain individuals, as though they were friends of the Athenians (for there were some who sent tidings to Nicias of what passed within the city), desired them to tell that general not to lead off his army by night, as the Syracusans were guard-

ing the roads; but to retire leisurely by day after making his preparations. They then, after delivering this message, returned; while those who heard it, reported the same to the Athenian generals.

They, in accordance with the information, stopped for the night, considering it to be no false statement. And since they had not, as it was, set out immediately, they determined to remain over the next day also, that the soldiers might pack up, as well as they could, the most useful articles; and though they left everything else behind, to take with them, when they started, just what was necessary for their personal support. But the Syracusans and Gylippus had marched out before with their troops, and were blocking up the roads through the country where it was likely the Athenians would advance. as well as guarding the passages of the streams and rivers, and posting themselves for the reception of the army, in order to stop it where they thought best; while with their ships they sailed to those of the Athenians, and towed them off from the beach. Some few indeed the Athenians themselves had burnt, as they had intended; but the rest they lashed to their own at their leisure, as each had been thrown up on any part of the beach, and, without any one trying to stop them, conveyed them to the city.

After this, when Nicias and Demosthenes thought they were sufficiently prepared, the removal of the army took place, on the third day after the sea-fight. It was a wretched scene then, not on account of the single circumstance alone, that they were retreating after having lost all their ships, and while both themselves and their country were in danger, instead of being in high hope; but also because, on leaving their camp, every one had grievous things both to behold with his eyes and to feel in his heart. For as the dead lay unburied, and any one saw a friend on the ground, he was struck at once with grief and fear. And the living who were being left behind, wounded or sick, were to the living a much more sorrowful spectacle than the dead, and more piteous than

those who had perished. For having recourse to entreaties and wailings, they reduced them to utter perplexity, begging to be taken away, and appealing to each individual friend or relative that any of them might anywhere see; or hanging on their comrades, as they were now going away; or following as far as they could, and when in any case the strength of their body failed, not being left behind without many appeals to heaven and many lamentations. So that the whole army, being filled with tears and distress of this kind, did not easily get away, although from an enemy's country, and although they had both suffered already miseries too great for tears to express, and were still afraid for the future, lest they might suffer more. There was also amongst them much dejection and depreciation of their own strength. For they resembled nothing but a city starved out and attempting to escape; and no small one too, for of their whole multitude there were not less than forty thousand on the march. Of these, all the rest took whatever each one could that was useful, and the heavy-armed and cavalry themselves, contrary to custom, carried their own food under their arms, some for want of servants, others through distrusting them; for they had for a long time been deserting, and did so in greatest numbers at that moment. And even what they carried was not sufficient; for there was no longer any food in the camp. Nor, again, was their other misery, and their equal participation in sufferings (though it affords some alleviation to endure with others), considered even on that account easy to bear at the present time; especially, when they reflected from what splendor and boasting at first they had been reduced to such an abject termination. For this was the greatest reverse that ever befell a Grecian army; since, in contrast to their having come to enslave others, they had to depart in fear of undergoing that themselves; and instead of prayers and hymns, with which they sailed from home, they had to start on their return with omens the very contrary of these; going by land, instead of by sea, and relying on a military rather

than a naval force. But nevertheless, in consequence of the greatness of the danger still impending, all these things seemed endurable to them.

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Nicias went up to the troops, and if he saw them anywhere straggling, and not marching in order, he collected and brought them to their post; while Demosthenes also did no less to those who were near him, addressing them in a similar manner. They marched in the form of a hollow square, the division under Nicias taking the lead, and that of Demosthenes following; while the baggage bearers and the main crowd of camp followers were enclosed within the heavy-armed. When they had come to the ford of the river Anapus, they found drawn up at it a body of the Syracusans and allies; but having routed these, and secured the passage, they proceeded onwards; while the Syracusans pressed them with charges of horse, as their light-armed did with their missiles. On that day the Athenians advanced about forty stades, and then halted for the night on a hill. The day following, they commenced their march at an early hour, and having advanced about twenty stades, descended into a level district, and there encamped, wishing to procure some eatables from the houses (for the place was inhabited), and to carry on with them water from it, since for many stades before them, in the direction they were to go, it was not plentiful. The Syracusans, in the meantime, had gone on before, and were blocking up the pass in advance of them. For there was there a steep hill, with a precipitous ravine on either side of it, called the Acraeum Lepas. The next day the Athenians advanced, and the horse and dart-men of the Syracusans and allies, each in great numbers, impeded their progress, hurling their missiles upon them, and annoying them with cavalry charges. The Athenians fought for a long time, and then returned again to the same camp, no longer having provisions as they had before; for it was no more possible to leave their position, because of the cavalry.

Having started early, they began their march again,

and forced their way to the hill which had been fortified; where they found before them the enemy's infantry drawn up for the defense of the wall many spears deep; for the pass was but narrow. The Athenians charged and assaulted the wall, but being annoyed with missiles by a large body from the hill, which was steep (for those on the heights more easily reached their aim), and not being able to force a passage, they retreated again, and rested. There happened also to be at the same time some claps of thunder and rain, as is generally the case when the year is now verging on autumn; in consequence of which the Athenians were still more dispirited, and thought that all these things also were conspiring together for their ruin. While they were resting, Gylippus and the Syracusans sent a part of their troops to intercept them again with a wall on their rear, where they had already passed: but they, on their side also, sent some of their men against them, and prevented their doing it. After this, the Athenians returned again with all their army into the more level country, and there halted for the night. The next day they marched forward, while the Syracusans discharged their weapons on them, surrounding them on all sides, and disabled many with wounds; retreating if the Athenians advanced against them, and pressing on them if they gave way; most especially attacking their extreme rear, in the hope that by routing them little by little, they might strike terror into the whole army. The Athenians resisted this mode of attack for a long time, but then, after advancing five or six stades, halted for rest on the plain; while the Syracusans also went away from them to their own camp.

During the night, their troops being in a wretched condition, both from the want of all provisions which was now felt, and from so many men being disabled by wounds in the numerous attacks that had been made upon them by the enemy, Nicias and Demosthenes determined to light as many fires as possible, and then lead off the army, no longer by the same route as they had intended, but in the opposite direction to where the Syra-

cusans were watching for them, namely, to the sea. Now the whole of this road would lead the armament, not towards Catana, but to the other side of Sicily, to Camarina, and Gela, and the cities in that direction, whether Grecian or barbarian. They kindled therefore many fires, and began their march in the night. And as all armies, and especially the largest, are liable to have terrors and panics produced amongst them, particularly when marching at night, and through an enemy's country, and with the enemy not far off; so *they* also were thrown into alarm; and the division of Nicias, taking the lead as it did, kept together and got a long way in advance; while that of Demosthenes, containing about half or more, was separated from the others, and proceeded in greater disorder. By the morning, nevertheless, they arrived at the sea-coast, and entering on what is called the Helorine road, continued their march, in order that when they had reached the river Cacyparis, they might march up along its banks through the interior; for they hoped also that in this direction the Sicels, to whom they had sent, would come to meet them. But when they had reached the river, they found a guard of the Syracusans there too, intercepting the pass with a wall and a palisade, having carried which, they crossed the river, and marched on again to another called the Erineus; for this was the route which their guides directed them to take.

In the meantime the Syracusans and allies, as soon as it was day, and they found that the Athenians had departed, most of them charged Gylippus with having purposely let them escape; and pursuing with all haste by the route which they had no difficulty in finding they had taken, they overtook them about dinner-time. When they came up with the troops under Demosthenes, which were behind the rest, and marching more slowly and disorderly, ever since they had been thrown into confusion during the night, at the time we have mentioned, they immediately fell upon and engaged them; and the Syracusan horse surrounded them with greater ease from their being divided, and confined them in a narrow

space. The division of Nicias was as much as fifty stades off in advance; for he led them on more rapidly, thinking that their preservation depended, under such circumstances, not on staying behind, if they could help it, and on fighting, but on retreating as quickly as possible, and only fighting as often as they were compelled. Demosthenes, on the other hand, was, generally speaking, involved in more incessant labor (because, as he was retreating in the rear, he was the first that the enemy attacked), and on that occasion, finding that the Syracusans were in pursuit, he was not so much inclined to push on, as to form his men for battle; until, through thus loitering, he was surrounded by them, and both himself and the Athenians with him were thrown into great confusion. For being driven back into a certain spot which had a wall all round it, with a road on each side, and many olive trees growing about, they were annoyed with missiles in every direction. This kind of attack the Syracusans naturally adopted, instead of close combat; for to risk their lives against men reduced to despair was no longer for their advantage, so much as for that of the Athenians. Besides, after success which was now so signal, each man spared himself in some degree, that he might not be cut off before the end of the business. They thought too that, even as it was, they should by this kind of fighting subdue and capture them.

At any rate, when, after plying the Athenians and their allies with missiles all day from every quarter, they saw them now distressed by wounds and other sufferings, Gylippus with the Syracusans and allies made a proclamation, in the first place, that any of the islanders who chose should come over to them, on condition of retaining his liberty: and some few states went over. Afterwards, terms were made with all the troops under Demosthenes, that they should surrender their arms, and that no one should be put to death, either by violence, or imprisonment, or want of such nourishment as was most absolutely requisite. Thus there surrendered, in all, to the number of six thousand; and the whole of the money in

their possession they laid down, throwing it into the hollow of shields, four of which they filled with it. These they immediately led back to the city, while Nicias and his division arrived that day on the banks of the river Erineus; having crossed which, he posted his army on some high ground.

The Syracusans, having overtaken him the next day, told him that Demosthenes and his division had surrendered themselves, and called on *him* also to do the same. Being incredulous of the fact, he obtained a truce to enable him to send a horseman to see. When he had gone, and brought word back again that they had surrendered, Nicias sent a herald to Gylippus and the Syracusans, saying that he was ready to agree with the Syracusans, on behalf of the Athenians, to repay whatever money the Syracusans had spent on the war, on condition of their letting his army go; and that until the money was paid, he would give Athenians as hostages, one for every talent. The Syracusans and Gylippus did not accede to these proposals, but fell upon this division also, and surrounded them on all sides, and annoyed them with their missiles until late in the day. And they too, like the others, were in a wretched plight for want of food and necessaries. Nevertheless, they watched for the quiet of the night, and then intended to pursue their march. And they were now just taking up their arms, when the Syracusans perceived it and raised their paean. The Athenians therefore, finding that they had not eluded their observation, laid their arms down again; excepting about three hundred men, who forced their way through the sentinels, and proceeded, during the night, how and where they could.

As soon as it was day, Nicias led his troops forward; while the Syracusans and allies pressed on them in the same manner, discharging their missiles at them, and striking them down with their javelins on every side. The Athenians were hurrying on to reach the river Assinarus, being urged to this at once by the attack made on every side of them by the numerous cavalry and the rest

of the light-armed multitude (for they thought they should be more at ease if they were once across the river), and also by their weariness and craving for drink. When they reached its banks, they rushed into it without any more regard for order, every man anxious to be himself the first to cross it; while the attack of the enemy rendered the passage more difficult. For being compelled to advance in a dense body, they fell upon and trode down one another; and some of them died immediately on the javelins and articles of baggage, while others were entangled together, and floated down the stream. On the other side of the river, too, the Syracusans lined the bank, which was precipitous, and from the higher ground discharged their missiles on the Athenians, while most of them were eagerly drinking, and in confusion amongst themselves in the hollow bed of the stream. The Peloponnesians, moreover, came down to them and butchered them, especially those in the river. And thus the water was immediately spoiled; but nevertheless it was drunk by them, mud and all, bloody as it was, and was even fought for by most of them.

At length, when many dead were now heaped one upon another in the river, and the army was destroyed, either at the river, or, even if any part had escaped, by the cavalry, Nicias surrendered himself to Gylippus, placing more confidence in him than in the Syracusans; and desired him and the Lacedaemonians to do what they pleased with himself, but to stop butchering the rest of the soldiers. After this, Gylippus commanded to make prisoners; and they collected all that were alive, excepting such as they concealed for their own benefit (of whom there was a large number). They also sent a party in pursuit of the three hundred, who had forced their way through the sentinels during the night, and took them. The part of the army, then, that was collected as general property, was not large, but that which was secreted was considerable; and the whole of Sicily was filled with them, inasmuch as they had not been taken on definite terms of surrender, like those with Demosthenes. Indeed

no small part was actually put to death; for this was the most extensive slaughter, and surpassed by none of all that occurred in this Sicilian war. In the other encounters also, which were frequent on their march, no few had fallen. But many also escaped, nevertheless; some at the moment, others after serving as slaves, and running away subsequently. These found a place of refuge at Catana.

When the Syracusans and allies were assembled together, they took with them as many prisoners as they could, with the spoils, and returned to the city. All the rest of the Athenians and the allies that they had taken, they sent down into the quarries, thinking this the safest way of keeping them: but Nicias and Demosthenes they executed, against the wish of Gylippus. For he thought it would be a glorious distinction for him, in addition to all his other achievements, to take to the Lacedaemonians even the generals who had commanded against them. And it so happened, that one of these, namely Demosthenes, was regarded by them as their most inveterate enemy, in consequence of what had occurred on the island and at Pylus; the other, for the same reasons, as most in their interest; for Nicias had exerted himself for the release of the Lacedaemonians taken from the island, by persuading the Athenians to make a treaty. On this account the Lacedaemonians had friendly feelings towards him; and indeed it was mainly for the same reasons that he reposed confidence in Gylippus, and surrendered himself to him. But certain of the Syracusans (as it was said) were afraid, some of them, since they had held communication with him, that if put to the torture, he might cause them trouble on that account in the midst of their success; others, and especially the Corinthians, lest he might bribe some, as he was rich, and effect his escape, and so they should again incur mischief through his agency; and therefore they persuaded the allies, and put him to death. For this cause then, or something very like this, he was executed; having least of all the Greeks in my time deserved to meet with such a misfortune, on

account of his devoted attention to the practice of every virtue.

As for those in the quarries, the Syracusans treated them with cruelty during the first period of their captivity. For as they were in a hollow place, and many in a small compass, the sun, as well as the suffocating closeness, distressed them at first, in consequence of their not being under cover; and then, on the contrary, the nights coming on autumnal and cold, soon worked in them an alteration from health to disease, by means of the change. Since, too, in consequence of their want of room, they did everything in the same place; and the dead, moreover, were piled up one on another—such as died from their wounds, and from the change they had experienced, and such like—there were, besides, intolerable stenches: while at the same time they were tormented with hunger and thirst; for during eight months they gave each of them daily only a *cotyle* of water, and two of corn. And of all the other miseries which it was likely that men thrown into such a place would suffer, there was none that did not fall to their lot. For some seventy days they thus lived all together; but then they sold the rest of them, except the Athenians, and whatever Siceliots or Italiots had joined them in the expedition. The total number of those who were taken, though it were difficult to speak with exactness, was still not less than seven thousand. And this was the greatest Grecian exploit of all that were performed in this war; nay, in my opinion, of all Grecian achievements that we have heard of also; and was at once most splendid for the conquerors, and most disastrous for the conquered. For being altogether vanquished at all points, and having suffered in no slight degree in any respect, they were destroyed (as the saying is) with utter destruction, both army, and navy, and everything; and only a few out of many returned home.

CHAPTER XX

XENOPHON

BIOGRAPHY. Xenophon, the son of Gryllus, was born in 434 B. C. He was a leader of no mean skill, a good soldier, an able historian and a devoted friend of Socrates. He was a singularly healthy-minded man, religious, a good husband and father, a good sportsman and a brave soldier—all qualities sufficiently uncommon in those days to make them notable. In 401 B. C. he entered the service of Cyrus the Younger, brother of the great king, but under a misapprehension as to the real purpose of the expedition or careless what it might be, so long as it led to adventure and renown. He was not at first one of the leaders of the Greeks who marched with him nor had he been instrumental in collecting that mercenary force, which must have included among it the rough-

est dare-devils of Greece. But having met Cyrus, Xenophon engaged willingly in the march, though it was not until they were far within the Persian dominions that he learned positively that Cyrus was in rebellion against his sovereign and elder brother, Artaxerxes. The disclosure, however, did not seriously affect the soldier, and he went on and into the battle of Cunaxa, where Cyrus was slain, as we have elsewhere related. When by the treachery of Tissaphernes five of the Greek generals and many of their followers were slain, Xenophon came to the front and conducted that masterly Retreat of the Ten Thousand, an account of which he has given us in his *Anabasis*.

In 399 B. C. Xenophon was banished from home because of his friendship for Socrates, who was that year put to death on account of his sympathy with Sparta. Three years later Xenophon joined the Spartans and fought with them so satisfactorily that he was awarded an estate at Scillus, where he lived with his wife Philesia. Here he was the typical, cultured country gentleman. His main occupation was writing, but he hunted zealously and spent a great deal of time training his two sons, Gryllus and Diodorus, to be, like their father, of the best manhood in Greece.

That these sons might grow up without a country was a troublesome thought to Xenophon, and by constant effort he was able, at the time of the next Athenian and Spartan

truce, to secure a removal of his disabilities and the enrollment of his sons in his old regiment. When Gryllus was slain in the battle of Mantinea, the tributes paid him in epitaph and poem must have been a source of great satisfaction to Xenophon, who had before that time been expelled from Scillus and had removed to Corinth. There in retirement he lived until his death, in 354 B. C.

II. His Writings. Xenophon was a prolific writer, and of his works we have, comparatively speaking, quite a large number. First and foremost is the *Anabasis,* which treats of his expedition with Cyrus and the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks. His most extensive work is the *Hellenica,* a history of Greece from 411 to 362 B. C. Next might be ranked his expositions of the teachings of Socrates, which appear under the titles of *Memorabilia, Apology, Oeconomicus* and *Symposium.* His *Cyropaedia* is a romantic treatment of the life of Cyrus. It is not history and is not a historical romance, but is a picture of Cyrus as he ought to have been rather than as he was. Besides these, there were a number of minor works on horsemanship, on the duties and powers of a cavalry officer, on hunting and on the Spartan constitution.

III. Literary Characteristics. Xenophon's descriptions abound in detail and are presented with a simplicity, picturesqueness and air of reality that makes them popular and interesting even to-day. His *Anabasis* is still

used as a textbook for beginners in the study of Greek, and in its able translations it is read with interest by thousands who have no knowledge of the original language. He was soldier enough to understand the value of directness and simplicity, and it is interesting to know that in his language he departs to an extent from classic Greek and writes in the early stages of that dialect which ultimately became the common language of all Greece.

Though Xenophon is considered to be an able historian, he was by no means the equal of Thucydides in accuracy, in breadth of view, or in unity of arrangement. He is at his best when relating his own experiences; outside of them he appears to be at fault. His chronology is inaccurate, and his judgment of men and ideas is comparatively weak.

He was not a philosopher, and in presenting the doctrines of Socrates he merely records them as he understood them, frequently being so much at fault as to give a very erroneous idea of the doctrines of the great thinker. Concerning his work in that direction, we shall have more to say in the chapter on Socrates.

His *Cyropaedia* is written in a more polished style than any of his other works, and for that reason, as well as for its romantic character, the work was deservedly popular in antiquity and enjoyed high esteem a century ago. Even now it would be read with interest.

IV. The "Anabasis." From a work so long as the *Anabasis* it is difficult to quote with

any degree of satisfaction to the reader or the writer. It is impossible in a brief space to show the cheery courage, transparent honor, religious simplicity and tactical skill of the man who led that long and perilous retreat. We cannot delineate the character of the gentle-hearted Proxenus or the crabbed old Clearchus, cursing and driving the troops with thongs, dark-browed and sullen except when in battle, or a score of other realistic persons who move through his pages. We can give few of those vivid details which make the narrative so fascinating—the officer pulled over the cliff by catching at the showy cloak of a flying foe; the invitation to the author by a barbarian leader to come out and die like a man rather than to be roasted in bed, for instance.

But still while the following extracts may give an inadequate, it possibly may be a pleasing, idea of his style and the nature of the events recorded. The passages are taken from the literal translation by Reverend J. S. Watson. The first tells the story of a quarrel between Clearchus and Menon, two of the generals:

On the other side of the Euphrates, over against their course through the desert, was an opulent and extensive city, called Charmande; from this place the soldiers purchased provisions, crossing the river on rafts in the following manner. They filled the skins, which they had for the coverings of their tents, with dry hay, and then closed and stitched them together, so that the water could not touch the hay. Upon these they went across,

and procured necessaries, such as wine made of the fruit of the palm-tree, and panic corn; for this was most plentiful in those parts. Here the soldiers of Menon and those of Clearchus falling into a dispute about something, Clearchus, judging a soldier of Menon's to be in the wrong, inflicted stripes upon him, and the man, coming to the quarters of his own troops, told his comrades what had occurred, who, when they heard it, showed great displeasure and resentment toward Clearchus.

On the same day, Clearchus, after going to the place where the river was crossed, and inspecting the market there, was returning on horseback to his tent through Menon's camp, with a few attendants. Cyrus had not yet arrived, but was still on his way thither. One of Menon's soldiers, who was employed in cleaving wood, when he saw Clearchus riding through the camp, threw his ax at him, but missed his aim; another then threw a stone at him, and another, and afterward several, a great uproar ensuing. Clearchus sought refuge in his own camp, and immediately called his men to arms, ordering his heavy-armed troops to remain on the spot, resting their shields against their knees, while he himself, with the Thracians, and the horsemen that were in his camp, to the number of more than forty (and most of these were Thracians), bore down toward the troops of Menon, so that they and Menon himself were struck with terror, and made a general rush to their arms; while some stood still, not knowing how to act under the circumstances. Proxenus happened then to be coming up behind the rest, with a body of heavy-armed men following him, and immediately led his troops into the middle space between them both, and drew them up under arms, begging Clearchus to desist from what he was doing. But Clearchus was indignant, because, when he had narrowly escaped stoning, Proxenus spoke mildly of the treatment that he had received; he accordingly desired him to stand out from between them.

At this juncture Cyrus came up, and inquired into

the affair. He then instantly took his javelins in his hand, and rode, with such of his confidential officers as were with him, into the midst of the Greeks, and addressed them thus: "Clearchus and Proxenus, and you other Greeks who are here present, you know not what you are doing. For if you engage in any contention with one another, be assured, that this very day I shall be cut off, and you also not long after me; since, if our affairs go ill, all these barbarians, whom you see before you, will prove more dangerous enemies to us than even those who are with the King." Clearchus, on hearing these remonstrances, recovered his self-possession; and both parties, desisting from the strife, deposited their arms in their respective encampments.

The following is the account given of the battle of Cunaxa, in which Cyrus was killed:

It was now about the time of full market, and the station, where he intended to halt, was not far off, when Pategyas, a Persian, one of Cyrus's confidential adherents, made his appearance, riding at his utmost speed, with his horse in a sweat, and straightway called out to all whom he met, both in Persian and Greek, that the King was approaching with a vast army, prepared as for battle. Immediately great confusion ensued; for the Greeks and all the rest imagined that he would fall upon them suddenly, before they could form their ranks; and Cyrus, leaping from his chariot, put on his breast-plate, and, mounting his horse, took his javelin in his hand, and gave orders for all the rest to arm themselves, and to take their stations each in his own place. They accordingly formed with all expedition.

In the center was Cyrus, and with him about six hundred cavalry, the men all armed with breast-plates, defenses for the thighs, and helmets, except Cyrus alone; for Cyrus presented himself for battle with his head unprotected. All the horses of the cavalry, that were with Cyrus, had defensive armor on the forehead and breast; and the horsemen had also Grecian swords.

It was now mid-day, and the enemy was not yet in sight. But when it was afternoon, there appeared a dust, like a white cloud, and not long after, a sort of blackness, extending to a great distance over the plain. Presently, as they approached nearer, brazen armor began to flash, and the spears and ranks became visible. There was a body of cavalry, in white armor, on the left of the enemy's line; close by these were troops with wicker shields; and next to them, heavy-armed soldiers with long wooden shields reaching to their feet; then other cavalry and bowmen. These all marched according to their nations, each nation separately in a solid oblong. In front of their line, at considerable intervals from each other, were stationed the chariots called scythed chariots; they had scythes projecting obliquely from the axletree, and others under the driver's seat, pointing to the earth, for the purpose of cutting through whatever came in their way; and the design of them was to penetrate and divide the ranks of the Greeks.

As to what Cyrus had said, however, when, on calling together the Greeks, he exhorted them to sustain unmoved the shout of the barbarians, he was in this respect deceived; for they now approached, not with a shout, but with all possible silence, and quietly, with an even and slow step. Cyrus in the meantime, riding by with Pigres, the interpreter, and three or four others, called out to Clearchus to lead his troops against the enemy's center, for that there was the King; "and if," said he, "we are victorious in that quarter, our object is fully accomplished." But though Clearchus saw that close collection of troops in the center of the enemy's line, and heard from Cyrus that the King was beyond the left of the Greeks (for so much the superior was the King in numbers, that, while occupying the middle of his own line, he was still beyond Cyrus's left), nevertheless he was unwilling to draw off his right wing from the river, fearing lest he should be hemmed in on both sides; and in answer to Cyrus he said, that he would take care that all should go well.

During this time the barbarian army advanced with a uniform pace: and the Grecian line, still remaining in the same place, was gradually forming from those who came up from time to time. Cyrus, riding by at a moderate distance from his army, surveyed from thence both the lines, looking as well toward the enemy as to his own men. Xenophon, an Athenian, perceiving him from the Grecian line, rode up to meet him, and inquired whether he had any commands; when Cyrus stopped his horse, and told him, and desired him to tell everybody, that the sacrifices and the appearances of the victims were favorable. As he was saying this, he heard a murmur passing through the ranks, and asked what noise that was. He answered, that it was the watchword, passing now for the second time. At which Cyrus wondered who had given it, and asked what the word was. He replied that it was, "JUPITER THE PRESERVER and VICTORY." When Cyrus heard it, "I accept it as a good omen," said he, "and let it be so." Saying this, he rode away to his own station; and the two armies were now not more than three or four stadia distant from each other, when the Greeks sang the paean, and began to march forward to meet the enemy. And as, while they proceeded, some part of their body fluctuated out of line, those who were thus left behind began to run: and at the same time, they all raised just such a shout as they usually raise to Mars, and the whole of them took to a running pace. Some say, that they made a noise with their spears against their shields, to strike terror into the horses. But the barbarians, before an arrow could reach them, gave way, and took to flight. The Greeks then pursued them with all their force, calling out to each other, not to run, but to follow in order. The chariots, abandoned by their drivers, were hurried, some through the midst of the enemies themselves, and others through the midst of the Greeks. The Greeks, when they saw them coming, opened their ranks to let them pass; some few, however, were startled and caught by them, as might happen in a race-course; but

these, they said, suffered no material injury; nor did any other of the Greeks receive any hurt in this battle, except that on the left of their army, a man was said to have been shot with an arrow.

Cyrus, though he saw the Greeks victorious, and pursuing those of the enemies who were opposed to them, and though he felt great pleasure at the sight, and was already saluted as King by those about him, was not, however, led away to join in the pursuit; but keeping the band of six hundred cavalry, that were with him, drawn up in a close order around him, he attentively watched how the King would proceed; for he well knew that he occupied the center of the Persian army. All the commanders of the barbarians, indeed, led their troops to battle occupying the center of their own men; thinking that they will thus be most secure, if they have the strength of their force on either side of them, and that if they have occasion to issue orders, their army will receive them in half the time. On the present occasion, the King, though he occupied the center of his own army, was nevertheless beyond Cyrus's left wing. But as no enemy attacked him in front, or the troops that were drawn up before him, he began to wheel round, as if to inclose his adversaries. Cyrus, in consequence, fearing that he might take the Greeks in the rear, and cut them in pieces, moved directly upon him, and charging with his six hundred horse, routed the troops that were stationed in front of the King, and put the guard of six thousand to flight, and is said to have killed with his own hand Artagerses, their commander.

When this flight of the enemy took place, Cyrus's six hundred became dispersed in the eagerness of pursuit; only a very few remaining with him, chiefly those who were called "partakers of his table."

While accompanied by these, he perceived the King and the close guard around him; when he immediately lost his self-command, and exclaiming, "I see the man," rushed upon him, struck him on the breast, and wounded him through the breast-plate, as Ctesias, the physician,

relates, stating that he himself dressed the wound. As Cyrus was in the act of striking, some one hit him violently with a javelin under the eye; and how many of those about the King were killed (while they thus fought, the King, and Cyrus, and their respective followers in defense of each), Ctesias relates; for he was with him; on the other side, Cyrus himself was killed and eight of his principal officers lay dead upon his body. Artapates, the most faithful servant to him of all his scepter-bearers, when he saw Cyrus fall, is said to have leaped from his horse, and thrown himself upon the body of his master; and some say, that the King ordered some one to kill him on the body of Cyrus; but others relate, that he drew his cimeter, and killed himself upon the body; for he had a golden cimeter by his side, and also wore a chain and bracelets, and other ornaments, like the noblest of the Persians; since he was honored by Cyrus for his attachment and fidelity to him.

The chapter which relates the treachery of Tissaphernes is as follows:

Soon after, they arrived at the river Zabatus, the breadth of which was four plethra. Here they remained three days, during which the same suspicions continued, but no open indications of treachery appeared. Clearchus therefore resolved to have a meeting with Tissaphernes, and, if it was at all possible, to put a stop to these suspicions, before open hostilities should arise from them. He accordingly sent a person to say, that he wished to have a meeting with Tissaphernes; who at once requested him to come. When they met, Clearchus spoke as follows: "I am aware, O Tissaphernes, that oaths have been taken, and right hands pledged between us, that we will do no injury to each other: nevertheless, I observe you on your guard against us, as though we were enemies; and we, perceiving this, stand on our guard against you. But since, upon at-

tentive observation, I can neither detect you in any attempt to injure us, and since, as I am certain, we have no such intentions toward you, it seemed proper for me to come to a conference with you, that we may put an end, if we can, to our distrust of one another. For I have, before now, known instances of men, who, being in fear of another, some through direct accusations, and others through mere suspicion, have, in their eagerness to act before they suffered, inflicted irremediable evils upon those who neither intended nor wished anything of the kind. Thinking, therefore, that such misunderstandings may be best cleared up by personal communications, I have come here, and am desirous to convince you that you have no just ground for mistrusting us. In the first and principal place, the oaths, which we have sworn by the gods, forbid us to be enemies to each other; and I should never consider him to be envied who is conscious of having disregarded such obligations; for from the vengeance of the gods I know not with what speed any one could flee so as to escape, or into what darkness he could steal away, or how he could retreat into any stronghold, since all things, in all places, are subject to the gods; and they have power over all every where alike. Such are my sentiments respecting the gods, and the oaths which we swore by them, in whose keeping we deposited the friendship that we cemented; but among human advantages, I, for my own part, consider you to be the greatest that we at present possess; for with your assistance, every road is easy, every river is passable, and there will be no want of provisions; but without you all our way would lie through darkness (for we know nothing of it), every river would be difficult to pass, and every multitude of men would be terrible; but solitude most terrible of all, as it is full of extreme perplexity. And even if we should be so mad as to kill you, what else would be the consequence, than that, having slain our benefactor, we should have to contend with the King as your most powerful avenger? For my own part, of how many and how great expectations I would deprive

myself, if I attempted to do you any injury, I will make you acquainted. I was desirous that Cyrus should be my friend, as I thought him, of all the men of his time, the most able to benefit those whom he wished to favor. But I now see that you are in the possession both of the power and the territory of Cyrus, while you still retain your own province, and that the power of the King, which was opposed to Cyrus, is ready to support you. Such being the case, who is so mad as not to wish to be your friend?

"But I will mention also the circumstances from which I derive hopes that you will yourself desire to be our friend. I am aware that the Mysians give you much annoyance, and these, I have no doubt, I should be able, with my present force, to render subservient to you; I am aware also that the Pisidians molest you; and I hear that there are many such nations besides, which I think I could prevent from ever disturbing your tranquillity. As for the Egyptians, against whom I perceive you are most of all incensed, I do not see what auxiliary force you would use to chastise them better than that which I now have with me. If, again, among the states that lie around you, you were desirous to become a friend to any one, you might prove the most powerful of friends; and if any of them give you any annoyance, you might, by our instrumentality, deal with them as a master, as we should serve you not for the sake of pay merely, but from gratitude, which we should justly feel toward you if we are saved by your means. When I consider all these things, it appears to me so surprising that you should distrust us, that I would most gladly hear the name of him who is so persuasive a speaker as to make you believe that we are forming designs against you."

Thus spoke Clearchus. Tissaphernes replied as follows: "I am delighted, O Clearchus, to hear your judicious observations; for, with these sentiments, if you were to meditate anything to my injury, you would appear to be at the same time your own enemy. But that you may be convinced that you have no just cause

for distrusting either the King or me, listen to me in your turn. If we wished to destroy you, do we appear to you to be deficient in numbers either of cavalry or infantry, or in warlike equipments, with the aid of which we might be able to do you injury, without danger of suffering any in return? Or do we seem to you likely to be in want of suitable places to make an attack upon you? Are there not so many plains, which, as the inhabitants of them are friendly to us, you traverse with exceeding toil? See you not so many mountains before you to be crossed, which we might, by pre-occupying them, render impassable to you? Or are there not so many rivers, at which we might parcel you out, as many at a time as we might be willing to engage? Some of these rivers, indeed, you could not cross at all, unless we secured you a passage. But even supposing that we were baffled in all these points, yet fire at least would prove its power over the produce of the soil; by burning which, we could set famine in array against you, which, though you were the bravest of the brave, you would find it difficult to withstand. How then, having so many means of waging war with you, and none of them attended with danger to ourselves, should we select from among them all this mode, the only one that is impious in the sight of the gods, the only one that is disgraceful in the sight of men? It belongs, altogether, to men who are destitute of means, deprived of every resource, and under the coercion of necessity, and at the same time devoid of principle, to seek to effect their purposes by perjury toward the gods, and breach of faith toward men. We, O Clearchus, are not so foolish or so inconsiderate; or why, when we have the opportunity of effecting your destruction, have we made no such attempt? Be well assured, that the cause of this was my desire to prove myself faithful to the Greeks, and, in consequence of doing them service, to return supported by that very body of foreign troops, to whom Cyrus, when he went up, trusted only on account of the pay that he gave them. As to the particulars in which you will

be of service to me, some of them you have enumerated, but of the greatest of all I am myself fully conscious; for though it is permitted to the King alone to wear the turban upright on the head, yet perhaps another than he may, with your assistance, wear that upright which is on the heart."

Tissaphernes, in speaking thus, seemed to Clearchus to speak with sincerity, and he replied, "Do not those, then, who endeavor by calumny to make us enemies, when there are such strong inducements to friendship between us, deserve the severest of punishment?" "Well, then," said Tissaphernes, "if you will come to me, as well generals as captains, in a public manner, I will inform you who they are that tell me that you are forming plots against me and my army." "I will bring them all," said Clearchus, "and, on my part, will let you know the quarter whence I hear reports respecting you." After this conversation, Tissaphernes, behaving to Clearchus with much courtesy, desired him to stay with him, and made him his guest at supper.

On the following day, when Clearchus returned to the camp, he plainly showed that he considered himself to be on the most friendly footing with Tissaphernes, and stated what he had proposed; and he said that those must go to Tissaphernes, whose presence he required, and that whoever of the Greeks should be proved guilty of uttering the alleged calumnies, must be punished as traitors, and persons ill-affected to the Greeks. It was Menon that he suspected of making the charges, as he knew that he had had an interview with Tissaphernes in company with Ariaeus, and was forming a party and intriguing against himself, in order, that, having gained the whole army over to his own interests, he might secure the friendship of Tissaphernes. Clearchus likewise wished the whole army to have their affections fixed on himself, and troublesome rivals to be removed out of his way.

Some of the soldiers urged, in opposition to his advice, that all the captains and generals should not go,

and that they ought to place no confidence in Tissaphernes. But Clearchus pressed his proposal with great vehemence, till he at length succeeded in getting five generals and twenty captains to go; and some of the other soldiers followed them, to the number of about two hundred, as if for the purpose of marketing.

When they had arrived at the entrance of Tissaphernes' tent, the generals, who were Proxenus the Boeotian, Menon the Thessalian, Agias the Arcadian, Clearchus the Lacedaemonian, and Socrates the Achaean, were invited to enter; but the captains waited at the door. Not long after, at one and the same signal, those within were seized, and those without massacred; and immediately afterward a body of barbarian cavalry, riding through the plain, killed every Greek, slave or freeman, that they met.

The Greeks, observing the motions of these cavalry from the camp, were filled with astonishment, and wondered what they could be doing, till Nicarchus, an Arcadian, came fleeing thither, wounded in the belly and holding his intestines in his hands, and related all that had occurred. The Greeks, in consequence, ran to their arms in a state of general consternation, expecting that the enemy would immediately march upon the camp. They however did not all come, but only Ariaeus and Artaozus and Mithridates, who had been Cyrus's most confidential friends; and the interpreter of the Greeks said that he saw with them, and recognized, the brother of Tissaphernes. Other Persians, equipped with corselets, to the number of three hundred, were in attendance on them. As they approached the camp, they called for whatever general or captain of the Greeks might be there, to come out to them, that they might deliver a message from the King. There accordingly went forth to them, with much caution, Cleanor the Orchomenian, and Sophaenetus the Stymphalian, generals of the Greeks, and with them Xenophon the Athenian, that he might learn news of Proxenus. As for Cheirisophus, he happened to be absent at some village looking for provisions.

When they had stopped just within hearing Ariaeus said to them: "Clearchus, O Greeks, having been found guilty of perjury, and of violating the truce, has received his just punishment, and is dead; Proxenus, and Menon, as having denounced his treachery, are in great honor; but the King demands of you your arms; for he says that they are his, as they belonged to Cyrus his subject." To this the Greeks answered (Cleanor the Orchomenian spoke for them), "O Ariaeus, most wicked of men, and the rest of you, as many as were the friends of Cyrus, have you no regard either for gods or men, that, after having sworn that you would consider our friends and enemies to be likewise yours, you have thus, after treacherously deserting us in concert with Tissaphernes, the most godless and most unprincipled of human beings, murdered the very men to whom you swore alliance, and, abandoning us who are left, have come against us in conjunction with our enemies?" Ariaeus replied, "Clearchus had been previously detected in treacherous designs against Tissaphernes and Orontes, and all of us who accompany them." To this Xenophon rejoined, "Clearchus, then, if he infringed the truce in violation of his oath, is deservedly punished; for it is just that those who violate their oaths should suffer death; but as for Proxenus and Menon, as they are your benefactors and our generals, send them hither; for it is clear that, being friends to both parties, they will endeavor to advise what is best both for you and for us." The barbarians, after conversing among themselves for some time, departed without making any answer to this proposal.

An account of a day or two in that long retreat:

What occurred in the expedition up the country to the time of the battle, and what took place after the battle during the truce which the King and the Greeks that went up with Cyrus concluded, and what hostilities

were committed against the Greeks after the King and Tissaphernes had violated the truce, and while the Persian army was pursuing them, have been related in the preceding part of the narrative.

When they had arrived at a spot where the Tigris was quite impassable from its depth and width, and where there was no passage along its banks, as the Carduchian Mountains hung steep over the stream, it appeared to the generals that they must march over those mountains, for they had heard from the prisoners that if they could but cross the Carduchian Mountains, they would be able to ford, if they wished, the sources of the Tigris in Armenia, or, if they declined doing so, to make a circuit round them. The sources of the Euphrates, too, they said were not far from those of the Tigris; and such is the truth.

Their entrance upon the territory of the Carduchi they made in the following manner, endeavoring at once to escape observation, and to anticipate the enemy in getting possession of the heights. When it was about the last watch, and enough of the night was left to allow them to cross the plain under cover of the darkness, they arose at a given signal, and, marching onward, reached the hills by break of day. Here Cheirisophus took the lead of the army, having with him both his own men and all the light-armed; while Xenophon brought up the rear with the heavy-armed troops, having not a single light-armed soldier; for there seems to be no danger that any of the enemy would attack them in the rear as they were marching up the mountains. Cheirisophus indeed mounted the summit before any of the enemy perceived him; he then led slowly forward; and each portion of the army, as it passed the summit in succession, followed him to the villages which lay in the windings and recesses of the mountains. The Carduchi, in consequence, quitting their dwellings, and taking with them their wives and children, fled to the hills. There was plenty of provisions left for the Greeks to take; and the houses were furnished with great numbers of brazen utensils, none of

which the Greeks took away. Nor did they pursue the people, being inclined to spare them, if perchance the Carduchi, since they were enemies to the King, might consent to allow them to pass through their country as that of friends; the provisions, however, as many as fell in their way, they carried off; for it was a matter of necessity to do so. But as for the Carduchi themselves, they would neither listen when they called, nor did they give any other sign of friendly feeling.

But when the rear of the Greeks was descending from the hills into the villages, being now overtaken by darkness (for, as the way was narrow, their ascent of the heights, and descent to the villages, had lasted the entire day), some of the Carduchi, collecting together, attacked the hindmost, and killed and wounded some of them with stones and arrows. They were but few; for the Greek troops had come on them unawares; but had they assembled in greater numbers, a great part of the army would have been in danger of being destroyed. For this night, accordingly, they took up their abode in the villages; and the Carduchi lighted a number of fires around them on the hills, and observed the positions of one another. As soon as it was day, the generals and captains of the Greeks, meeting together, resolved, when they should march, to reserve only such of the baggage-cattle as were most necessary and most able, abandoning the rest, and to dismiss all the slaves in the army that had been recently captured; for the cattle and the slaves, being numerous, rendered their progress slow, and the number of men in charge of them were unable to take part in any encounter; and besides, when the men were so numerous, it was necessary to procure and carry with them a double quantity of provisions. This resolution being passed, they made proclamation that the troops should act accordingly.

When they had breakfasted, and were on the march, the generals, taking their stand in a narrow part of the way, took from the soldiers whatever of the things mentioned they found had not been left behind, and the men

submitted to this. Thus they proceeded during this day, sometimes having to fight a little, and sometimes resting themselves. On the next day a great storm arose; but they were obliged to pursue their march, for they had not a sufficient supply of provisions. Cheirisophus continued to lead, and Xenophon had charge of the rear. The enemy pressed steadily upon them, and, where the passes were narrow, came close up, and used their bows and their slings; so that the Greeks, sometimes pursuing and sometimes retreating, were compelled to march but slowly; and Xenophon, when the enemy attacked them violently, had frequently to pass the word for a halt. Cheirisophus, at other times, when the order was passed, halted, but on one occasion he did not halt, but hurried on rapidly, and passed the word to follow; so that it was manifest that there was something extraordinary; but there was no time to go forward and ascertain the cause of the haste; and the march of the rear-guard became like a flight. On this occasion a brave soldier, Cleonymus, a Lacedaemonian, met his death, being shot with an arrow in the side through his shield and corselet; and also Basias, an Arcadian, shot right through the head.

When they arrived at the place of encampment, Xenophon immediately proceeded, just as he was, to Cheirisophus, and blamed him for not having halted, as the men had been compelled to flee and fight at the same time. "Two honorable and brave soldiers," said he, "have now been killed, and we have been unable either to carry off their bodies or bury them." To this remark Cheirisophus answered, "Cast your eyes upon those mountains, and observe how impassable they all are. The only road which you see is steep; and close upon it you may perceive a great multitude of men, who, having occupied the pass, keep guard at it. For these reasons I hastened on, and therefore did not wait for you, to try if I could get the start of the enemy before the pass was seized; and the guides whom we have say that there is no other road."

The details of the following chapter are interesting in themselves, and may be taken as a fair example of the hundreds which crowd the pages of the immortal work:

The next day it was thought necessary to march away as fast as possible, before the enemy's force should be reassembled, and get possession of the pass. Collecting their baggage at once, therefore, they set forward through a deep snow, taking with them several guides; and, having the same day passed the height on which Tiribazus had intended to attack them, they encamped. Hence they proceeded three days' journey through a desert tract of country, a distance of fifteen parasangs, to the river Euphrates, and passed it without being wet higher than the middle. The sources of the river were said not to be far off. From hence they advanced three days' march, through much snow and a level plain, a distance of fifteen parasangs; the third day's march was extremely troublesome, as the north wind blew full in their faces, completely parching up everything and benumbing the men. One of the augurs, in consequence, advised that they should sacrifice to the wind; and a sacrifice was accordingly offered; when the vehemence of the wind appeared to every one manifestly to abate. The depth of the snow was a fathom, so that many of the baggage-cattle and slaves perished with about thirty of the soldiers. They continued to burn fires through the whole night, for there was plenty of wood at the place of encampment. But those who came up late could get no wood; those therefore who had arrived before, and had kindled fires, would not admit the late comers to the fire unless they gave them a share of the corn or other provisions that they had brought. Thus they shared with each other what they respectively had. In the places where the fires were made, as the snow melted, there were formed large pits that reached down to the ground; and here there was accordingly opportunity to measure the depth of the snow.

From hence they marched through snow the whole of the following day, and many of the men contracted the *bulimia*. Xenophon, who commanded in the rear, finding in his way such of the men as had fallen down with it, knew not what disease it was. But as one of those acquainted with it, told him that they were evidently affected with *bulimia*, and that they would get up if they had something to eat, he went round among the baggage, and, wherever he saw anything eatable, he gave it out, and sent such as were able to run to distribute it among those diseased, who, as soon as they had eaten, rose up and continued their march. As they proceeded, Cheirisophus came, just as it grew dark, to a village, and found, at a spring in front of the rampart, some women and girls belonging to the place fetching water. The women asked them who they were; and the interpreter answered, in the Persian language, that they were people going from the King to the satrap. They replied that he was not there, but about a parasang off. However, as it was late, they went with the water-carriers within the rampart, to the head man of the village; and here Cheirisophus and as many of the troops as could come up, encamped; but of the rest, such as were unable to get to the end of the journey, spent the night on the way without food or fire; and some of the soldiers lost their lives on that occasion. Some of the enemy too, who had collected themselves into a body, pursued our rear, and seized any of the baggage-cattle that were unable to proceed, fighting with one another for the possession of them. Such of the soldiers, also, as had lost their sight from the effects of the snow, or had had their toes mortified by the cold, were left behind. It was found to be a relief to the eyes against the snow, if the soldiers kept something black before them on the march, and to the feet, if they kept constantly in motion, and allowed themselves no rest, and if they took off their shoes in the night; but as to such as slept with their shoes on, the straps worked into their feet, and the soles were frozen about them; for when their old shoes had failed them, shoes of raw hides

had been made by the men themselves from the newly-skinned oxen. From such unavoidable sufferings, some of the soldiers were left behind, who, seeing a piece of ground of a black appearance, from the snow having disappeared there, conjectured that it must have melted; and it had in fact melted in the spot from the effect of a fountain, which was sending up vapor in a woody hollow close at hand. Turning aside thither, they sat down and refused to proceed further. Xenophon, who was with the rear-guard, as soon as he heard this, tried to prevail on them by every art and means not to be left behind, telling them, at the same time, that the enemy were collected, and pursuing them in great numbers. At last he grew angry; and they told him to kill them, as they were quite unable to go forward. He then thought it the best course to strike a terror, if possible, into the enemy that were behind, lest they should fall upon the exhausted soldiers. It was now dark, and the enemy were advancing with a great noise, quarreling about the booty that they had taken; when such of the rear-guard as were not disabled, started up, and rushed toward them, while the tired men, shouting as loud as they could, clashed their spears against their shields. The enemy, struck with alarm, threw themselves among the snow into the hollow, and no one of them afterward made themselves heard from any quarter.

Xenophon, and those with him, telling the sick men that a party should come to their relief next day, proceeded on their march, but before they had gone four stadia, they found other soldiers resting by the way in the snow, and covered up with it, no guard being stationed over them. They roused them up, but they said that the head of the army was not moving forward. Xenophon, going past them, and sending on some of the ablest of the peltasts, ordered them to ascertain what it was that hindered their progress. They brought word that the whole army was in that manner taking rest. Xenophon and his men, therefore, stationing such a guard as they could, took up their quarters there without fire

or supper. When it was near day, he sent the youngest of his men to the sick, telling them to rouse them and oblige them to proceed. At this juncture Cheirisophus sent some of his people from the village to see how the rear were faring. The young men were rejoiced to see them, and gave them the sick to conduct to the camp, while they themselves went forward, and, before they had gone twenty stadia, found themselves at the village in which Cheirisophus was quartered. When they came together, it was thought safe enough to lodge the troops up and down in the villages. Cheirisophus accordingly remained where he was, and the other officers, appropriating by lot the several villages that they had in sight, went to their respective quarters with their men.

Here Polycrates, an Athenian captain, requested leave of absence, and, taking with him the most active of his men, and hastening to the village which Xenophon had been allotted, surprised all the villagers, and their head man, in their houses, together with seventeen colts that were bred as a tribute for the King, and the head man's daughter, who had been but nine days married; her husband was gone out to hunt hares, and was not found in any of the villages. Their houses were under ground, the entrance like the mouth of a well, but spacious below; there were passages dug into them for the cattle, but the people descended by ladders. In the houses were goats, sheep, cows, and fowls, with their young; all the cattle were kept on fodder within the walls.

There was also wheat, barley, leguminous vegetables, and barley-wine, in large bowls; the grains of barley floated in it even with the brims of the vessels, and reeds also lay in it, some larger and some smaller, without joints; and these, when any one was thirsty, he was to take in his mouth, and suck. The liquor was very strong, unless one mixed water with it, and a very pleasant drink to those accustomed to it.

Xenophon made the chief man of his village sup with him, and told him to be of good courage, assuring him that he should not be deprived of his children, and that

they would not go away without filling his house with provisions in return for what they took, if he would but prove himself the author of some service to the army till they should reach another tribe. This he promised, and, to show his good-will, pointed out where some wine was buried. This night, therefore, the soldiers rested in their several quarters in the midst of great abundance, setting a guard over the chief, and keeping his children at the same time under their eye. The following day Xenophon took the head man and went with him to Cheirisophus, and wherever he passed by a village, he turned aside to visit those who were quartered in it, and found them in all parts feasting and enjoying themselves; nor would they anywhere let them go till they had set refreshments before them; and they placed everywhere upon the same table, lamb, kid pork, veal, and fowl, with plenty of bread both of wheat and barley. Whenever any person, to pay a compliment, wished to drink to another, he took him to the large bowl, where he had to stoop down and drink, sucking like an ox. The chief they allowed to take whatever he pleased, but he accepted nothing from them; where he found any of his relatives, however, he took them with him.

When they came to Cheirisophus, they found his men also feasting in their quarters, crowned with wreaths made of hay, and Armenian boys, in their barbarian dresses, waiting upon them, to whom they made signs what they were to do as if they had been deaf and dumb. When Cheirisophus and Xenophon had saluted one another, they both asked the chief man, through the interpreter who spoke the Persian language, what country it was. He replied that it was Armenia. They then asked him for whom the horses were bred; and he said that they were a tribute for the King, and added that the neighboring country was that of Chalybes, and told them in what direction the road lay. Xenophon then went away, conducting the chief back to his family, giving him the horse that he had taken, which was rather old, to fatten and offer in sacrifice (for he had heard that it had been

consecrated to the sun), being afraid, indeed, that it might die, as it had been injured by the journey. He then took some of the young horses, and gave one of them to each of the other generals and captains. The horses in this country were smaller than those of Persia, but far more spirited. The chief instructed the men to tie little bags round the feet of the horses, and other cattle, when they drove them through the snow, for without such bags they sunk up to their bellies.

V. THE "CYROPAEDIA." Enough has already been said of the *Cyropaedia* to give an idea of its character and style. We have space merely for a few of the passages which are regarded as among the best in the book. They are taken from a translation by Henry Graham Dakyns.

First, we have this romantic account of the boyhood of Cyrus:

Until he was twelve years old or more, Cyrus showed himself to be above all his fellows in his aptitude for learning and in the noble and manly performance of every duty. But about this time, Astyages sent for his daughter and her son, desiring greatly to see him because he had heard how noble and fair he was. So it fell out that Mandane came to Astyages, bringing her son Cyrus with her. And as soon as they met, the boy, when he heard that Astyages was his mother's father, fell on his neck and kissed him without more ado, like the loving lad nature had made him, as though he had been brought up at his grandfather's side from the first and the two of them had been playmates of old. Then he looked closer and saw that the King's eyes were stenciled and his cheeks painted, and that he wore false curls after the fashion of the Medes in those days (for these adornments, and the purple robes, the tunics, the necklaces, and the bracelets, they are all Median first and last, not Persian; the Persian, as you find him at home

even now-a-days, still keeps to his plainer dress and his plainer style of living.) The boy, seeing his grandfather's splendor, kept his eyes fixed on him, and cried, "Oh, mother, how beautiful my grandfather is!" Then his mother asked him which he thought the handsomer, his father or his grandfather, and he answered at once, "My father is the handsomest of all the Persians, but my grandfather much the handsomest of all the Medes I ever set eyes on, at home or abroad." At that Astyages drew the child to his heart, and gave him a beautiful robe and bracelets and necklaces in sign of honor, and when he rode out, the boy must ride beside him on a horse with a golden bridle, just like King Astyages himself. And Cyrus, who had a soul as sensitive to beauty as to honor, was pleased with the splendid robe, and overjoyed at learning to ride, for a horse is a rare sight in Persia, a mountainous country, and one little suited to the breed.

Now Cyrus and his mother sat at meat with the King, and Astyages, wishing the lad to enjoy the feast and not regret his home, plied him with dainties of every sort. At that, so says the story, Cyrus burst out, "Oh, grandfather, what trouble you must give yourself reaching for all these dishes and tasting all these wonderful foods!" "Ah, but," said Astyages, "is not this a far better meal than you ever had in Persia?" Thereupon, as the tale runs, Cyrus answered, "Our way, grandfather, is much shorter than yours and much simpler. We are hungry and wish to be fed, and bread and meat bring us where we want to be at once, but you Medes, for all your haste, take so many turns and wind about so much it is a wonder if you ever find your way to the goal that we have reached long ago." "Well, my lad," said his grandfather, "we are not at all averse to the length of the road: taste the dishes for yourself and see how good they are." "One thing I do see," the boy said, "and that is that you do not quite like them yourself." And when Astyages asked him how he felt so sure of that, Cyrus answered, "Because when you touch an honest bit of bread you never wipe your hands, but if you take one

of these fine kickshaws you turn to your napkin at once, as if you were angry to find your fingers soiled." "Well and good, my lad, well and good," said the King, "only feast away yourself and make good cheer, and we shall send you back to Persia a fine strong fellow." And with the word he had dishes of meat and game set before his grandson. The boy was taken aback by their profusion, and exclaimed, "Grandfather, do you give me all this for myself, to do what I like with it?" "Certainly I do," said the King. Whereupon, without more ado, the boy Cyrus took first one dish and then another and gave them to the attendants who stood about his grandfather, and with each gift he made a little speech: "That is for you, for so kindly teaching me to ride;" "And that is for you, in return for the javelin you gave me, I have got it still;" "And this for you, because you wait on my grandfather so prettily;" "And this for you, sir, because you honor my mother." And so on until he had got rid of all the meat he had been given. "But you do not give a single piece to Sacas, my butler," quoth the grandfather, "and I honor him more than all the rest." Now this Sacas, as one may guess, was a handsome fellow, and he had the right to bring before the King all who desired audience, or keep them back if he thought the time unseasonable. But Cyrus, in answer to his grandfather's question retorted eagerly, like a lad who did not know what fear meant, "And why should you honor him so much, grandfather?" Then Astyages laughed and said, "Can you not see how prettily he mixes the cup, and with what a grace he serves the wine?" And indeed, these royal cup-bearers are neat-handed at their task, mixing the bowl with infinite elegance, and pouring the wine into the beakers without spilling a drop, and when they hand the goblet they poise it deftly between thumb and finger for the banqueter to take. "Now, grandfather," said the boy, "tell Sacas to give me the bowl, and let me pour out the wine as prettily as he if I can, and win your favor." So the King bade the butler hand him the bowl, and Cyrus took it and mixed the wine just as he had

seen Sacas do, and then, showing the utmost gravity and the greatest deftness and grace, he brought the goblet to his grandfather and offered it with such an air that his mother and Astyages, too, laughed outright, and then Cyrus burst out laughing also, and flung his arms round his grandfather and kissed him, crying, "Sacas, your day is done. I shall oust you from your office, you may be sure. I shall make just as pretty a cup-bearer as you —and not drink the wine myself!" For it is the fact that the King's butler when he offers the wine is bound to dip a ladle in the cup first, and pour a little into the hollow of his hand and sip it, so that if he has mixed poison in the bowl it will do him no good himself.

Accordingly, Astyages, to carry on the jest, asked the little lad why he had forgotten to taste the wine though he had imitated Sacas in everything else. And the boy answered, "Truly, I was afraid there might be poison in the bowl. For when you gave your birthday feast to your friends I could see quite plainly that Sacas had put in poison for you all." "And how did you discover that, my boy?" asked the King. "Because I saw how your wits reeled and how you staggered; and you all began doing what you will not let us children do—you talked at the top of your voices, and none of you understood a single word the others said, and then you began singing in a way to make us laugh, and though you would not listen to the singer you swore that it was right nobly sung, and then each of you boasted of his own strength, and yet as soon as you got up to dance, so far from keeping time to the measure, you could barely keep your legs. And you seemed quite to have forgotten, grandfather, that you were King, and your subjects that you were their sovereign. Then at last I understood that you must be celebrating that 'free speech' we hear of: at any rate you were never silent for an instant." "Well, but, boy," said Astyages, "does your father never lose his head when he drinks?" "Certainly not," said the boy. "What happens then?" asked the King. "He quenches his thirst," answered Cyrus, "and that is all.

No harm follows. You see, he has no Sacas to mix his wine for him." "But, Cyrus," put in his mother, "why are you so unkind to Sacas?" "Because I do so hate him," answered the boy. "Time after time when I have wanted to go to my grandfather this old villain has stopped me. Do please, grandfather, let me manage him for three days." "And how would you set about it?" Astyages asked. "Why," said the boy, "I will plant myself in the doorway just as he does, and then when he wants to go in to breakfast I will say, 'You cannot have breakfast yet: HE is busy with some people,' and when he comes for dinner I will say, 'No dinner yet; HE is in his bath,' and as he grows ravenous I will say, 'Wait a little: HE is with the ladies of the court,' until I have plagued and tormented him as he torments me, keeping me away from you, grandfather, when I want to come." Thus the boy delighted his elders in the evening, and by day if he saw that his grandfather or his uncle wanted anything, no one could forestall him in getting it; indeed nothing seemed to give him greater pleasure than to please them.

Now when Mandane began to think of going back to her husband, Astyages begged her to leave the boy behind. She answered that though she wished to please her father in everything, it would be hard to leave the boy against his will. Then the old man turned to Cyrus: "My boy, if you will stay with us, Sacas shall never stop you from coming to me: you shall be free to come whenever you choose, and the oftener you come the better it will please me. You shall have horses to ride, my own and as many others as you like, and when you leave us you shall take them with you. And at dinner you shall go your own way and follow your own path to your own goal of temperance just as you think right. And I will make you a present of all the game in my parks and paradises, and collect more for you, and as soon as you have learnt to ride you shall hunt and shoot and hurl the javelin exactly like a man. And you shall have boys to play with and anything else you wish for: you have only

to ask me and it shall be yours.'' Then his mother questioned the boy and asked him whether he would rather stay with his grandfather in Media, or go back home with her: and he said at once that he would rather stay. And when she went on to ask him the reason, he answered, so the story says, ''Because at home I am thought to be the best of the lads at shooting and hurling the javelin, and so I think I am: but here I know I am worst at riding, and that you may be sure, mother, annoys me exceedingly. Now if you leave me here and I learn to ride, when I am back in Persia you shall see, I promise you, that I will outdo all our gallant fellows on foot, and when I come to Media again I will try and show my grandfather that, for all his splendid cavalry, he will not have a stouter horseman than his grandson to fight his battles for him.'' Then said his mother, ''But justice and righteousness, my son, how can you learn them here when your teachers are at home?'' ''Oh,'' said Cyrus, ''I know all about them already.'' ''How do you know that you do?'' asked Mandane. ''Because,'' answered the boy, ''before I left home my master thought I had learnt enough to decide the cases, and he set me to try the suits. Yes! and I remember once,'' said he, ''I got a whipping for misjudgment. I will tell you about that case. There were two boys, a big boy and a little boy, and the big boy's coat was small and the small boy's coat was huge. So the big boy stripped the little boy and gave him his own small coat, while he put on the big one himself. Now in giving judgment I decided that it was better for both parties that each should have the coat that fitted him best. But I never got any further in my sentence, because the master thrashed me, and said that the verdict would have been excellent if I had been appointed to say what fitted and what did not, but I had been called in to decide to whom the coat belonged, and the point to consider was, who had a right to it: Was he who took a thing by violence to keep it, or he who had had it made and bought it for his own? And the master taught me that what is lawful is just and what is in the teeth of law is based on vio-

lence, and therefore, he said, the judge must always see that his verdict tallies with the law. So you see, mother, I have the whole of justice at my fingers' ends already. And if there should be anything more I need to know, why, I have my grandfather beside me, and he will give me lessons." "But," rejoined his mother, "what every one takes to be just and righteous at your grandfather's court is not thought to be so in Persia. For instance, your own grandfather has made himself master over all and sundry among the Medes, but with the Persians equality is held to be an essential part of justice: and first and foremost, your father himself must perform his appointed services to the state and receive his appointed dues: and the measure of these is not his own caprice but the law. Have a care then, or you may be scourged to death when you come home to Persia, if you learn in your grandfather's school to love not kingship but tyranny, and hold the tyrant's belief that he and he alone should have more than all the rest." "Ah, but mother," said the boy, "my grandfather is better at teaching people to have less than their share, not more. Cannot you see," he cried, "how he has taught all the Medes to have less than himself? So set your mind at rest, mother, my grandfather will never make me, or any one else, an adept in the art of getting too much."

So the boy's tongue ran on. But at last his mother went home, and Cyrus stayed behind and was brought up in Media. He soon made friends with his companions and found his way to their hearts, and soon won their parents by the charms of his address and the true affection he bore their sons, so much so that when they wanted a favor from the King they bade their children ask Cyrus to arrange the matter for them. And whatever it might be, the kindliness of the lad's heart and the eagerness of his ambition made him set the greatest store on getting it done. On his side, Astyages could not bring himself to refuse his grandson's lightest wish. For once, when he was sick, nothing would induce the boy to leave his side; he could not keep back his tears, and his

terror at the thought that his grandfather might die was plain for every one to see. If the old man needed anything during the night Cyrus was the first to notice it, it was he who sprang up first to wait upon him, and bring him what he thought would please him. Thus the old King's heart was his.

During these early days, it must be allowed, the boy was something too much of a talker, in part, maybe, because of his bringing-up. He had been trained by his master, whenever he sat in judgment, to give a reason for what he did, and to look for the like reason from others. And moreover, his curiosity and thirst for knowledge were such that he must needs inquire from every one he met the explanation of this, that, and the other; and his own wits were so lively that he was ever ready with an answer himself for any question put to him, so that talkativeness had become, as it were, his second nature. But, just as in the body when a boy is overgrown, some touch of youthfulness is sure to show itself and tell the secret of his age, so for all the lad's loquacity, the impression left on the listener was not of arrogance, but of simplicity and warmheartedness, and one would gladly have heard his chatter to the end rather than have sat beside him and found him dumb.

However, as he grew in stature and the years led him to the time when childhood passes into youth he became more chary of his words and quieter in his tone: at times, indeed, he was so shy that he would blush in the presence of his elders, and there was little sign left of the old forwardness, the impulsiveness of the puppy who will jump up on every one, master and stranger alike. Thus he grew more sedate, but his company was still most fascinating, and little wonder: for whenever it came to a trial of skill between himself and his comrades he would never challenge his mates to those feats in which he himself excelled: he would start precisely one where he felt his own inferiority, averring that he would outdo them all,—indeed, he would spring to horse in order to shoot or hurl the javelin before he had got a firm seat—

and then, when he was worsted, he would be the first to laugh at his own discomfiture. He had no desire to escape defeat by giving up the effort, but took glory in the resolution to do better another time, and thus he soon found himself as good a horseman as his peers, and presently, such was his ardor, he surpassed them all, and at last the thinning of the game in the King's preserves began to show what he could do. What with the chasing and the shooting and the spearing, the stock of animals ran so low that Astyages was hard put to it to collect enough for him. Then Cyrus, seeing that his grandfather for all his goodwill could never furnish him with enough, came to him one day and said, "Grandfather, why should you take so much trouble in finding game for me? If only you would let me go out to hunt with my uncle, I could fancy every beast we came across had been reared for my particular delight!"

But however anxious the lad might be to go out to the chase, he had somehow lost the old childish art of winning what he wanted by coaxing: and he hesitated a long time before approaching the King again. If in the old days he had quarreled with Sacas for not letting him in, now he began to play the part of Sacas against himself, and could not summon courage to intrude until he thought the right moment had come: indeed, he implored the real Sacas to let him know when he might venture. So that the old butler's heart was won, and he, like the rest of the world, was completely in love with the young Prince.

At last when Astyages saw that the lad's heart was really set on hunting in the open country, he gave him leave to go out with his uncle, taking care at the same time to send an escort of mounted veterans at his heels, whose business it was to keep watch and ward over him in any dangerous place or against any savage beast. Cyrus plied his retinue with questions about the creatures they came across, which must he avoid and which might he hunt? They told him he must be on his guard against bears and wild boars and lions and leopards: many a man

had found himself at too close quarters with these dangerous creatures, and been torn to pieces: but antelopes, they said, and deer and mountain sheep and wild asses were harmless enough. And the huntsman, they added, ought to be as careful about dangerous places as about the beasts themselves: many a time horse and rider had gone headlong down a precipice to death.

The lad seemed to take all their lessons to heart at the time: but then he saw a stag leap up, and forgot all the wise cautions he had heard, giving chase forthwith, noticing nothing except the beast ahead of him. His horse, in its furious plunge forward, slipped, and came down on its knees, all but throwing the rider over its head. As luck would have it the boy managed to keep his seat, and the horse recovered its footing. When they reached the flat bottom, Cyrus let fly his javelin, and the stag fell dead, a beautiful big creature. The lad was still radiant with delight when up rode the guards and took him severely to task. Could he not see the danger he had run? They would certainly tell his grandfather, that they would. Cyrus, who had dismounted, stood quite still and listened ruefully, hanging his head while they rated him. But in the middle of it all he heard the view-halloo again: he sprang to his horse as though frenzied—a wild boar was charging down on them, and he charged to meet it, and drawing his bow with the surest aim possible, struck the beast in the forehead, and laid him low.

But now his uncle thought it was high time to scold his nephew himself; the lad's boldness was too much. Only, the more he scolded the more Cyrus begged he would let him take back the spoil as a present for his grandfather. To which appeal, says the story, his uncle made reply, "But if your grandfather finds out that you have gone in chase yourself, he will not only scold you for going but me for letting you go." "Well, let him whip me if he likes," said the boy, "when once I have given him my beasts: and you too, uncle," he went on, "punish me however you choose, only do not refuse me this." So Cyaxares was forced to yield:—"Have it

your own way then, you are little less than our King already." Thus it was that Cyrus was allowed to bring his trophies home, and in due course presented them to his grandfather. "See, grandfather, here are some animals I have shot for you." But he did not show his weapons in triumph: he only laid them down with the gore still on them where he hoped his grandfather would see them. It is easy to guess the answer Astyages gave:— "I must needs accept with pleasure every gift you bring me, only I want none of them at the risk of your own life." And Cyrus said, "If you really do not want them yourself, grandfather, will you give them to me? And I will divide them among the lads." "With all my heart," said the old man, "take them, or anything else you like; bestow them where you will, and welcome." So Cyrus carried off the spoil, and divided it with his comrades, saying all the while, "What foolery it was, was it not, when we used to hunt in the park! It was no better than hunting creatures tied by a string. First of all, it was such a little bit of a place, and then what scarecrows the poor beasts were, one halt, and another maimed! But those real animals on the mountains and the plains—what splendid beasts, so gigantic, so sleek and glossy! Why, the stags leapt up against the sky as though they had wings, and the wild boars came rushing to close quarters like warriors in battle! And thanks to their breadth and bulk one could not help hitting them. Why, even as they lie dead there," cried he, "they look finer than those poor walled-up creatures when alive! But you," he added, "could not your fathers let you go out to hunt too?" "Gladly enough," answered they, "if only the King gave the order." "Well," said Cyrus, "who will speak to Astyages for us?" "Why," answered they, "who so fit to persuade him as yourself?" "No, by all that's holy, not I!" cried Cyrus. "I cannot think what has come over me: I cannot speak to my grandfather any more; I cannot look him straight in the face. If this fit grows on me, I am afraid I shall become no better than an idiot. And yet, when I was a

little boy, they tell me, I was sharp enough at talking." To which the other lads retorted, "Well, it is a bad business altogether: and if you cannot bestir yourself for your friends, if you can do nothing for us in our need, we must turn elsewhere." When Cyrus heard that he was stung to the quick: he went away in silence and urged himself to put on a bold face, and so went in to his grandfather, not, however, without planning first how he could best bring in the matter. Accordingly he began thus: "Tell me, grandfather," said he, "if one of your slaves were to run away and you caught him, what would you do to him?" "What else should I do," the old man answered, "but clap irons on him and set him to work in chains?" "But if he came back of his own accord, how would you treat him then?" "Why, I would give him a whipping, as a warning not to do it again, and then treat him as though nothing had happened." "It is high time then," said the boy, "that you began getting a birch ready for your grandson: for I am planning to take my comrades and run away on a hunting expedition." "Very kind of you to tell me, beforehand," said Astyages. "And now listen, I forbid you to set foot outside the palace grounds. A pretty thing," he added, "if for the sake of a day's hunting I should let my daughter's lamb get lost."

So Cyrus did as he was ordered and stayed at home, but he spent his days in silence and his brow was clouded. At last Astyages saw how bitterly the lad felt it, and he made up his mind to please him by leading out a hunting-party himself. He held a great muster of horse and foot, and the other lads were not forgotten: he had the beasts driven down into the flat country where the horses could be taken easily, and then the hunt began in splendid style. After the royal fashion—for he was present in person himself—he gave orders that no one was to shoot until Cyrus had hunted to his heart's content. But Cyrus would not hear of any such hindrance to the others: "Grandfather," he cried, "if you wish me to enjoy myself, let my friends hunt with me and

each of us try our best." Thereupon Astyages let them all go, while he stood still and watched the sight, and saw how they raced to attack the quarry and how their ambition burned within them as they followed up the chase and let fly their javelins. But above all he was overjoyed to see how his grandson could not keep silence for sheer delight, calling upon his fellows by name whenever he came up with the quarry, like a noble young hound, baying from pure excitement. It gladdened the old man's heart to hear how gleefully the boy would laugh at one of his comrades and how eagerly he would applaud another without the slightest touch of jealousy. At length it was time to turn, and home they went, laden with their mighty trophies. And ever afterwards, so well pleased was the King with the day's hunting, that whenever it was possible, out he must go with his grandson, all his train behind him, and he never failed to take the boys also, "to please Cyrus." Thus did Cyrus spend his early life, sharing in and helping towards the happiness of all, and bringing no sorrow to any man.

The following incident of Gobryas belongs to a much later period in the life of the Persian King:

While they were concerned with these matters, an old Assyrian Prince, Gobryas by name, presented himself before Cyrus, mounted on horseback and with a mounted retinue behind him, all of them armed as cavalry. The Persian officers who were appointed to receive the weapons bade them hand over their lances and have them burnt with the rest, but Gobryas said he wished to see Cyrus first. At that the adjutants led him in, but they made his escort stay where they were. When the old man came before Cyrus, he addressed him at once, saying:

"My lord, I am an Assyrian by birth; I have a strong fortress in my territory, and I rule over a wide domain; I have cavalry at my command, two thousand three

hundred of them, all of which I offered to the King of Assyria; and if ever he had a friend, that friend was I. But he has fallen at your hands, the gallant heart, and his son, who is my bitterest foe, reigns in his stead. Therefore I have come to you, a suppliant at your feet. I am ready to be your slave and your ally, and I implore you to be my avenger. You yourself will be as a son to me, for I have no male children now. He whom I had, my only son, he was beautiful and brave, my lord, and loved me and honored me as a father rejoices to be loved. And this vile King—his father, my old master—had sent for my son, meaning to give him his own daughter in marriage; and I let my boy go, with high hopes and a proud heart, thinking that when I saw him again the King's daughter would be his bride. And the Prince, who is now King, invited him to the chase, and bade him do his best, for he thought himself far the finer horseman of the two. So they hunted together, side by side, as though they were friends, and suddenly a bear appeared, and the two of them gave chase, and the King's son let fly his javelin, but alas! he missed his aim, and then my son threw—oh, that he never had!—and laid the creature low. The Prince was stung to the quick, though for the moment he kept his rancor hidden. But, soon after that, they roused a lion, and then he missed a second time—no unusual thing for him, I imagine—but my son's spear went home, and he brought the beast down, and cried, 'See, I have shot but twice, and killed each time!' And at this the monster could not contain his jealousy; he snatched a spear from one of his followers and ran my son through the body, my only son, my darling, and took his life. And I, unhappy that I am, I, who thought to welcome a bridegroom, carried home a corpse. I, who am old, buried my boy with the first down on his chin, my brave boy, my well-beloved. And his assassin acted as though it were an enemy that he had done to death. He never showed one sign of remorse, he never paid one tribute of honor to the dead, in atonement for his cruel deed. Yet his own father pitied me, and showed that

he could share the burden of my grief. Had he lived, my old master, I would never have come to you to do him harm; many a kindness have I received from him, and many a service have I done him. But now that his kingdom has descended to my boy's murderer—I could never be loyal to that man, and he, I know, could never regard me as a friend. He knows too well how I feel towards him, and how, after my former splendor, I pass my days in mourning, growing old in loneliness and grief. If you can receive me, if you can give me some hope of vengeance for my dear son, I think I should grow young again, I should not feel ashamed to live, and when I came to die I should not die in utter wretchedness."

So he spoke, and Cyrus answered:

"Gobryas, if your heart be set towards us as you say, I receive you as my suppliant, and I promise, God helping me, to avenge your son. But tell me," he added, "if we do this for you, and if we suffer you to keep your stronghold, your land, your arms, and the power which you had, how will you serve us in return?"

And the old man answered:

"My stronghold shall be yours, to live in as often as you come to me; the tribute which I used to pay to Assyria shall be paid to you; and whenever you march out to war, I will march at your side with the men from my own land. Moreover, I have a daughter, a well-beloved maiden, ripe for marriage; once I thought of bringing her up to be the bride of the man who is now king; but she besought me herself, with tears, not to give her to her brother's murderer, and I have no mind to oppose her. And now I will put her in your hands, to deal with as I shall deal with you."

So it came to pass that Cyrus said, "On the faith that you have spoken truly and with true intent, I take your hand and I give you mine; let the gods be witness."

And when this was done, Cyrus bade the old man depart in peace, without surrendering his arms, and then he asked him how far away he lived, "Since," said he, "I am minded to visit you." And Gobryas answered,

"If you set off early to-morrow, the next day you may lodge with us." With that he took his own departure, leaving a guide for Cyrus.

The pathetic story of Pantheia:

Then Cyrus called some of his squires and said:

"Tell me, have any of you seen Abradatas? I wonder that he who used to come to me so often is nowhere to be found."

Then one of the squires made answer, "My lord, he is dead: he fell in the battle, charging straight into the Egyptian ranks: the rest, all but his own companions, swerved before their close array. And now," he added, "we hear that his wife has found his body and laid it in her own car, and has brought it here to the banks of the Pactolus. Her chamberlains and her attendants are digging a grave for the dead man upon a hill, and she, they say, has put her fairest raiment on him and her jewels, and she is seated on the ground with his head upon her knees."

Then Cyrus smote his hand upon his thigh and leapt up and sprang to horse, galloping to the place of sorrow, with a thousand troopers at his back. He bade Gadatas and Gobryas take what jewels they could find to honor the dear friend and brave warrior who had fallen, and follow with all speed: and he bade the keepers of the herds, the cattle, and the horses drive up their flocks wherever they heard he was, that he might sacrifice on the grave.

But when he saw Pantheia seated on the ground and the dead man lying there, the tears ran down his cheeks and he cried:

"O noble and loyal spirit, have you gone from us?"

Then he took the dead man by the hand, but the hand came away with his own: it had been hacked by an Egyptian blade. And when he saw that, his sorrow grew, and Pantheia sobbed aloud and took the hand from Cyrus and kissed it and laid it in its place, as best she could, and said:

"It is all like that, Cyrus. But why should you see it?" And presently she said, "All this, I know, he suffered for my sake, and for yours too, Cyrus, perhaps as much. I was a fool: I urged him so to bear himself as became a faithful friend of yours, and he, I know, he never thought once of his own safety, but only of what he might do to show his gratitude. Now he has fallen, without a stain upon his valor: and I, who urged him, I live on to sit beside his grave."

And Cyrus wept silently for a while, and then he said:

"Lady, his end was the noblest and the fairest that could be: he died in the hour of victory. Take these gifts that I have brought and adorn him."

For now Gobryas and Gadatas appeared with store of jewels and rich apparel. "He shall not lack for honor," Cyrus said; "many hands will raise his monument: it shall be a royal one; and we will offer such sacrifice as befits a hero. And you, lady," he added, "you shall not be left desolate. I reverence your chastity and your nobleness, and I will give you a guardian to lead you whithersoever you choose, if you will but tell me to whom you wish to go."

And Pantheia answered:

"Be at rest, Cyrus, I will not hide from you to whom I long to go."

Therewith Cyrus took his leave of her and went, pitying from his heart the woman who had lost so brave a husband, and the dead man in his grave, taken from so sweet a wife, never to see her more. Then Pantheia bade chamberlains stand aside "until," she said, "I have wept over him as I would." But she made her nurse stay with her and she said:

"Nurse, when I am dead, cover us with the same cloak." And the nurse entreated and besought her, but she could not move her, and when she saw that she did but vex her mistress, she sat down and wept in silence. Then Pantheia took the scimitar, that had been ready for her so long, and drew it across her throat, and dropped her head upon her husband's breast and died.

And the nurse cried bitterly, but she covered the two with one cloak as her mistress had bidden her.

And when Cyrus heard what Pantheia had done he rushed out in horror to see if he could save her. And when the three chamberlains saw what had happened they drew their own scimitars and killed themselves, there where she had bidden them stand. And when Cyrus came to that place of sorrow, he looked with wonder and reverence on the woman, and wept for her and went his way and saw that all due honor was paid to those who lay there dead, and a mighty sepulcher was raised above them, mightier, men say, than had been seen in all the world before.

The death of Cyrus:

Thus the years passed on, and Cyrus was now in a ripe old age, and he journeyed to Persia for the seventh time in his reign. His father and mother were long since dead in the course of nature, and Cyrus offered sacrifice according to the law, and led the sacred dance for his Persians after the manner of his forefathers, and gave gifts to every man according to his wont.

But one night, as he lay asleep in the royal palace, he dreamt a dream. It seemed to him that some one met him, greater than a man, and said to him, "Set your house in order, Cyrus: the time has come, and you are going to the gods."

With that Cyrus awoke out of sleep, and he all but seemed to know that the end of his life was at hand. Straightway he took victims and offered sacrifice to Zeus, the god of his fathers, and to the Sun, and all the other gods, on the high places where the Persians sacrifice, and then he made this prayer:

"Zeus, god of my fathers, and thou, O Sun, and all ye gods, accept this sacrifice, my offering for many a noble enterprise, and suffer me to thank you for the grace ye have shown me, telling me all my life, by victims and by signs from heaven, by birds and by the voices of men, what things I ought to do and what I

ought to refrain from doing. Deep is my thankfulness that I was able to recognize your care, and never lifted up my heart too high even in my prosperity. I beseech you now to bless my children also, and my wife, and my friends, and my fatherland; and for myself, may my death be as my life has been."

Then Cyrus went home again and lay down on his bed, for he longed to rest. And when the hour was come, his attendants came to him and bade him take his bath. But he said he would rather rest. And others came afterwards, at the usual time, to set the meal before him; but he could not bring himself to take food: he seemed only to thirst, and drank readily. It was the same the second day, and the third, and then he called his sons to his side—it chanced they had followed him to Persia—and he summoned his friends also and the chief magistrates of the land, and when they were all met, he began:

"My sons, and friends of mine, the end of my life is at hand: I know it by many signs. And when I am dead, you must show by word and deed that you think of me as happy. When I was a child, I had all the joys and triumphs of a child, and I reaped the treasures of youth as I grew up, and all the glories of a man when I came to man's estate. And as the years passed, I seemed to find my powers grow with them, so that I never felt my old age weaker than my youth, nor can I think of anything I attempted or desired wherein I failed. Moreover, I have seen my friends made happy by my means, and my enemies crushed beneath my hand. This my fatherland, which was once of no account in Asia, I leave at the height of power, and of all that I won I think I have lost nothing. Throughout my whole life I have fared as I prayed to fare, and the dread that was ever with me lest in days to come I might see or hear or suffer evil, this dread would never let me think too highly of myself, or rejoice as a fool rejoices. And if I die now, I leave my sons behind me, the sons the gods have given me; and I leave my fatherland in happiness, and my

friends. Surely I may hope that men will count me blessed and cherish my memory. . . .

"The sovereignty is yours, Cambyses; the gods have given it to you, and I also, as far as in me lies; and to you, Tanaoxares, I give the satrapy over the Medes and the Armenians and the Cadousians, these three; and though I leave your elder brother a larger empire and the name of king, your inheritance will bring you, I believe, more perfect happiness than his. I ask myself what human joy will be lacking to you: all things which gladden the hearts of men will be yours—but the craving for what is out of reach, the load of cares, the restless passion to rival my achievements, the plots and counter-plots, they will follow him who wears the crown, and they are things, be well assured, that leave little leisure for happiness. And you, Cambyses, you know of yourself, without words from me, that your kingdom is not guarded by this golden scepter, but by faithful friends; their loyalty is your true staff, a scepter which shall not fail. But never think that loyal hearts grow up by nature as the grass grows in the field; if that were so, the same men would be loyal to all alike, even as all natural objects are the same to all mankind. No, every leader must win his own followers for himself, and the way to win them is not by violence but by loving kindness. And if you would seek for friends to stand by you and guard your throne, who so fit to be the first of them as he who is sprung from the self-same loins? Our fellow-citizens are nearer to us than foreigners, and our mess-mates dearer than strangers, and what of those who are sprung from the same seed, suckled at the same breast, reared in the same home, loved by the same parents, the same mother, the same father? Must they not be the nearest and dearest of all? What the gods have given to be the seal of brotherhood do not make of none effect yourselves. But build upon it: make it the foundation for other loving deeds, and thus the love between you shall never be overcome. The man who takes thought for his brother cares for his own self. For who but a brother

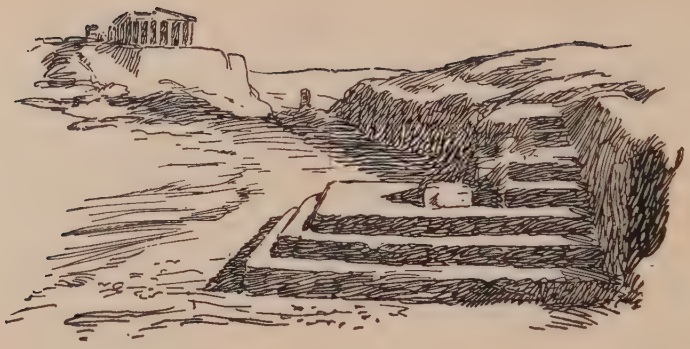
can win glory from a brother's greatness? Who can be honored as a brother can through a brother's power? Or who so safe from injury as the brother of the great? Let no one, Tanaoxares, be more eager than yourself to obey your brother and support him: to no one can his triumph or his danger come so near. Ask yourself from whom you could win a richer reward for any kindness. Who could give you stouter help in return for your own support? And where is coldness so ugly as between brothers? Or where is reverence so beautiful? And remember, Cambyses, only the brother who holds pre-eminence in a brother's heart can be safe from the jealousy of the world. I implore you both, my sons, by the gods of our fathers, hold each other in honor, if you care at all to do me pleasure: and none of you can say you know that I shall cease to be when I cease to live this life of ours. With your bodily eyes you have never seen my soul, and yet you have discerned its presence through its working. And have you never marked the terrors which the spirits of those who have suffered wrong can send into the hearts of their murderers, and the avenging furies they let loose upon the wicked? Think you the honors of the dead would still abide, if the souls of the departed were altogether powerless? Never yet, my sons, could I be persuaded that the soul only lives so long as she dwells within this mortal body, and falls dead so soon as she is quit of that. Nay, I see for myself that it is the soul which lends life to it, while she inhabits there. I cannot believe that she must lose all sense on her separation from the senseless body, but rather that she will reach her highest wisdom when she is set free, pure and untrammeled at last. And when this body crumbles in dissolution, we see the several parts thereof return to their kindred elements, but we do not see the soul, whether she stays or whether she departs. Consider," he went on, "how these two resemble one another, Death and his twin-brother Sleep, and it is in sleep that the soul of a man shows her nature most divine, and is able to catch a glimpse of what is

about to be, for it is then, perhaps, that she is nearest to her freedom. Therefore, if these things are as I believe, and the spirit leaves the body behind and is set free, reverence my soul, O sons of mine, and do as I desire. And even if it be not so, if the spirit must stay with the body and perish, yet the everlasting gods abide, who behold all things, with whom is all power, who uphold the order of this universe, unmarred, unaging, unerring, unfathomable in beauty and in splendor. Fear them, my sons, and never yield to sin or wickedness, in thought or word or deed. And after the gods, I would have you reverence the whole race of man, as it renews itself for ever; for the gods have not hidden you in the darkness, but your deeds will be manifest in the eyes of all mankind, and if they be righteous deeds and pure from iniquity, they will blazon forth your power: but if you meditate evil against each other, you will forfeit the confidence of every man. For no man can trust you, even though he should desire it, if he sees you wrong him whom above all you are bound to love. Therefore, if my words are strong enough to teach you your duty to each other, it is well. But, if not, let history teach you, and there is no better teacher. For the most part, parents have shown kindness to their children and brothers to their brothers, but it has been otherwise with some. Look, then, and see which conduct has brought success, choose to follow that, and your choice will be wise. And now maybe I have said enough of this. As for my body, when I am dead, I would not have you lay it up in gold or silver or any coffin whatsoever, but give it back to the earth with all speed. What could be more blessed than to lie in the lap of Earth, the mother of all things beautiful, the nurse of all things good? I have been a lover of men all my life, and methinks I would fain become part of that which does good to man. And now," he added, "now it seems to me that my life begins to ebb; I feel my spirit slipping away from those parts she leaves the first. If you would take my hand once more, or look into my eyes while life is there, draw near

me now; but when I have covered my face, let no man look on me again, not even you, my sons. But you shall bid the Persians come, and all our allies, to my sepulcher; and you shall rejoice with me and congratulate me that I am safe at last, free from suffering or sorrow, whether I am with God or whether I have ceased to be. Give all who come the entertainment that is fitting in honor of a man whose life on earth was happy, and so send them away. Remember my last saying: show kindness to your friends, and then shall you have it in your power to chastise your enemies. Good-bye, my dear sons, bid your mother good-bye for me. And all my friends, who are here or far away, good-bye."

And with these words he gave his hand to them, and then he covered his face and died.

THE SLEEPING ARIADNE



CHAPTER XXI

GREEK ORATORY: DEMOSTHENES

ATTIC PROSE. It was not until the great dramatists were passing away that the Greeks had a finished and polished prose, of which our knowledge comes principally through their historians and orators. Still there remain relics and fragments of work in various departments of prose writing that show great merit.

The earliest specimens of prose are plain statements of various agreements between individuals, religious writings, and, in the temples especially, public notices of what constituted impiety; then there were records of prayers granted, diseases cured, prodigies that had occurred, and brief and fragmentary chronicles of the lives and deeds of priests and priestesses.

There must have been prose stories as early as the sixth century, and it is certain that fiction played a large part in the narrations of

that early age. Many of the chronicles which preceded the epoch of real history were largely fictitious; that is to say, not only were the events fictitious, but they happened to characters who had no existence. Gradually these were combined with historical tales, and eventually all gave place to established history, as we have seen in another chapter. It would be interesting and a valuable addition to our knowledge of the Greeks if we had more remnants of this early work. Of some of these fragments we may have occasion to speak later on.

The great bulk of our surviving examples of Attic prose was produced between the time of Pericles and that of Alexander the Great, and during this period there were three quite distinct epochs: first, that of Pericles, Thucydides and their contemporaries; second, that of Lysias, Isocrates and Plato; and third, that of Demosthenes and Aeschines.

II. Oratory. The debt which Greek prose owes to the study of rhetoric and oratory cannot be estimated, but in speaking of oratory we must not consider it to be of the same declamatory nature which characterized the speaking of a Burke, a Grattan or a Webster. To thoroughly understand the Greek orators we must consider them as the builders and makers of a Greek prose style. A study of the classics shows a gradual transition from the poetical prose of the beginners through periods of formality, extreme simplicity and the

difficult phraseology of Thucydides to the elegant, precise and permanent prose style of the great orators. Again, the orations are extremely important historically, for the Greek orators were all Athenians living between 420 and 320 B. C., and from their speeches is learned most that is known of Attic law and transactions of the courts, dealings with criminals, the cruel treatment of slave witnesses and of the persons that are to be found about courts of justice. In the orations of Demosthenes we see the ideals and measure the political and moral standards of the men of his period, to say nothing of enjoying the varied sidelights that are thrown upon religion, commerce and war.

But in a third respect the work of the great orators is of surprising value, namely, because of their extreme beauty in style and technique. While ancient Greek prose may seem somewhat artificial, that apparent defect is largely to be attributed to the desire for euphony on the part of the speaker. The orator expected his work to be read aloud, and in fact a great majority of his "readers" were mere listeners. The sounds of words, the harmony of tones, and above all, rhetorical utterance, were considered of as much importance as clarity of thought and beautiful figures. Written speeches were not common, and our knowledge of the work of most of the orators is traditional. Even Demosthenes, who wrote so extensively, must have spoken many times as

much as he wrote. Yet many of the orators published their works, sometimes as ordinary pamphlets containing words that were never spoken; more frequently, perhaps, the spoken oration was polished, refined, and issued in permanent form. The preservation of the orations then was dependent more on practical considerations than upon the desire to perpetuate a piece of beautiful and refined prose. *On the Crown,* by Demosthenes, owes its existence to the fact that after its elegance and its powerful appeal had turned the Athenian jury against Aeschines, the latter felt compelled to justify himself before the people by publishing his original speech, together with answers to the points Demosthenes had made. Accordingly, Demosthenes felt compelled to reply to Aeschines, which he did by writing his original speech and reissuing it in an improved form.

III. The Epoch of Pericles. We have no extant example of the speeches of Pericles, and yet we are informed by many Greek writers that his oratory was remarkable for its grandeur and convincing force. He did not try by an appeal to the emotions to rouse the passions of his hearers nor to excite the populace to unruly action. He spoke calmly, without gestures, never stooped to merriment nor to flattery. He appealed to the reason rather than to the imagination, and yet in the few emphatic and vigorous expressions which are attributed to him there are evidences of beauty.

At one time, in speaking of the death of a

number of young men who had perished in battle, he used the exquisite figure, "The year has lost its spring."

The naturally eloquent Athenian statesmen profited by the rhetorical studies of the Sophists, to whom Greek culture is as deeply indebted as to the poets. This group of teachers made it their profession to impart to others the knowledge which they had acquired, and their pupils, who came to them in large numbers, spread this culture among the people. They argued for correctness and beauty of style and taught the orator that his business was to lead the minds of his hearers to view matters as he did himself, that the object of rhetoric was persuasion, and an able orator must be able to speak convincingly and persuasively upon any subject without, perhaps, a deep knowledge of it. Such at least was the oratory of Pericles and his followers.

IV. Lysias. Lysias, who was a Syracusan by parentage, was born about 450 B. C., and produced most of the work which we possess between the years 403 and 380 B. C. At the age of fifteen he went to Southern Italy, where he lived, studied and suffered until the defeat of the Sicilian expedition in 412, when he returned to Athens. He was a violent democrat, but withal an adroit and practical man who handled without gloves the cases which came to him, and he must have been a popular orator, to judge by his speeches, of which we have some thirty-four, more or less complete.

He was not a teacher of rhetoric, but he devised the scheme of writing legal speeches for other people upon any subject which they desired. His customers, who as a rule did not trust their own skill in addressing a court, needed a plain, unartificial style of discourse, and this the skillful orator gave them. This style became natural to him, and most of his speeches are remarkable for the purity and simplicity of their language, the skill shown in adapting the language to whatever subject was being considered, the vividness of description and the remarkable delineation of character. In fact, his speeches read as though through them he must have accomplished the object for which he pleaded. We may regard him, then, as the first real classical orator of the Greeks.

V. Isocrates. So timid that he never delivered a speech in public, Isocrates became one of the most celebrated Attic orators through a flourishing school which he conducted, first at Chios and then at Athens. Most of his speeches were written for his school, and others of them were delivered by men who hesitated to write their own.

He was born in 436 B. C., the son of a rich flutemaker, and accordingly held the views of the wealthy middle classes. His long life, which covered nearly a century, carried him through the exciting years from the time of Pericles to that of Alexander the Great. Toward the end of the war Isocrates had lost his

means and was compelled to support himself by serious work at his profession. In his extreme old age he gloried in the fact that he had always been in school, either as a learner or as a teacher.

He was a personal friend of Philip of Macedon and was able to put off the beginning of the war for a number of years, but when finally the Athenians were badly defeated at Chaeronea in 338 B. C., Isocrates was so overcome with grief that he put an end to his life.

About twenty-one of his orations and some nine letters still survive, the most famous of the former being his *Panegyric,* in which he eloquently records the great service which Athens had been to Greece. His teachings opened a new epoch for Grecian oratory and established the style followed by Demosthenes and later by Cicero, a style which we may characterize as correct, harmonious, elegant and dignified.

VI. Demosthenes. Demosthenes was born about 384 B. C., in Paeania in Attica. His father, Demosthenes by name, was a wealthy citizen who died when the great orator was only seven years of age, leaving for his children an estate of considerable size in the hands of three trustees, who conducted matters shamefully, made away with the most of the property and failed to provide for either mother or children. As soon as Demosthenes was of legal age, he brought action against the guardians, who were men of some standing and

Photo: Ewing Galloway

DEMOSTHENES

c. 383–322 B. C.

From Bronze Statue by Polyeuctes, 280 B. C., now in the Vatican, Rome

skillful enough not to defend their own actions, but to puzzle the boy plaintiff as much as possible. At last, however, he succeeded in winning his suit, but by that time there was little property to recover.

Under such conditions the passionate boy had grown up, delicate, awkward, unathletic, but industrious. He had imbibed a distrust for dignitaries and men of influence, but his struggles in the courts determined him to seek his career in politics and public life. If we may believe accounts, no young man was less fitted for success as an orator. His frame was feeble, his manner shy and awkward, his voice weak, and his articulation extremely defective. But Demosthenes had grit and determination. He took abundant exercise, running daily to improve his breathing and strength; as he walked up and down hill he declaimed to strengthen his voice, or, standing on the seashore, he spoke against the roar of the waves; before a looking-glass he practiced gestures and acquired a graceful delivery; and finally he overcame his stammering and defective utterance by practicing with pebbles in his mouth. Success was certain to any one who had the endurance required for such a regimen, and, as a result of such tactics, he became not only the greatest Athenian orator but, as many critics still maintain, the greatest orator of all time.

The long quarrel with his guardians and the sordidness of the treatment he received offended Demosthenes, for he was naturally

liberal, even lavish, and when he obtained money he spent it generously or gave it in large sums for public benefits. His nature was one of great intensity, and he threw himself into every cause he undertook with overwhelming force. Whatever may have been the right policy to pursue, Demosthenes was always convinced that his conception of it was the correct one, and he rarely failed to carry his conviction to the minds of his hearers. Doubtless his speeches are full of inaccuracies, and no one would accept them in their details for pure history, yet considering the nature of the causes he pleaded and the character of the people against whom he railed, we cannot feel that he took unusual liberties with the truth or brought unfair arguments to bear. It was no time for political amenities or for politeness and generosity in politics. The debaters meant business, and they fought to win. He considered the opponents as traitors selling Greece to barbarians; they thought him malignant, insane, dangerous.

Every correct estimate of Demosthenes must take such things into consideration, and even then it is evident that he was not a saint, but a heroic man of genius; fanatical, perhaps, but after all a skilled politician. In other words, he was the typical Greek of the epoch, fervid, passionate, with a keen sense of justice and nobility and a strong code of moral action. From the *Second Olynthiac* we take the following sentences:

Never, never, Athenians, can justice and oath-breaking and falsehood make a strong power. They hold out for once and for a little; they blossom largely in hopes, belike; but time finds them out and they wither where they stand. As a house and a ship must be strongest at the lowest parts, so must the bases and foundations of a policy be true and honest.

Again, in the peroration *On the Crown,* he says:

Two things, men of Athens, are characteristic of a well-disposed citizen—so may I speak of myself and give the least offense. In authority, his constant aim should be the dignity and pre-eminence of the commonwealth; in all times and circumstances his spirit should be loyal. This depends upon nature; power and might upon other things. Such a spirit, you will find, I have ever sincerely cherished.

VII. The Orations of Demosthenes. It is impossible to separate Demosthenes from his work or his work from the history of the times, for he was a man of action, who wrote and spoke for what he believed. Nearly everything is connected with the Persian Wars. On his first public appearance in politics, in the year 354 B. C., he gave his speech *On the Navy Boards,* in which he discouraged the attack upon Persia. It was not until 351, however, that he may be considered to have achieved fame in the *First Philippic,* in which he made a violent attack upon Philip of Macedon and urged his countrymen to unite against the growing power of the great conqueror. His *First, Second,* and *Third Olynthiac* were delivered in 349 B. C., and are devoted to urging the Athen-

ians to defend Olynthus against Philip. Two years later, however, when Philip had conquered this Athenian outpost, Demosthenes was sent as an ambassador to treat with him, and, though the orator's own honesty was not questioned, yet there were charges against his compatriots, and Philip took Thermopylae, and an unfortunate peace was concluded in 346 B. C.

Demosthenes, however, did not give up his antagonism to Philip, nor did he fail to urge all Greece to unite in opposition to the menacing power on the borders of their states. To this period belong the *Second Philippic* and *Third Philippic.* The latter, with the famous speech *On the Affairs of the Chersonese,* the material for which he had collected while ambassador to the Chersonese, are regarded as the greatest efforts against Philip.

When Philip again became actively aggressive against Greece, Demosthenes rallied the forces and fought the losing fight which terminated in the terrible disaster at Chaeronea. With all hope of political independence gone, Demosthenes devoted himself to local municipal affairs and succeeded so well in winning popularity from his fellows that in 336 B. C. Ctesiphon proposed that the states should present Demosthenes with a golden crown. This gave the opportunity to Aeschines, the bitter enemy of Demosthenes, to attack the latter in a speech against Ctesiphon and his measure. The answer to this speech is *On the Crown,* his immortal masterpiece.

In 324 B. C. Demosthenes was accused of appropriating money, and was imprisoned. He escaped and the next year was called back to support the Athenian league against Antipater. In the meantime, Philip had died and, as a sidelight on the sincerity of the hatred which Demosthenes felt against the Macedonian conquerer, it may be mentioned that when Demosthenes heard of the death of his enemy, although at the time he was himself grieving over the death of his only daughter, he clothed himself in festive garb and rejoiced publicly. When Antipater succeeded in conquering the Athenians, he demanded the surrender of Demosthenes, but the latter fled to the temple of Poseidon, in Calaurea. Here he was pursued by the Macedonian Archias and rather than to submit to capture and the indignities sure to follow, he ended his life by taking poison.

VIII. THE ORATION "ON THE CROWN." The last great speech delivered by Demosthenes in Athens was the one in which he undertook to justify his whole public policy and by which he established himself once more thoroughly in the good graces of his fellow-citizens. *On the Crown* is the greatest speech by the greatest orator in the world, and to thoroughly comprehend its significance we must know a little more of the circumstances under which it was delivered.

We have alluded to the fact that Ctesiphon had introduced a bill to the Council of Five

Hundred, proposing to reward Demosthenes for his gifts of money to the public and for his integrity and statesmanlike conduct. Possibly the measure was intended to give Aeschines an opportunity, but there seems little doubt of the sincerity of Ctesiphon. However, Aeschines, the deadliest enemy of Demosthenes and second only to him in oratorical fame, opposed the measure and at the same time sought to destroy the popularity of Demosthenes.

The measure proposed—

> . . . that Demosthenes should be presented with a golden crown, and that a proclamation should be made in the theater, at the great Dionysian festival, at the performance of the new tragedies, announcing that Demosthenes was rewarded by the people with a golden crown for his integrity, for the goodwill which he had invariably displayed towards all the Greeks and towards the people of Athens, and also for his magnanimity, and because he had ever both by word and deed promoted the interests of the people, and been zealous to do all the good in his power.

Aeschines, as prosecutor, and his friends, brought an indictment before the archon, or chief magistrate, of Athens, whose business it was to hear criminal matters, embodying three points: first, that it was unlawful to make false allegations in any state document; second, that it was unlawful to confer a crown upon any person who had an account to render of his official conduct; third, that it was unlawful to proclaim the honor of a crown in the theater at the Dionysiac festival at the performance of new tragedies.

It will be seen that the last two of these raised purely legal questions, but that the first allegation gave the opportunity which Aeschines sought, namely, to answer the question whether it was true that the virtue and patriotism of Demosthenes were such that public honor should be conferred upon him.

The indictment against Ctesiphon was not immediately brought to trial; in fact, it slumbered for seven years, or until 330 B. C., when the occasion seemed favorable to Aeschines for pushing his charges. In the meantime, the victories of Alexander and the successful campaign of Antipater had taken place, and the cause which Demosthenes had advocated was dead and abandoned; the masses were discouraged and cowed by what had occurred, the voice of Demosthenes was silent, and lethargy had fallen upon the people. The interest excited by the attack was immense, and people flocked from all parts of Greece to hear their most celebrated orators discuss the question which involved the integrity and position of one. The case was tried before a jury of not fewer than five hundred men, and the pleadings were given before a dense multitude of spectators.

We have the speeches of both orators in their revised and improved form. Aeschines appears to have felt the weakness of his position when he attacked the political character of his rival, and it appears as though he felt the absence of sympathy on the part of his audience.

His own career as a politician had not been without the appearance, at least, of devious methods, and while attacking Demosthenes he felt it necessary to defend himself. But upon Demosthenes in his public and private life he poured a flood of fierce invective that seems to have had its source in personal animosity, hatred and revenge, rather than in a desire to purify the politics of his city. However, his chief reliance in winning his case was upon the two legal counts, and these he handled with consummate skill, with the idea, of course, that if he should secure the conviction of Ctesiphon on these grounds, the notion would travel everywhere through Greece that it was owing to the unworthy character of Demosthenes that the verdict had been obtained.

Though the action was brought against Ctesiphon, it was Demosthenes who defended it. Fearing the strength of the position Aeschines had taken upon the legal questions, Demosthenes very wisely put his arguments concerning them into the middle of his long oration and devoted the beginning and close of it to his personal defense, feeling that by first winning the confidence of the jury and at last by appealing to their sense of justice and right, he might win the acquittal of Ctesiphon, even though the legal causes involved could not be decided in his favor. This plan of defense was vigorously opposed by Aeschines, who wished that the indictments should be taken up in the order in which they were named, but Demos-

thenes declined to do it, and the decision of this question was made in his favor.

IX. EXTRACTS FROM "ON THE CROWN." The modest exordium with which Demosthenes undertakes to win the favor of the jury is as follows:

I begin, men of Athens, by praying to every god and goddess, that the same good will, which I have ever cherished towards the commonwealth and all of you, may be requited to me on the present trial. I pray likewise—and this specially concerns yourselves, your religion, and your honor—that the gods may put it in your minds, not to take counsel of my opponent touching the manner in which I am to be heard—that would indeed be cruel!—but of the laws and of your oath; wherein (besides the other obligations) it is prescribed that you shall hear both sides alike. This means, not only that you must pass no pre-condemnation, not only that you must extend your good-will equally to both, but also that you must allow the parties to adopt such order and course of defense as they severally choose and prefer.

Many advantages hath Aeschines over me on this trial; and two especially, men of Athens. First, my risk in the contest is not the same. It is assuredly not the same for me to forfeit your regard, as for my adversary not to succeed in his indictment. To me—but I will say nothing untowards at the outset of my address. The prosecution however is play to him. My second disadvantage is, the natural disposition of mankind to take pleasure in hearing invective and accusation, and to be annoyed by those who praise themselves. To Aeschines is assigned the part which gives pleasure; that which is (I may fairly say) offensive to all, is left for me. And if, to escape from this, I make no mention of what I have done, I shall appear to be without defense against his charges, without proof of my claims to honor: whereas, if I proceed to give an account of my conduct and measures, I

shall be forced to speak frequently of myself. I will endeavor then to do so with all becoming modesty: what I am driven to by the necessity of the case, will be fairly chargeable to my opponent who has instituted such a prosecution.

I think, men of the jury, you will all agree that I, as well as Ctesiphon, am a party to this proceeding, and that it is a matter of no less concern to me. It is painful and grievous to be deprived of anything, especially by the act of one's enemy; but your good will and affection are the heaviest loss, precisely as they are the greatest prize to gain.

Such being the matters at stake in this cause, I conjure and implore you all alike, to hear my defense to the charge in that fair manner which the laws prescribe—laws, to which their author, Solon, a man friendly to you and to popular rights, thought that validity should be given, not only by the recording of them, but by the oath of you the jurors: not that he distrusted you, as it appears to me; but, seeing that the charges and calumnies, wherein the prosecutor is powerful by being the first speaker, cannot be got over by the defendant, unless each of you jurors, observing his religious obligation, shall with like favor receive the arguments of the last speaker, and lend an equal and impartial ear to both, before he determines upon the whole case.

As I am, it appears, on this day to render an account both of my private life and my public measures, I would fain, as in the outset, call the gods to my aid; and in your presence I implore them, first, that the goodwill which I have ever cherished towards the commonwealth and all of you may be fully requited to me on the present trial; next, that they may direct you to such a decision upon this indictment, as will conduce to your common honor, and to the good conscience of each individual.

Had Aeschines confined his charge to the subject of the prosecution, I too would have proceeded at once to my justification of the decree. But since he has wasted

no fewer words in the discussion of other matters, in most of them calumniating me, I deem it both necessary and just, men of Athens, to begin by shortly adverting to these points, that none of you may be induced by extraneous arguments to shut your ears against my defense to the indictment.

His next step is to make a brief defense of his private life and an exposure of the unfair tactics of Aeschines in indicting Ctesiphon for the purpose of venting his spite on Demosthenes:

To all his scandalous abuse of my private life, observe my plain and honest answer. If you know me to be such as he alleged—for I have lived nowhere else but among you—let not my voice be heard, however transcendent my statesmanship! Rise up this instant and condemn me! But if, in your opinion and judgment, I am far better and of better descent than my adversary; if (to speak without offense) I am not inferior, I or mine, to any respectable citizens; then give no credit to him for his other statements—it is plain they were all equally fictions—but to me let the same good-will, which you have uniformly exhibited upon many former trials, be manifested now. With all your malice, Aeschines, it was very simple to suppose that I should turn from the discussion of measures and policy to notice your scandal. I will do no such thing: I am not so crazed. Your lies and calumnies about my political life I will examine forthwith; for that loose ribaldry I shall have a word hereafter, if the jury desire to hear it.

The crimes whereof I am accused are many and grievous: for some of them the laws enact heavy—most severe—penalties. The scheme of this present proceeding includes a combination of spiteful insolence, insult, railing, aspersion, and everything of the kind; while for the said charges and accusations, if they were true, the state has not the means of inflicting an adequate punishment,

or anything like it. For it is not right to debar another of access to the people and privilege of speech; moreover, to do so by way of malice and insult—by heaven! is neither honest, nor constitutional, nor just. If the crimes which he saw me committing against the state were as heinous as he so tragically gave out, he ought to have enforced the penalties of the law against them at the time; if he saw me guilty of an impeachable offense, by impeaching and so bringing me to trial before you; if moving illegal decrees, by indicting me for them. For surely, if he can prosecute Ctesiphon on my account, he would not have forborne to indict me myself, had he thought he could convict me. In short, whatever else he saw me doing to your prejudice, whether mentioned or not mentioned in his catalogue of slander, there are laws for such things, and punishments, and trials, and judgments, with sharp and severe penalties; all of which he might have enforced against me: and had he done so—had he thus pursued the proper method with me, his charges would have been consistent with his conduct. But now he has declined the straightforward and just course, avoided all proofs of guilt at the time, and after this long interval gets up, to play his part withal, a heap of accusation, ribaldry, and scandal. Then he arraigns me, but prosecutes the defendant. His hatred of me he makes the prominent part of the whole contest; yet, without having ever met me upon that ground, he openly seeks to deprive a third party of his privileges. Now, men of Athens, besides all the other arguments that may be urged in Ctesiphon's behalf, this, methinks, may very fairly be alleged—that we should try our own quarrel by ourselves; not leave our private dispute, and look what third party we can damage. That surely were the height of injustice.

Thereupon Demosthenes enters upon the political history of his life, showing first the condition of Greece when he came upon the stage of public life and apologizing for the

self-praise in which he feels it necessary to indulge, on the ground that he is driven to it by his adversary. He reviews in detail the history of Greek politics and the relations of his country with the Macedonians, showing what action he took upon each occasion and argues for its justification, substantiating his statements by letters, decrees and sworn testimony of witnesses which he causes from time to time to be read before the jury. Many of the decrees show the respect and the consideration which the Macedonians felt toward Athens, and Demosthenes shows how each was obtained through his own personal management or through plans suggested by him.

Not until he has thus secured the good-will and approbation of his judges does he take up the legal charges which have been made against Ctesiphon, and upon these he dwells with brevity, leaving them quickly to make a personal attack upon Aeschines:

Do you hear, Aeschines, the law distinctly saying—"unless where any are voted by the people or the council, such may be proclaimed?" Why then, wretched man, do you play the pettifogger? Why manufacture arguments? Why don't you take hellebore for your malady? Are you not ashamed to bring on a cause for spite, and not for any offense?—to alter some laws, and to garble others, the whole of which should in justice be read to persons sworn to decide according to the laws? And you that act thus describe the qualities which belong to a friend of the people, as if you had ordered a statue according to contract, and received it without having what the contract required; or as if friends of the people were known by words, and not by acts and meas-

ures! And you bawl out, regardless of decency, a sort of cart-language, applicable to yourself and your race, not to me.

Again, men of Athens—I conceive abuse to differ from accusation in this, that accusation has to do with offenses for which the laws provide penalties, abuse with the scandal which enemies speak against each other according to their humor. And I believe our ancestors built these courts, not that we should assemble you here and bring forth the secrets of private life for mutual reproach, but to give us the means of convicting persons guilty of crimes against the state. Aeschines knew this as well as I, and yet he chose to rail rather than to accuse.

Even in this way he must take as much as he gives; but before I enter upon such matters, let me ask him one question—Should one call you the state's enemy, or mine, Aeschines? Mine, of course. Yet, where you might, for any offense which I committed, have obtained satisfaction for the people according to the laws, you neglected it—at the audit, on the indictments and other trials; but where I in my own person and safe on every account, by the laws, by time, by prescription, by many previous judgments on every point, by my never having been convicted of a public offense—and where the country must share, more or less, in the repute of measures which were her own—here it is you have encountered me. See if you are not the people's enemy, while you pretend to be mine!

Since therefore the righteous and true verdict is made clear to all; but I must, it seems—though not naturally fond of railing, yet on account of the calumnies uttered by my opponent—in reply to so many falsehoods, just mention some leading particulars concerning him, and show who he is, and from whom descended, that so readily begins using hard words—and what language he carps at, after uttering such as any decent man would have shuddered to pronounce—Why, if my accuser had been Aeacus, or Rhadamanthus, or Minos, instead of a prater, a hack of the market, a pestilent scribbler, I don't think

he would have spoken such things, or found such offensive terms, shouting, as in a tragedy, "O Earth! O Sun! O Virtue!" and the like; and again appealing to Intelligence and Education, by which the honorable is distinguished from the base:—all this you undoubtedly heard from his lips. Accursed one! What have you or yours to do with virtue? How should you discern what is honorable or otherwise? How were you ever qualified? What right have you to talk about education? Those who really possess it would never say as much of themselves, but rather blush if another did: those who are destitute like you, but make pretensions to it from stupidity, annoy the hearers by their talk, without getting the reputation which they desire.

I am at no loss for materials concerning you and your family, but am in doubt what to mention first—whether how your father Tromes, being servant to Elpias, who kept a reading-school in the temple of Theseus, wore a weight of fetters and a collar; or how your mother, by her morning spousals in the cottage by Hero Calamites, reared up you, the beautiful statue, the eminent third-rate actor!—But all know these things without my telling —Or how the galley-piper Phormio, the slave of Dion of Phrearrii, removed her from that honorable employment. But, by Jupiter and the gods! I fear, in saying what is proper about you, I may be thought to have chosen topics unbecoming to myself. All this therefore I shall pass by, and commence with the acts of his own life; for indeed he came not of common parents, but of such as are execrated by the people. Very lately—lately do I say?—it is but yesterday that he has become both an Athenian and an orator—adding two syllables, he converted his father from Tromes to Atrometus, and dignified his mother by the name of Glaucothea, who (as every one knows) was called Empusa; having got that title (it is plain) from her doing and submitting to anything—how else could she have got it? However, you are so ungrateful and wicked by nature, that after being raised through the people from servitude to freedom,

from beggary to affluence, instead of returning their kindness, you work against them as a hireling politician.

Of the speeches, which it may possibly be contended he has made for the good of the country, I will say nothing: of the acts which he was clearly proved to have done for the enemy, I will remind you.

What man present but knows of the outcast Antiphon, who came into the city under promise to Philip that he would burn your arsenal? I found him concealed in Piraeus, and brought him before the Assembly; when this mischief-maker, shouting and clamoring that it was monstrous in a free state that I should ill-treat unfortunate citizens, and enter houses without warrant, procured his release. And had not the Council of Areopagus, discovering the fact, and perceiving your ill-timed error, made search after the man, seized and brought him before you, a fellow like that would have been rescued, would have slipped through the hands of justice, and been sent out of the way by his declaimer. As it was, you put him to torture and to death, as you ought this man also. The Council of Areopagus were informed what Aeschines had done, and therefore, though you had elected him for your advocate on the question of the Delian temple, in the same ignorance by which you have sacrificed many of the public interests, as you referred the matter to the council, and gave them full powers, they immediately removed him for his treason, and appointed Hyperides to plead; for which purpose they took their ballots from the altar, and not a single ballot was given for this wretch. To prove the truth of my statements, call me the witnesses.

. . . . . .

A vast deal besides that I could say about him I omit. For thus (methinks) it is. I could produce many more such cases, where Aeschines was discovered at that period assisting the enemy and harassing me. But these things are not treasured up by you for careful remembrance or proper resentment. You have, through evil custom, given large license to any one that chooses to

supplant and calumniate your honest counselors, exchanging the interest of the state for the pleasure and gratification of hearing abuse; and so it is easier and safer always to be a hireling serving your enemies than a statesman attached to you.

That he should coöperate openly with Philip before the war, was shocking—O heaven and earth! could it be otherwise?—against his country! Yet allow him if you please, allow him this. But when the ships had openly been made prize, Chersonesus was ravaged, the man was marching against Attica, matters were no longer doubtful, war had begun—nothing that he ever did for you can this malicious iambic-mouther show—not a resolution has Aeschines, great or small, concerning the interests of the state. If he asserts it, let him prove it now whilst my waterglass is running. But there is none. He is reduced to an alternative;—either he had no fault to find with my measures, and therefore moved none against them; or he sought the good of the enemy, and therefore would not propose any better.

Did he abstain from speaking as well as moving, when any mischief was to be done to you? Why, no one else could speak a word. Other things, it appears, the country could endure, and he could accomplish without detection: but one last act he achieved, O Athenians, which crowned all he had done before; on which he lavished that multitude of words, recounting the decrees against the Amphissian Locrians, in hopes of distorting the truth. But the thing admits it not. No! never will you wash yourself clean from your performances there—talk as long as you will!

Again he reverts to his own actions and political deeds, showing in each case how Aeschines has distorted the facts and placed himself in the attitude of guilt which he would like to show was maintained by Demosthenes. From the beginning, Aeschines had taken a part

which was against the best interests of Athens and never had given her assistance by his counsels or in more practical ways.

The length of the speech prevents us from going into it in detail, but enough has been said to show the nature of the great document. We shall close with a few extracts which are sufficiently clear in their purport to make it unnecessary to supply the missing context:

Philip having thus disposed the states towards each other by his contrivances, and being elated by these decrees and answers, came with his army and seized Elatea, confident that, happen what might, you and the Thebans could never again unite. What commotion there was in the city you all know; but let me just mention the most striking circumstances.

It was evening. A person came with a message to the presidents that Elatea was taken. They rose from supper immediately, drove off the people from their market-stalls, and set fire to the wicker-frames; others sent for the generals and called the trumpeter; and the city was full of commotion. The next morning at daybreak the presidents summoned the council to their hall, and you went to the assembly, and before they could introduce or prepare the question, the whole people were up in their seats. When the council had entered, and the presidents had reported their intelligence and presented the courier, and he had made his statement, the crier asked, "Who wishes to speak?" and no one came forward. The crier put the question repeatedly—still no man rose, though all the generals were present and all the orators, and our country with her common voice called for some one to speak and save her—for when the crier raises his voice according to law, it may justly be deemed the common voice of our country. If those who desired the salvation of Athens were the proper parties to come forward, all of you and the other Athenians would have risen and

mounted the platform; for I am sure you all desired her salvation—if those of greatest wealth, the three hundred —if those who were both friendly to the state and wealthy, the men who afterwards gave such ample donations, for patriotism and wealth produced the gift. But that occasion, that day, as it seems, called not only for a patriot and wealthy man, but for one who had closely followed the proceedings from their commencement, and rightly calculated for what object and purpose Philip carried them on. A man who was ignorant of these matters, or had not long and carefully studied them, let him be ever so patriotic or wealthy, would neither see what measures were needful, nor be competent to advise you.

Well then—I was the man called for upon that day. I came forward and addressed you. What I said, I beg you for two reasons attentively to hear—first, to be convinced, that of all your orators and statesmen I alone deserted not the patriot's post in the hour of danger, but was found in the very moment of panic speaking and moving what your necessities required—secondly, because at the expense of a little time you will gain large experience for the future in all your political concerns.

I said—those who were in such alarm under the idea that Philip had got the Thebans with him did not, in my opinion, understand the position of affairs; for I was sure had that really been so, we should have heard not of his being at Elatea, but upon our frontiers: he was come, however, I knew for certain, to make all right for himself in Thebes. "Let me inform you," said I, "how the matter stands.—All the Thebans whom it was possible either to bribe or deceive he has at his command; those who have resisted him from the first and still oppose him he can in no way prevail upon: what then is his meaning, and why has he seized upon Elatea? He means, by displaying a force in the neighborhood, and bringing up his troops, to encourage and embolden his friends, to intimidate his adversaries, that they may either concede from fear what they now refuse, or be compelled. Now"—said I—"if we determine on the present occa-

sion to remember any unkindness which the Thebans have done us, and to regard them in the character of enemies with distrust, in the first place, we shall be doing just what Philip would desire; in the next place, I fear, his present adversaries embracing his friendship and all Philippising with one consent, they will both march against Attica. But if you will hearken to me, and be pleased to examine (not cavil at) what I say, I believe it will meet your approval, and I shall dispel the danger impending over Athens. What then do I advise?—First, away with your present fear; and rather fear all of ye for the Thebans—they are nearer harm than we are—to them the peril is more immediate:—next I say, march to Eleusis all the fighting-men and the cavalry, and show yourselves to the world in arms, that your partisans in Thebes may have equal liberty to speak up for the good cause, knowing that, as the faction who sell their country to Philip have an army to support them at Elatea, so the party that will contend for freedom have your assistance at hand if they are assailed. Further I recommend you to elect ten ambassadors, and empower them in conjunction with the generals to fix the time for going there and for the out-march. When the ambassadors have arrived at Thebes, how do I advise that you should treat the matter? Pray attend particularly to this—Ask nothing of the Thebans (it would be dishonorable at this time); but offer to assist them if they require it, on the plea that they are in extreme danger, and we see the future better than they do. If they accept this offer and hearken to our counsels, so shall we have accomplished what we desire, and our conduct will look worthy of the state: should we miscarry, they will have themselves to blame for any error committed now, and we shall have done nothing dishonorable or mean."

This and more to the like effect I spoke, and left the platform. It was approved by all; not a word was said against me. Nor did I make the speech without moving, nor make the motion without undertaking the embassy, nor undertake the embassy without prevailing on the

Thebans. From the beginning to the end I went through it all; I gave myself entirely to your service, to meet the dangers which encompassed Athens.

X. The "Third Philippic." This speech was delivered while Philip was advancing into Thrace and his armies were threatening the Chersonese. No important event had occurred recently, but Demosthenes was alarmed by the continual increase of Philip's power. Besides, Demosthenes had been into the Chersonese, was thoroughly acquainted with conditions there and had delivered the oration *On the Chersonese,* a successful speech full of good sense and manly eloquence. In the *Third Philippic* he gives the substance of the arguments which he had used in the preceding oration, points out the danger which would result if the Greek states became separated and disunited, and draws a vivid contrast between the spirit which had manifested itself in the Greeks of the olden time and the degenerate nature of the present. He tells what is to be expected from Philip when his previous actions are taken into consideration, and shows the difference between the present campaign and the one which had preceded it. He shows Philip to be even more dangerous when making protestations of peace than when engaged in actual warfare, and urges the Greeks to be wide awake and to believe in none of the friendly advances. He shows that the orators who had sold themselves for Macedonian gold were the most dangerous enemies of the Greeks, and that they should be

curbed by punishment before they had an opportunity to hoodwink the people. He even argues the wisdom of seeking an alliance with the Persians, who had equal cause to fear the growing power of Macedon.

The next year Philip threw off the mask and justified the apprehensions of Demosthenes, while the extraordinary defense put up by the Greeks proved that the oration of Demosthenes had had its due effect.

XI. Extracts from the "Third Philippic." Much as we would like to print the orations of Demosthenes in full, feeling that their perusal would amply repay the time spent by any reader, yet in a work of this sort it is sufficient if we give a clear idea of the nature of the orations and publish such extracts as will create an interest in the works of the author and show his influence upon the literature of the world. Our selections from the orations of Demosthenes are taken from the translation by C. Rann-Kennedy.

Near the beginning of the oration Demosthenes says:

I will first then examine and determine this point, whether it be in our power to deliberate on peace or war. If the country may be at peace, if it depends on us (to begin with this), I say we ought to maintain peace, and I call upon the affirmant to move a resolution, to take some measure, and not to palter with us. But if another, having arms in his hand and a large force around him, amuses you with the name of peace, while he carries on the operations of war, what is left but to defend yourselves? You may profess to be at peace, if you like, as

he does; I quarrel not with that. But if any man supposes this to be a peace, which will enable Philip to master all else and attack you last, he is a madman, or he talks of a peace observed towards him by you, not towards you by him. This it is that Philip purchases by all his expenditure, the privilege of assailing you without being assailed in turn.

If we really await until he avows that he is at war with us, we are the simplest of mortals: for he would not declare that, though he marched even against Attica and Piraeus, at least if we may judge from his conduct to others. For example, to the Olynthians he declared, when he was forty furlongs from their city, that there was no alternative, but either they must quit Olynthus or he Macedonia; though before that time, whenever he was accused of such an intent, he took it ill and sent ambassadors to justify himself. Again, he marched towards the Phocians as if they were allies, and there were Phocian envoys who accompanied his march, and many among you contended that his advance would not benefit the Thebans. And he came into Thessaly of late as a friend and ally, yet he has taken possession of Pherae: and lastly he told these wretched people of Oreus, that he had sent his soldiers out of good-will to visit them, as he heard they were in trouble and dissension, and it was the part of allies and true friends to lend assistance on such occasions. People who would never have harmed him, though they might have adopted measures of defense, he chose to deceive rather than warn them of his attack; and think ye he would declare war against you before he began it, and that while you are willing to be deceived? Impossible. He would be the silliest of mankind, if, whilst you the injured parties make no complaint against him, but are accusing your own countrymen, he should terminate your intestine strife and jealousies, warn you to turn against him, and remove the pretexts of his hirelings for asserting, to amuse you, that he makes no war upon Athens. O heavens! would any rational being judge by words rather than by actions,

who is at peace with him and who at war? Surely none. Well then; Philip immediately after the peace, before Diopithes was in command or the settlers in the Chersonese had been sent out, took Serrium and Doriscus, and expelled from Serrium and the Sacred Mount the troops whom your general had stationed there. What do you call such conduct? He had sworn the peace. Don't say—what does it signify? how is the state concerned?—Whether it be a trifling matter, or of no concernment to you, is a different question: religion and justice have the same obligation, be the subject of the offense great or small. Tell me now; when he sends mercenaries into Chersonesus, which the King and all the Greeks have acknowledged to be yours, when he avows himself an auxiliary and writes us word so, what are such proceedings? He says he is not at war; I cannot however admit such conduct to be an observance of the peace; far otherwise: I say, by his attempt on Megara, by his setting up despotism in Euboea, by his present advance into Thrace, by his intrigues in Peloponnesus, by the whole course of operations with his army, he has been breaking the peace and making war upon you; unless indeed you will say that those who establish batteries are not at war until they apply them to the walls. But that you will not say: for whoever contrives and prepares the means for my conquest is at war with me before he darts or draws the bow.

His characterization of Philip is as follows:

That Philip from a mean and humble origin has grown mighty, that the Greeks are jealous and quarreling among themselves, that it was far more wonderful for him to rise from that insignificance than it would now be, after so many acquisitions, to conquer what is left; these and similar matters, which I might dwell upon, I pass over. But I observe that all people, beginning with you, have conceded to him a right, which in former times has been the subject of contest in every Grecian war. And what is this? The right of doing what he pleases, openly fleecing the Greeks, attacking and enslaving their cities.

You were at the head of the Greeks for seventy-three years, the Lacedaemonians for twenty-nine; and the Thebans had some power in these latter times after the battle of Leuctra. Yet neither you, my countrymen, nor Thebans, nor Lacedaemonians, were ever licensed by the Greeks to act as you pleased; far otherwise. When you, or rather the Athenians of that time, appeared to be dealing harshly with certain people, all the rest, even such as had no complaint against Athens, thought proper to side with the injured parties in a war against her. So, when the Lacedaemonians became masters and succeeded to your empire, on their attempting to encroach and make oppressive innovations, a general war was declared against them, even by such as had no cause of complaint. But wherefore mention other people? We ourselves and the Lacedaemonians, although at the outset we could not allege any mutual injuries, thought proper to make war for the injustice that we saw done to our neighbors. Yet all the faults committed by the Spartans in those thirty years, and by our ancestors in the seventy, are less, men of Athens, than the wrongs which, in thirteen incomplete years that Philip has been uppermost, he has inflicted on the Greeks: nay they are scarcely a fraction of these, as may easily be shown in a few words.

Olynthus and Methone and Apollonia, and thirty-two cities on the borders of Thrace, I pass over; all which he has so cruelly destroyed that a visitor could hardly tell if they were ever inhabited: and of the Phocians, so considerable a people exterminated, I say nothing. But what is the condition of Thessaly? Has he not taken away her constitutions and her cities, and established tetrarchies, to parcel her out, not only by cities, but also by provinces, for subjection? Are not the Euboean states governed now by despots, and that in an island near to Thebes and Athens? Does he not expressly write in his epistles, "I am at peace with those who are willing to obey me?" Nor does he write so and not act accordingly. He is gone to the Hellespont; he marched formerly against Ambracia; Elis, such an important city in Peloponnesus,

he possesses; he plotted lately to get Megara: neither Hellenic nor barbaric land contains the man's ambition. And we, the Greek community, seeing and hearing this, instead of sending embassies to one another about it and expressing indignation, are in such a miserable state, so intrenched in our separate towns, that to this day we can attempt nothing that interest or necessity requires; we cannot combine, or form any association for succor and alliance; we look unconcernedly on the man's growing power, each resolving (methinks) to enjoy the interval that another is destroyed in, not caring or striving for the salvation of Greece: for none can be ignorant that Philip, like some course or attack of fever or other disease, is coming even on those that yet seem very far removed. And you must be sensible that whatever wrong the Greeks sustained from Lacedaemonians or from us, was at least inflicted by genuine people of Greece; and it might be felt in the same manner as if a lawful son, born to a large fortune, committed some fault or error in the management of it; on that ground one would consider him open to censure and reproach, yet it could not be said that he was an alien, and not heir to the property which he so dealt with. But if a slave or a spurious child wasted and spoiled what he had no interest in—Heavens! how much more heinous and hateful would all have pronounced it! And yet in regard to Philip and his conduct they feel not this, although he is not only no Greek and no way akin to Greeks, but not even a barbarian of a place honorable to mention; in fact, a vile fellow of Macedon, from which a respectable slave could not be purchased formerly.

What is wanting to make his insolence complete? Besides his destruction of Grecian cities, does he not hold the Pythian games, the common festival of Greece, and, if he comes not himself, send his vassals to preside? Is he not master of Thermopylae and the passes into Greece, and holds he not those places by garrison and mercenaries? Has he not thrust aside Thessalians, ourselves, Dorians, the whole Amphictyonic body, and got preaudience

of the oracle, to which even the Greeks do not all pretend? Does he not write to the Thessalians what form of government to adopt? send mercenaries to Porthmus, to expel the Eretrian commonalty; others to Oreus, to set up Philistides as ruler? Yet the Greeks endure to see all this; methinks they view it as they would a hailstorm, each praying that it may not fall on himself, none trying to prevent it. And not only are the outrages which he does to Greece submitted to, but even the private wrongs of every people: nothing can go beyond this! Has he not wronged the Corinthians by attacking Ambracia and Leucas? the Achaians, by swearing to give Naupactus to the Aetolians? from the Thebans taken Echinus? Is he not marching against the Byzantines, his allies? From us—I omit the rest—but keeps he not Cardia, the greatest city of the Chersonese? Still under these indignities we are all slack and disheartened, and look towards our neighbors, distrusting one another, instead of the common enemy. And how think ye a man, who behaves so insolently to all, how will he act when he gets each separately under his control?

The following is the conclusion:

What can be the reason—perhaps you wonder—why the Olynthians and Eretrians and Orites were more indulgent to Philip's advocates than to their own? The same which operates with you. They who advise for the best cannot always gratify their audience, though they would; for the safety of the state must be attended to: their opponents by the very counsel which is agreeable advance Philip's interest. One party required contribution; the other said there was no necessity; one were for war and mistrust; the other for peace, until they were ensnared. And so on for everything else (not to dwell on particulars); the one made speeches to please for the moment, and gave no annoyance; the other offered salutary counsel that was offensive. Many rights did the people surrender at last, not from any such motive of indulgence or ignorance, but submitting in the

belief that all was lost. Which, by Jupiter and Apollo, I fear will be your case, when on calculation you see that nothing can be done. I pray, men of Athens, it may never come to this! Better die a thousand deaths than render homage to Philip, or sacrifice any of your faithful counselors. A fine recompense have the people of Oreus got for trusting themselves to Philip's friends and spurning Euphraeus! Finely are the Eretrian commons rewarded, for having driven away your ambassadors and yielded to Clitarchus! Yes; they are slaves, exposed to the lash and the torture. Finely he spared the Olynthians, who appointed Lasthenes to command their horse, and expelled Apollonides! It is folly and cowardice to cherish such hopes, and, while you take evil counsel and shirk every duty, and even listen to those who plead for your enemies, to think you inhabit a city of such magnitude that you cannot suffer any serious misfortune. Yea, and it is disgraceful to exclaim on any occurrence, when it is too late, "Who would have expected it? However—this or that should have been done, the other left undone." Many things could the Olynthians mention now, which, if foreseen at the time, would have prevented their destruction. Many could the Orites mention, many the Phocians, and each of the ruined states. But what would it avail them? As long as the vessel is safe, whether it be great or small, the mariner, the pilot, every man in turn should exert himself, and prevent its being overturned either by accident or design: but when the sea hath rolled over it, their efforts are vain. And we, likewise, O Athenians, whilst we are safe, with a magnificent city, plentiful resources, lofty reputation—what must we do? Many of you, I dare say, have been longing to ask. Well then, I will move a resolution: pass it if you please.

First, let us prepare for our own defense; provide ourselves, I mean, with ships, money, and troops—for surely, though all other people consented to be slaves, we at least ought to struggle for freedom. When we have completed our own preparations and made them apparent to the Greeks, then let us invite the rest, and send

our ambassadors everywhere with the intelligence, to Peloponnesus, to Rhodes, to Chios, to the King, I say (for it concerns his interests, not to let Philip make universal conquest); that, if you prevail, you may have partners of your dangers and expenses, in case of necessity, or at all events that you may delay the operations. For, since the war is against an individual, not against the collected power of a state, even this may be useful; as were the embassies last year to Peloponnesus, and the remonstrances with which I and Polyeuctus, that excellent man, and Hegesippus, and Clitomachus, and Lycurgus, and the other envoys went round, and arrested Philip's progress, so that he neither attacked Ambracia nor started for Peloponnesus. I say not, however, that you should invite the rest without adopting measures to protect yourselves: it would be folly, while you sacrifice your own interest, to profess a regard for that of strangers, or to alarm others about the future, whilst for the present you are unconcerned. I advise not this: I bid you send supplies to the troops in Chersonesus, and do what else they require; prepare yourselves and make every effort first, then summon, gather, instruct the rest of the Greeks. That is the duty of a state possessing a dignity such as yours. If you imagine that Chalcidians or Megarians will save Greece, while you run away from the contest, you imagine wrong. Well for any of those people, if they are safe themselves. This work belongs to you: this privilege your ancestors bequeathed to you, the prize of many perilous exertions. But if every one will sit seeking his pleasure, and studying to be idle himself, never will he find others to do his work, and more than this, I fear we shall be under the necessity of doing all that we like not at one time. Were proxies to be had, our inactivity would have found them long ago.

Such are the measures which I advise, which I propose: adopt them, and even yet, I believe, our prosperity may be reëstablished. If any man has better advice to offer, let him communicate it openly. Whatever you determine, I pray to all the gods for a happy result.

CHAPTER XXII

GREEK PHILOSOPHY: PRE-SOCRATIC SCHOOLS

INTRODUCTION. Thus far we have purposely avoided saying much of the philosophy of the Greeks because of the fact that it reached its highest development at a period rather later than the epochs we have been considering and for the further reason that so important and perhaps difficult a subject is best treated by itself. Yet it must not be considered as wholly apart from the religion, politics and culture of that ancient people. Rather is it a distinct part of each and all. To appreciate this we must for a time go back of the period of Athenian supremacy and decline, and commence our story at the beginning.

II. Orphism. During the sixth century before Christ, religious feeling in Greece was marked by dissatisfaction and deep unrest, especially among thinking people, and there were numerous attempts to solve those great questions which are always springing up to trouble the human mind. The simple old religion of myths and heroes was no longer satisfying, and the cold moral standard of the Hesiodic poems was inadequate.

About that time certain men appeared who felt themselves competent to tell humanity how it might hope to purify itself from the sins of this life and find happiness in a world yet to come. In the mass of literature which these seers produced were poems attributed to Orpheus, which seem to have enjoyed the widest popularity and to have influenced to no small degree the doctrines of the philosophers of that age and their immediate successors. The votaries of the Orphic cult lived by strict rules: their simple diet excluded animal food and beans; they wore no wool; they purified themselves by the sprinkling of blood and in other ways. By following these rules, the initiates might hope to escape the horrors of Tartarus and make the journey to the blissful land of the glorious hereafter as their master Orpheus had done.

It is not thought that Orpheus was regarded as a god by his followers, who seem to have been largely disciples of wandering priests of no high reputation outside the sect but who taught

the doctrines of Orphism as set forth by the *Theogony,* of which there are fragments still in existence.

On the religious side, Orpheus is connected with the worship of Bacchus and thus to the prevalent religion of the Greeks. The mythical Orpheus may have had an actual existence or the literature ascribed to him may have been written by men who took the name of the legendary musician who invented the cythara and sang to its accompaniment with such marvelous sweetness. Most of the complete Orphic hymns are of late date, and are either compilations, transcriptions or forgeries from the voluminous productions of the earlier times. Accordingly, there is little certainty even in respect to the actual doctrines, and less as to the early writers. From an Orphic hymn written in the fourth century, the following joyous lines are taken:

> I call Hecate of the Ways, of the Cross-ways, of the darkness of the Heaven and the Earth and the Sea;
>
> Saffron-clad goddess of the grave, exulting amid the spirits of the dead;
>
> Perseia, lover of loneliness, Queen who holdest the Keys of the World,—
>
> Be present at our pure service with the fullness of joy in thine heart.

We may infer that the early religious literature was extensive and vital, for profound, devout religious feeling was almost universal. Yet the attempt to explain and account for the gods and their worship on a scientific basis and

to comprehend the great scheme of the universe, human and divine, came later, as it always does in the development of a race. To accomplish those things is the work of the philosophers, and in Orphism we see but the beginnings of it.

III. Two Epochs in Greek Philosophy. It is a most difficult task to give in brief any adequate idea of so vast and profound a subject as Greek philosophy, and the writer would hesitate to undertake it were it not for the fact that no study of universal literature could be complete without it. Accordingly, with this partial apology for shortcomings to follow and for a certainty of uninteresting pages, we will proceed to discuss the subject as best we may.

The Greeks were the first nation to differentiate philosophy from religion and mythology, but for a long time the minds of the people were so fully occupied with poetry and religion that little heed was given to the new doctrines, for poetry found its way into the most intimate concerns of life, while philosophy detached the mind from its natural environment and dealt with abstractions that the uneducated found difficulty in comprehending.

Naturally, the philosophical productions of Greece separate themselves into two great groups, the first containing those writings produced prior to the time of Socrates and the second containing the work of that great teacher and his successors.

Pre-Socratic philosophers may be grouped

into three classes, or schools, each named from the locality where its exponents lived. Thus the Ionic School was named from Ionia; the Eleatic School from Elea, a Greek colony in Italy; and the Italic School from Italy, or, when called the Pythagorean School, from the name of its founder.

IV. The Ionic School. The Ionian philosophers, of whom Thales, Anaximander and Anaximenes were the leaders, flourished in the sixth and fifth centuries before Christ. Their chief concern was the finding of the ultimate, primordial principle or force in the constitution of the universe. What they promulgated may be best understood by a brief notice of the doctrines of each.

1. *Thales.* The "Father of Greek Philosophy" was born about 625 B. C., a native of Miletus. He was chief of the Seven Wise Men, and a practical scientist as well as a philosopher. Indebted to the Egyptians for some of his astronomical knowledge, he may still be considered the inventor of abstract geometry of the deductive form, the first Greek predicter of an eclipse and a remarkable contributor to the science of navigation. His philosophy ignored myths and the established beliefs in creation, and found the source of all created elements in moisture or water, the one original substance.

2. *Anaximander.* The second leader in the Ionic School was the pupil of Thales, Anaximander, a Milesian, born about 611 B. C. He fol-

lowed his master in his scientific studies and added much to the knowledge of his times. The "original principle" he recognized was an infinite something, undefinable, out of which all things were created by separation. Into this undefinable something, or matter in chaos, all things must return after destruction. Punishment or retribution falls upon the separate entities while they are living as such, because of their selfishness in claiming such an existence.

3. *Anaximenes.* The third Ionian was Anaximenes, who is said to have been a pupil of Anaximander. He attempted to define what his master had been content to leave undiscovered and found the source of all things in air or atmosphere, from which everything comes by a process of condensation due to changes in temperature. That the crude ideas of the three have a certain unity is seen in their materialistic determination that everything springs from matter, and that life or force is inseparable from matter. Their doctrines soon became extinct, but they had contributed much to exact science, had stated the great question clearly, and had made suggestive answers which served as a stimulus to further investigation by others.

4. *Heraclitus.* Properly of the Ionic School, but yet a native of Ephesus, was Heraclitus, who lived from 535 B. C. to 475 B. C., while the Persians ruled his city. His answer to the great question of the Ionians was that

everything moves and flows, nothing stays in quietude, and this flux is the true first principle. This eternal change, or movement, is described as a "burning," as though fire was the ultimate principle; it is the fate determining the effect of every cause; it is Justice bringing punishment for every offense. Nothing *is,* all is *becoming* and *passing.*

5. *Empedocles.* Though born in Sicily about 490 B. C., the ideas of Empedocles, philosopher, lawgiver, physician and poet, are closely related to those of the Ionic School. He, however, found in the universe four elements, namely, fire, air, earth and water. Air, earth and water are the material elements, the basis of matter, while fire is the essence of life. The world began with the elements which had been torn asunder and scattered by Hate (Repulsion). Under the influence of Love (Attraction) the elements tend to reunite, and through the interaction of the two great forces come all the changes in the universe. Things differ because of the different mingling of Love and Hate. Perhaps his most noteworthy contribution to the philosophy of the ages is the introduction of this idea of contending forces in the existence of matter. His philosophy is contained in a doctrinal poem of which some fragments remain.

6. *Democritus.* A few fragments only of the writings of Democritus have been preserved, but the ancients considered him one of the most elegant and rhythmical writers, and

his wide travels and deep studies entitled him to a following among them. He discovered that the Milky Way was but an aggregation of an infinitude of stars. His philosophy has found a more modern expression in the Atomic Theory of the composition of matter, for he taught that the universe and all within it arose out of chaos by the oblique and circular motions of an endless number of infinitesimal particles falling through space; that change means only the separation and reuniting of atoms; and that the human soul is composed of fire-like atoms which vivify the body into life.

7. *Anaxagoras.* The first philosopher to locate permanently in Athens was the Ionian, Anaxagoras. Among his pupils were Pericles, Euripides and possibly Socrates. His character was noble and his life that of an ascetic, yet so dangerous and atheistic were his doctrines considered that he was saved from death on the charge of impiety only by the eloquence of Pericles. He rejected the prevailing notions of religion; taught that there was neither creation nor destruction, but that everything had always existed and could never be destroyed, for all atoms are unchangeable and imperishable, and of these "elements," as we might call them now, all things are composed. His most impious idea was that the great Sun, the god of the heavens, was nothing but a ball of fire, perhaps as big as the Peleponnesus, and that the eclipses were natural phenomena, which he explained as we explain them now.

V. The Eleatic School. Elea, a Greek colony in Lower Italy, was between 570 B. C. and 540 B. C. the home of several philosophers whose doctrines, after a period of vitality, degenerated into futile arguments on unimportant verbal distinctions. Nevertheless, their studies formed the basis of the metaphysical science of Plato. The keynote of their philosophy is perhaps expressed best in the rather paradoxical sentence, "All is One," because upon the unity of all things was placed their chief dependence.

1. *Xenophanes.* Though born in Ionia, he lived for some time in Elea, and there wrote in hexameters a poem on Nature, of which several fragments remain. The school of philosophy which he founded was an idealistic one as compared with the materialistic doctrines of experience which were propounded by the Ionian School. He started with a godhead, infinite, eternal, unchanging, omnipresent, not shaped like a man, nor having parts, but all one active consciousness.

2. *Parmenides.* Tradition claims that Parmenides was the disciple of Xenophanes, but although he was a native of Elea and lived and taught there, yet it is probable that the tradition arose rather because of the similarity of his ideas than because of the fact that he actually studied under the founder of the Eleatic School. His views were much admired both by Plato and Aristotle as they are expressed in his didactic poem *On Nature.* He objects to the

doctrine of Heraclitus, can find no answer to the great puzzling question in the idea of a ceaseless flow, but wishes to know what *is*, that is, what actually exists. What is, *is;* that which is not has no existence; therefore, there can be no passing from being into not-being, for such a thing as not-being has no existence. There can be no such thing as empty space; hence there can be no motion. All existence can be but one thing, and if there is more than one thing, there must be not-being between them. This One Thing is spherical, infinite, eternal, divine, in that respect like the godhead of Xenophanes. Yet to Parmenides the One Thing is matter, is solid, but as thought and that of which it is thought are the same, then the One Thing must be thought as well as matter. The One Thing is not apparent to the senses and can only be appreciated by mental abstraction.

3. *Zeno.* Up to the time of Zeno, who was born about 489 B. C., the writings of most philosophers were in poetry, but he wrote in a prose that was much admired by his contemporaries. As a pupil of Parmenides in Elea, he developed the doctrines of his master, showing the absurdities that would arise if creation of things was admitted, and if variety as opposed to the one universal existence, the One Thing of Parmenides, should be admitted. While this doctrine of the One is difficult, a consistent belief in Many is flatly impossible. He contended that it was not necessarily a a logical fallacy in reasoning which brought

out a contradiction between two principles, each of which was taken to be true. This, which was called the doctrine of the Antinomies, has been held by many modern philosophers.

VI. The Italic, or Pythagorean, School. Following the ideas of the Greek philosophers to this point, we have discovered two lines of thought which have led to two conclusions exactly opposed to each other, the one represented by the ceaseless flux of Heraclitus, the other by the unchangeable Being of Parmenides. On the one hand, the Pythagoreans searching for the ceaseless Flowing, the everlasting Changing, found in Number, the eternal thing that *Is*. In Geometry is "truth," and the particular triangular, square or round object is an imperfect example only of that truth; in theoretical music lies the truth of harmony; in abstract astronomy, the truth of the moving stars. Thus in Number is found the reconciliation of the ceaseless Flux and the One Thing unchangeable, everlasting.

The seeming obscurity of ideas has puzzled the philosophers of all ages, and even yet the real interpretation of Pythagoreanism is in dispute, no less than three main expositions having been given and each having had its believers. However, we can well leave fine distinctions to others and content ourselves with those obvious facts which will assist us most in reading the more practical derivative ideas of the later philosophers.

Pythagoras. Most of our information con-

cerning the life of Pythagoras is traditional. He was born in Samos about 570 B. C., and lived to be about sixty-five years old. About 530 B. C. he was widely known as a man of great learning, but becoming dissatisfied with the local government he migrated to Crotona, in Southern Italy, where he founded a select society or institute among the aristocratic citizens. In a brief time it had become famous, and attracted members from all colonial Greece.

While the origin of the brotherhood was not political, yet its membership was such that it soon became embroiled in the fierce struggles of the democrats against the aristocrats, and in the triumph of the former the Pythagorean schools were destroyed and members burned in their places of meeting. It is probable that Pythagoras was not in Crotona at the time, but died about that time at Metapontum, whither he had retired before the outbreak.

There are several biographies of him, but they are merely collections of myths. He is said to have been the son of Hermes in a previous incarnation, to have been born with a complete recollection of all his previous existences, to have performed an incredible number of miracles, to have possessed a thigh of gold, to have tamed the most savage beast by a single word. Such accounts of his life are valuable only as they show the veneration of his disciples and their wonder at his great learning.

Pythagoras wrote nothing, and his exact views cannot be obtained, for his disciples, anxious for his influence in establishing their own ideas, must have unblushingly attributed them to the great master.

That his brotherhood was largely religious and its tenets opposed to the established Greek gods we may be sure, and that it indulged in mystic observances for purification from guilt may be held as certain, from some of its curious observances of taboo. Forbidden acts were numerous and frequently absurd; as for instance, to eat beans or the hearts of animals; to sit on a quart measure; to step across the beam of a balance; to stir fire with iron; to strike a dog for fear of hearing in his howls the voice of a departed friend. Moreover, Pythagoreans were directed to obliterate from the ashes the marks the pot had made and to smooth the bedclothes upon arising in the morning so as to destroy the impress of the body.

These ridiculous superstitions must not blind us to the fact that there was really a learned and sensible philosophy in the teachings of Pythagoras, for he was a wise man, an accomplished geometrician, who, we are told, was the first to demonstrate the theorem that the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. Of real philosophical concepts, he is usually credited with the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and

that the earthly life is meant merely for a purification of the soul. His great work was that of a religious and moral reformer, and his place in philosophical thought is assured because of his influence upon Plato and Aristotle.

FAUN: GREEK BRONZE FOUND AT HERCULANEUM

CHAPTER XXIII

GREEK PHILOSOPHY: SOCRATES

BIOGRAPHY. The father of Socrates was a stone mason, or as some writers would have it, a sculptor, but he could not have been very successful, for his wife was a practicing midwife. Of such parents Socrates was born, in 469 B. C., and was intended to follow the business of his father; in fact, it is said that he undertook sculpture and even executed some works which were on exhibition in Athens, but if he accomplished this much, he soon abandoned it and was content to live in destitution or upon the gifts of his rich friends, while he studied, thought, and taught his philosophy. He married as his wife Xanthippe, who became notorious for the violence of her temper and

the scoldings she gave her erratic husband. As she was a woman of high station in life, his peculiarities must have been sufficient to drive her to despair.

In personal appearance he was extremely odd, not to say ugly. He is described as having an ungainly figure with a protuberant belly and a huge, nearly bald head. His face was like that given to Silenus—prominent eyes, short nose and wide, upturned nostrils. When we consider that he wore his narrow rim of hair unkempt, went barefoot the year round and wore the same tattered garment summer and winter, we cannot wonder that people were disturbed by his eccentricities.

His habits were no less peculiar than his appearance and dress. For long periods of time, sometimes for whole days, he would sit silent and brooding; then again, he was a persistent and stimulating talker, and sometimes broke forth into floods of amazing eloquence. On occasion also, he was able to outdrink and outtalk the wildest revelers in Athens, and the loss of a night's sleep while engaged in such dissipation seemed to affect him not at all. It is said that one time, after walking barefoot through the snow, he visited a fair, and seeing the exhibitions there, exclaimed, "How happy I am that there are so many things I do not need."

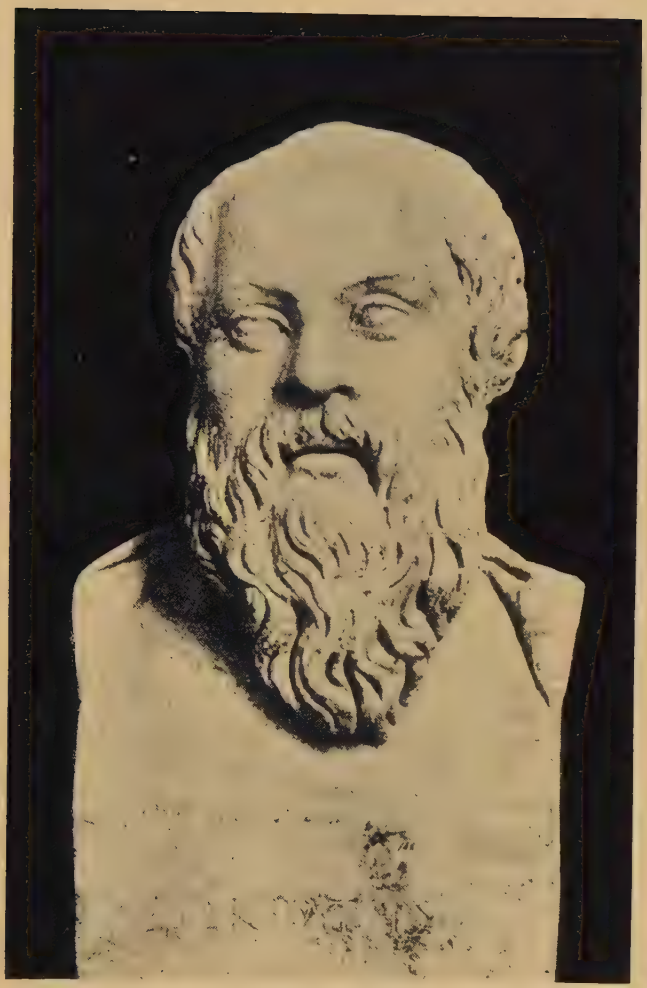
On the other hand, we have in this same curious personality the grave, keen-eyed sage who saw through and through other men and

forced them to acknowledge his superiority, for before his keen questioning and logical analysis the inmost workings of their minds were laid bare, while his solemn warnings, humorous jibes and biting sarcasm kept all his hearers in deadly awe.

Such was the greatest philosopher of Greece, the one man who has most profoundly affected the metaphysical thought of all time and whose influence still makes itself felt in the teachings of our schools and in the practices of our lives.

As a boy and young man he had only a commonplace education, and early abandoned school. He had no profession in life and followed no occupation for any considerable length of time, except as he performed the normal duties of every free-born Athenian citizen through the Age of Pericles, the Peloponnesean War, and even the reign of the Thirty Tyrants, including service with bravery as a heavy-armed soldier in the military campaigns between 432 and 422 B. C. Plutarch, in his life of Alcibiades, gives the following anecdote of Socrates:

> Whilst he was very young, he was a soldier in the expedition against Potidaea, where Socrates lodged in the same tent with him, and stood next to him in battle. Once there happened a sharp skirmish, in which they both behaved with signal bravery; but Alcibiades receiving a wound, Socrates threw himself before him to defend him, and beyond any question saved him and his arms from the enemy, and so in all justice might have challenged the prize of valor. But the generals appearing eager to adjudge the honor to Alcibiades, because of



SOCRATES
469–399 B.C.

THE FOUNDER OF CLASSIC PHILOSOPHY WHOSE INFLUENCE IS STILL STRONG IN THE LIFE AND THOUGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

his rank, Socrates, who desired to increase his thirst after glory of a noble kind, was the first to give evidence for him, and pressed them to crown him, and to decree to him the complete suit of armor. Afterwards, in the battle of Delium, when the Athenians were routed, and Socrates with a few others was retreating on foot, Alcibiades, who was on horseback, observing it, would not pass on, but stayed to shelter him from the danger, and brought him safe off, though the enemy pressed hard upon them, and cut off many. But this happened some time after.

Plato, in his *Symposium,* as we shall see a little further on, makes Alcibiades relate the same incident.

In 406 B. C. the casting of the lots made Socrates a member of the Council of the Five Hundred, and he presided on the day in which there was offered an illegal motion to condemn to death all the generals who had neglected or had not been able to rescue the wounded after the naval battle of Arginusae. Socrates refused to allow this vote to be taken, defying utterly the threatenings of the angry mob, as a few years later he refused to obey the command of the Thirty Tyrants to assist in the arrest of an innocent citizen.

Socrates was always surrounded by a group of young men, most of them from the leading and aristocratic families of Athens, who listened to his teachings, and while they understood and appreciated the destructive nature of his questioning, they were unable to grasp his higher ideals. In this way he unsettled their beliefs—"corrupted them."

In 399 B. C., a poet, Meletus, a prominent democratic politician, Anytus, and an orator, Lycon, presented before the archon an indictment containing two specific charges: "Socrates is guilty of rejecting the gods of the city and introducing new divinities; he is also guilty of corrupting the youth." The first charge related to the teachings of Socrates concerning the divine something, about which the subsequent writers had so much to say, the spirituality, the religious certainties, which in the decay of the old Greek religion became the guide to the higher life for such moralists as Epictetus. The really serious charge, however, was that of corrupting the Athenian youth.

The case was tried before a jury of about five hundred members. Socrates, it is said, declined to accept the services of the orator Lysias, and defended himself in a speech which Plato reproduces for us in his *Apology*. In spite of the artful simplicity of his plea, Socrates was condemned by a small majority. He then proposed that he be supported by the state as a public benefactor. Finally, under the solicitation of Plato, Crito and others, Socrates proposed to pay a fine for his misdeeds. This act still further irritated the jury, and again they voted the death penalty, this time by an increased majority.

Between his condemnation and his death there was an interval of about a month, in which the aged philosopher is seen refusing

to bribe his jailers to let his escape, because he said that that would be merely confirming the judgment of the jury that he was corrupting the youth of Athens. He then prepared to accept his crown of martyrdom with willingness as an escape from his unpopularity and the infirmities of old age. Two of the immortal dialogues of Plato are placed in this interval. In his *Phaedo* Plato tells us of the long final day which Socrates spent conversing with his friends on the immortality of the soul, and of the last scene of all, in which he bravely and cheerfully drank the poisoned hemlock and died, the first great martyr in the cause of intellectual liberty.

II. The Teachings of Socrates. Socrates committed nothing to writing, so we are unable to tell exactly what he taught, though we have in the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon and in the *Dialogues* of Plato what purport to be exact reports of his teachings. Xenophon the soldier saw in Socrates a simple, homely moralist, but as at least ten years elapsed before Xenophon recorded the conversations which he asserts that he heard it is certain that the teachings must have been colored somewhat by his own feeling. Again, Plato was a charming writer, a clever dramatic artist, and some of his poetic dialogues and beautiful metaphysical discussions undoubtedly originated in the fertile imagination of the ardent pupil.

To Socrates, however, may be attributed justly the method of inductive reasoning and

general definitions and their application to a common-sense consideration of the destinies of man and his duties, both moral and political. The foundation of his system of ethics lay in the idea that no man is willingly bad and that vice is merely an outgrowth of ignorance. From our viewpoint, however, we may well refrain from investigating this question any further. The student of literature finds Socrates as the background of some of the writings of Xenophon and of a greater part of those produced by Plato and Aristotle. It is in the works of these writers, then, that we may search for the fruits of the instruction of the greatest teacher of ancient Greece.

III. The Socratic Method. Not only was Socrates himself a great teacher, but the method of instruction which he devised is one that has been followed ever since by many instructors in many tongues; in fact, our schools of pedagogy to-day inculcate directly the Socratic method of teaching by questions.

It was the habit of the old philosopher to question his youthful followers in such a way that by their own answers they convicted themselves of error and became conscious of the truth. He himself gave little information before he had awakened interest, and he taught his pupils to think in the terms of what they knew and put together concepts already acquired to make new ones for future use. This was his method of using the inductive process of reasoning to move from a part to a whole,

from particulars to generals, from the individual to the universal.

The method will seem more clear after reading the following extract from one of the *Dialogues* of Plato. It is the first part of *Ion,* or *Of the Iliad,* and was translated from the Greek by Percy Bysshe Shelley:

Socrates. Hail to thee, O Ion! from whence returnest thou amongst us now?—from thine own native Ephesus?

Ion. No, Socrates; I come from Epidaurus and the feasts in honor of Aesculapius.

Socrates. Had the Epidaurians instituted a contest of rhapsody in honor of the god?

Ion. And not in rhapsodies alone; there were contests in every species of music.

Socrates. And in which did you contend? And what was the success of your efforts?

Ion. I bore away the first prize at the games, O Socrates.

Socrates. Well done! You have now only to consider how you shall win the Panathenaea.

Ion. That may also happen, God willing.

Socrates. Your profession, O Ion, has often appeared to me an enviable one. For, together with the nicest care of your person, and the most studied elegance of dress, it imposes upon you the necessity of a familiar acquaintance with many and excellent poets, and especially with Homer, the most admirable of them all. Nor is it merely because you can repeat the verses of this great poet, that I envy you, but because you fathom his inmost thoughts. For he is no rhapsodist who does not understand the whole scope and intention of the poet, and is not capable of interpreting it to his audience. This he cannot do without a full comprehension of the meaning of the author he undertakes to illustrate; and worthy, indeed, of envy are those who can fulfill these conditions.

Ion. Indeed, I have expended my study particularly on this part of my profession. I flatter myself that no man living excels me in the interpretation of Homer; nor can any other rhapsodist of the present times express so many various and beautiful thoughts upon Homer as I can.

Socrates. I am persuaded of your eminent skill, O Ion. You will not, I hope, refuse me a specimen of it?

Ion. And, indeed, it would be worth your while to hear me declaim upon Homer. I deserve a golden crown from his admirers.

Socrates. And I will find leisure some day or other to request you to favor me so far. At present, I will only trouble you with one question. Do you excel in explaining Homer alone, or are you conscious of a similar power with regard to Hesiod and Archilochus?

Ion. I possess this high degree of skill with regard to Homer alone, and I consider that sufficient.

Socrates. Are there any subjects upon which Homer and Hesiod say the same things?

Ion. Many, as it seems to me.

Socrates. Whether do you demonstrate these things better in Homer or Hesiod?

Ion. In the same manner, doubtless; inasmuch as they say the same words with regard to the same things.

Socrates. But with regard to those things in which they differ;—Homer and Hesiod both treat of divination, do they not?

Ion. Certainly.

Socrates. Do you think that you or a diviner would make the best exposition, respecting all that these poets say of divination, both as they agree and as they differ?

Ion. A diviner, probably.

Socrates. Suppose you were a diviner, do you not think that you could explain the discrepancies of those poets on the subject of your profession, if you understand their agreement?

Ion. Clearly so.

Socrates. How does it happen then that you are

possessed of skill to illustrate Homer, and not Hesiod, or any other poet in an equal degree? Is the subject-matter of the poetry of Homer different from all other poets? Does he not principally treat of war and social intercourse, and of the distinct functions and characters of the brave man and the coward, the professional and private person, the mutual relations which subsist between the gods and men; together with the modes of their intercourse, the phenomena of Heaven, the secrets of Hades, and the origin of gods and heroes? Are not these the materials from which Homer wrought his poem?

Ion. Assuredly, O Socrates.

Socrates. And the other poets, do they not treat of the same matter?

Ion. Certainly; but not like Homer.

Socrates. How! Worse?

Ion. Oh! far worse.

Socrates. Then Homer treats of them better than they?

Ion. Oh! Jupiter!—how much better!

Socrates. Amongst a number of persons employed in solving a problem of arithmetic, might not a person know, my dear Ion, which had given the right answer?

Ion. Certainly.

Socrates. The same person who had been aware of the false one, or some other?

Ion. The same, clearly.

Socrates. That is, some one who understood arithmetic?

Ion. Certainly.

Socrates. Among a number of persons giving their opinions on the wholesomeness of different foods, whether would one person be capable to pronounce upon the rectitude of the opinions of those who judged rightly, and another on the erroneousness of those which were incorrect, or would the some person be competent to decide respecting them both?

Ion. The same, evidently.

Socrates. What would you call that person?

Ion. A physician.

Socrates. We may assert then, universally, that the some person who is competent to determine the truth, is competent also to determine the falsehood of whatever assertion is advanced on the same subject; and, it is manifest, that he who cannot judge respecting the falsehood or unfitness of what is said upon a given subject, is equally incompetent to determine upon its truth or beauty?

Ion. Assuredly.

Socrates. The same person would then be competent or incompetent for both?

Ion. Yes.

Socrates. Do you not say that Homer and the other poets, and among them Hesiod and Archilochus, speak of the same things, but unequally; one better and the other worse?

Ion. And I speak truth.

Socrates. But if you can judge of what is well said by the one, you must also be able to judge of what is ill said by another, inasmuch as it expresses less correctly.

Ion. It should seem so.

Socrates. Then, my dear friend, we should not err if we asserted that Ion possessed a like power of illustration respecting Homer and all other poets; especially since he confesses that the same person must be esteemed a competent judge of all those who speak on the same subject; inasmuch as those subjects are understood by him when spoken of by one, and the subject-matter of almost all the poets is the same.

Ion. What can be the reason then, O Socrates, that when any other poet is the subject of conversation I cannot compel my attention, and I feel utterly unable to declaim anything worth talking of, and positively go to sleep? But when any one makes mention of Homer, my mind applies itself without effort to the subject; I awaken as if it were from a trance, and a profusion of eloquent expressions suggest themselves involuntarily?

Socrates. It is not difficult to suggest the cause of this, my dear friend. You are evidently unable to declaim on Homer according to art and knowledge; for did your art endow you with this faculty, you would be equally capable of exerting it with regard to any other of the poets. Is not poetry, as an art or a faculty, a thing entire and one? *Ion.* Assuredly.

Socrates. The same mode of consideration must be admitted with respect to all arts which are severally one and entire. Do you desire to hear what I understand by this, O Ion?

Ion. Yes, by Jupiter, Socrates, I am delighted with listening to you wise men.

Socrates. It is you who are wise, my dear Ion; you rhapsodists, actors, and the authors of the poems you recite. I, like an unprofessional and private man, can only speak the truth. Observe how common, vulgar, and level to the comprehension of any one, is the question which I now ask relative to the same consideration belonging to one entire art. Is not painting an art whole and entire?

Ion. Certainly.

Socrates. Did you ever know a person competent to judge of the paintings of Polygnotus, the son of Aglaophon, and incompetent to judge of the production of any other painter; who, on the supposition of the works of other painters being exhibited to him, was wholly at a loss, and very much inclined to go to sleep, and lost all faculty of reasoning on the subject; but when his opinion was required of Polygnotus, or any one single painter you please, awoke, paid attention to the subject, and discoursed on it with great eloquence and sagacity?

Ion. Never, by Jupiter!

Socrates. Did you ever know any one very skillful in determining the merits of Daedalus, the son of Metion, Epius, the son of Panopus, Theodorus the Samian, or any other great sculptor, who was immediately at a loss, and felt sleepy the moment any other sculptor was mentioned?

Ion. I never met with such a person certainly.

Socrates. Nor, do I think, that you ever met with a man professing himself a judge of poetry and rhapody, and competent to criticize either Olympus, Thamyris, Orpheus, or Phemius of Ithaca, the rhapsodist, who, the moment he came to Ion the Ephesian, felt himself quite at a loss, and utterly incompetent to judge whether he rhapsodized well or ill.

Ion. I cannot refute you, Socrates, but of this I am conscious to myself: that I excel all men in the copiousness and beauty of my illustrations of Homer, as all who have heard me will confess, and with respect to other poets, I am deserted of this power. It is for you to consider what may be the cause of this distinction.

Socrates. I will tell you, O Ion, what appears to me to be the cause of this inequality of power. It is that you are not master of any art for the illustration of Homer, but it is a divine influence which moves you, like that which resides in the stone called magnet by Eudipides, and Heraclea by the people. For not only does this stone possess the power of attracting iron rings, but it can communicate to them the power of attracting other rings; so that you may see sometimes a long chain of rings, and other iron substances, attached and suspended one to the other by this influence. And as the power of the stone circulates through all the links of this series, and attaches each to each, so the Muse, communicating through those whom she has first inspired, to all others capable of sharing in the inspiration, the influence of that first enthusiasm, creates a chain and a succession. For the authors of those great poems which we admire, do not attain to excellence through the rules of any art, but they utter their beautiful melodies of verse in a state of inspiration, and, as it were, *possessed* by a spirit not their own. Thus the composers of lyrical poetry create those admired songs of theirs in a state of divine insanity, like the Corybantes, who lose all control over their reason in the enthusiasm of the sacred dance; and, during this supernatural possession, are

excited to the rhythm and harmony, which they communicate to men. Like the Bacchantes, who, when possessed by the god, draw honey and milk from the rivers, in which, when they come to their senses, they find nothing but simple water. For the souls of the poets, as poets tell us, have this peculiar ministration in the world. They tell us that these souls, flying like bees from flower to flower, and wandering over the gardens and the meadows, and the honey-flowing fountains of the Muses, return to us laden with the sweetness of melody; and arrayed as they are in the plumes of rapid imagination, they speak truth. For a Poet is indeed a thing ethereally light, winged, and sacred, nor can he compose anything worth calling poetry until he becomes inspired, and, as it were, mad, or whilst any reason remains in him. For whilst a man retains any portion of the thing called reason, he is utterly incompetent to produce poetry or to vaticinate. Thus, those who declaim various and beautiful poetry upon any subject, as for instance upon Homer, are not enabled to do so by art or study; but every rhapsodist or poet, whether dithyrambic, encomiastic, choral, epic, or iambic, is excellent in proportion to the extent of his participation in the divine influence, and the degree in which the Muse itself has descended on him. In other respects, poets may be sufficiently ignorant and incapable. For they do not compose according to any art which they have acquired, but from the impulse of the divinity within them; for did they know any rules of criticism according to which they could compose beautiful verses upon one subject, they would be able to exert the same faculty with respect to all or any other. The god seems purposely to have deprived all poets, prophets, and soothsayers of every particle of reason and understanding, the better to adapt them to their employment as his ministers and interpreters; and that we, their auditors, may acknowledge that those who write so beautifully, are possessed, and address us, inspired by the god. Tynnicus the Chalcidean is a manifest proof of this, for he never before composed any poem worthy to be remem-

bered; and yet, was the author of that paean which everybody sings, and which excels almost every other hymn, and which he himself acknowledges to have been inspired by the Muse. And, thus, it appears to me that the god proves beyond a doubt, that these transcendent poems are not human, as the work of men, but divine, as coming from the god. Poets then are the interpreters of the divinities—each being possessed by some one deity; and to make this apparent, the god designedly inspires the worst poets with the sublimest verse. Does it seem to you that I am in the right, O Ion?

Ion. Yes, by Jupiter! My mind is enlightened by your words, O Socrates, and it appears to me that great poets interpret to us through divine election of the god.

Socrates. And do not you rhapsodists interpret poets?

Ion. We do.

Socrates. Thus you interpret the interpreters?

Ion. Evidently.

Socrates. Remember this, and tell me; and do not conceal that which I ask. When you declaim well, and strike your audience with admiration; whether you sing of Ulysses rushing upon the threshold of his palace, discovering himself to the suitors, and pouring his shafts out at his feet; or of Achilles assailing Hector; or those affecting passages concerning Andromache, or Hecuba, or Priam, are you then self-possessed? or, rather, are you not rapt and filled with such enthusiasm by the deeds you recite, that you fancy yourself in Ithaca or Troy, or wherever else the poem transports you?

Ion. You speak most truly, Socrates, nor will I deny it; for, when I recite of sorrow my eyes fill with tears; and, when of fearful or terrible deeds, my hair stands on end, and my heart beats fast.

Socrates. Tell me, Ion, can we call him in his senses, who weeps while dressed in splendid garments, and crowned with a golden coronal, not losing any of these things? and is filled with fear when surrounded by ten thousand friendly persons, not one among whom desires to despoil or injure him?

Ion. To say the truth, we could not.

Socrates. Do you often perceive your audience moved?

Ion. Many among them, and frequently. I, standing on the rostrum, see them weeping, with eyes fixed earnestly on me, and overcome by my declamation. I have need so to agitate them; for if they weep, I laugh, taking their money; if they should laugh, I must weep, going without it.

Socrates. Do you not perceive that your auditor is the last link of that chain which I have described as held together through the power of the magnet? You rhapsodists and actors are the middle links, of which the poet is the first—and through all these the god influences whichever mind he selects, as they conduct this power one to the other; and thus, as rings from the stone, so hangs a long series of chorus-dancers, teachers, and disciples from the Muse. Some poets are influenced by one Muse, some by another; we call them possessed, and this word really expresses the truth, for they are held. Others, who are interpreters, are inspired by the first links, the poets, and are filled with enthusiasm, some by one, some by another; some by Orpheus, some by Musaeus, but the greater number are possessed and inspired by Homer. You, O Ion, are influenced by Homer. If you recite the works of any other poet, you get drowsy, and are at a loss what to say; but when you hear any of the compositions of that poet you are roused, your thoughts are excited, and you grow eloquent;—for what you say of Homer is not derived from any art or knowledge, but from divine inspiration and possession. As the Corybantes feel acutely the melodies of him by whom they are inspired, and abound with verse and gesture for his songs alone, and care for no other; thus, you, O Ion, are eloquent when you expound Homer, and are barren of words with regard to every other poet. And this explains the question you asked, wherefore Homer, and no other poet, inspires you with eloquence. It is that you are thus excellent in your praise, not through science but from divine inspiration.

IV. XENOPHON'S "MEMORABILIA." While, as we have said, Socrates left no writings of his own, no man has been more written about, and few if any have lived so that their lives would form the subject of an entirely new form of writing. The Socratic discourses are poetic, not historical, and are an original form of literature, whether in the hands of Plato, Xenophon, or any one of the numerous friends and disciples of Socrates; but as we have said, it is not easy to distinguish Socrates from Xenophon in the writings of the latter, who undoubtedly saw in the man whom he admired many of the things he wished to see. Nevertheless, crities generally have regarded him rather as the Boswell of Socrates, a faithful witness and clever recorder.

In the extracts which follow we shall endeavor to show how a few of the doctrines of Socrates appeared to the old soldier and country gentleman. The selections are taken from the translation of Rev. J. S. Watson.

Part of Xenophon's answer to the charge that Socrates corrupted the youth of Athens is as follows:

It also seems wonderful to me, that any should have been persuaded that Socrates corrupted the youth; Socrates, who, in addition to what has been said of him, was not only the most rigid of all men in the government of his passions and appetites, but also most able to withstand cold, heat, and every kind of labor; and, besides, so inured to frugality, that, though he possessed very little, he very easily made it a sufficiency. How, then, being of such a character himself, could he have rend-

From Painting by H. F. Schopin

SOCRATES INSTRUCTING ALCIBIADES

ered others impious, or lawless, or luxurious, or incontinent, or too effeminate to endure labor? On the contrary, he restrained many of them from such vices, leading them to love virtue, and giving them hopes, that if they would take care of themselves, they would become honorable and worthy characters. Not indeed that he ever professed to be an instructor in that way, but, by showing that he was himself such a character, he made those in his society hope that, by imitating him, they would become such as he was.

Of the body he was not neglectful, nor did he commend those who were. He did not approve that a person should eat to excess, and then use immoderate exercise, but recommended that he should work off, by a proper degree of exercise, as much as the appetite received with pleasure; for such a habit, he said, was peculiarly conducive to health, and did not prevent attention to the mind. He was not, however, fine or ostentatious in his clothes or sandals, or in any of his habits of life; yet he did not make those about him lovers of money, for he checked them in this as well as others passions, and asked no remuneration from those who desired his company. He thought that those who refrained from this (demanding a fee) consulted their liberty, and called those who took money for their discourses their own enslavers, since they must of necessity hold discussions with those from whom they received pay. He expressed wonder, too, that any one who professed to teach virtue, should demand money, and not think that he gained the greatest profit in securing a good friend, but fear that he whom he had made an honorable and worthy character would not retain the greatest gratitude towards his greatest benefactor. Socrates, indeed, never expressed so much to any one; yet he believed that those of his associates who imbibed what he approved, would be always good friends both to himself and to others. How then could a man of such a character corrupt the young, unless, indeed, the study of virtue be corruption?

"But assuredly," said the accuser, "he caused those who conversed with him to despise the established laws, by saying how foolish it was to elect the magistrates of a state by beans, when nobody would be willing to take a pilot elected by beans, or an architect, or a flute-player, or a person in any other profession, which, if erroneously exercised, would cause far less harm than errors in the administration of a state;" and declared that "such remarks excited the young to contemn the established form of government, and disposed them to acts of violence." But I think that young men who exercise their understanding, and expect to become capable of teaching their fellow-citizens what is for their interest, grow by no means addicted to violence, knowing that on violence attend enmity and danger, but that, by persuasion, the same results are attained without peril, and with goodwill; for those who are compelled by us, hate us as if despoiled of something, while those who are persuaded by us, love us as if they had received a favor. It is not the part, therefore, of those who cultivate the intellect to use violence; for to adopt such a course belongs to those who possess brute force without intellect. Besides, he who would venture to use force, had need of no small number of allies, but he who can succeed with persuasion, has need of none, for, though left alone, he would think himself still able to persuade; and it by no means belongs to such men to shed blood, for who would wish to put another man to death rather than to have him as a living subject persuaded to obey?

"But," said the accuser, "Critias and Alcibiades, after having been associates of Socrates, inflicted a great number of evils on the state; for Critias was the most avaricious and violent of all that composed the oligarchy, and Alcibiades was the most intemperate, insolent, and turbulent of all those in the democracy."

For whatever evil they did the state, I shall make no apology; but as to their intimacy with Socrates, I will state how it took place. These two men were by nature the most ambitious of all the Athenians, and wished that

everything should be done by their means, and that they themselves should become the most celebrated of all men. But they knew that Socrates lived with the utmost contentment on very small means, that he was most abstinent from every kind of pleasure, and that he swayed those with whom he conversed just as he pleased by his arguments; and, seeing such to be the case, and being such characters as they have just been stated to be, whether will any one say that they sought his society from a desire to lead such a life as Socrates led, and to practice such temperance as he practiced, or from an expectation that, if they associated with him, they would become eminently able to speak and act? I myself, indeed, am of opinion, that if a god had given them their choice, whether they would live their whole lives as they saw Socrates living, or die, they would have chosen rather to die; and they showed this disposition by what they did; for as soon as they considered themselves superior to their associates, they at once started away from Socrates, and engaged in political life, to qualify themselves for which they had sought the society of Socrates.

Perhaps some one may observe on this point, that Socrates should not have taught his followers politics before he taught them self-control. To this remark I make no reply at present; but I see that all teachers make themselves examples to their pupils how far they practice what they teach, and stimulate them by precepts; and I know that Socrates made himself an example to those who associated with him as a man of honorable and excellent character, and that he discoursed admirably concerning virtue and other things that concern mankind. I know, too, that those men exercised self-control as long as they conversed with Socrates, not from fear lest they should be fined or beaten by him, but from a persuasion at the time that it was best to observe such conduct.

Perhaps, however, many of those who profess to be philosophers may say that a man once just, can never become unjust, or once modest, immodest; and that no one who has once learned any of those things which can be

taught can ever become ignorant of it. But regarding such points I am not of that opinion; for I see that as those who do not exercise the body, cannot perform what is proper to the body, so those who do not exercise the mind, cannot perform what is proper to the mind; for they can neither do that which they ought to do, nor refrain from that from which they ought to refrain. For which reason fathers keep their sons, though they be of a virtuous disposition, from the society of bad men, in the belief that association with the good is an exercise of virtue, but that association with the bad is the destruction of it. One of the poets also bears testimony to this truth, who says,

"From good men you will learn what is good; but if you associate with the bad, you will lose the understanding which is in you."

And another, who observes,

"A good man is at one time good and at another bad."

I also concur with them; for I see that as people forget metrical compositions when they do not practice the repetition of them, so forgetfulness of precepts of instruction is produced in those who neglect them. But where a person forgets moral admonitions, he forgets also what the mind felt when it had a desire for self-government; and, when he forgets this, it is not at all wonderful that he forgets self-government also. I see, too, that those who are given up to a fondness for drinking, and those who have fallen in love, are less able to attend to what they ought to do, and to refrain from what they ought not to do; for many, who can be frugal in their expenses before they fall in love, are, after falling in love, unable to continue so; and, when they have exhausted their resources, they no longer abstain from means of gain from which they previously shrunk as thinking them dishonorable. How is it impossible, then, that he who has once had a control over himself, may afterwards cease to maintain it, and that he who was once able to observe justice, may subsequently become unable? To me everything honorable and good seems to

be maintained by exercise, and self-control not the least; for sensual desires, generated in the same body with the soul, are constantly exciting it to abandon self-control, and to gratify themselves and the body as soon as possible.

In a discourse with Aristippus, a man of pleasure who aspired to a place in the government, Socrates is represented as showing the difference between those who labor voluntarily and those who labor under compulsion, and as remarking that nothing good is given to mortals without labor, in illustration of which he tells the story of the choice of Hercules:

Prodicus the sophist, also, in his narrative concerning Hercules, which indeed he declaims to most people as a specimen of his ability, expresses a similar notion respecting virtue, speaking, as far as I remember, to the following effect: For he says that Hercules, when he was advancing from boyhood to manhood, a period at which the young, becoming their own masters, begin to give intimations whether they will enter on life by the path of virtue or that of vice, went forth into a solitary place, and sat down, perplexed as to which of these two paths he should pursue; and that two female figures, of lofty stature, seemed to advance towards him, the one of an engaging and graceful mien, gifted by nature with elegance of form, modesty of look, and sobriety of demeanor, and clad in a white robe; the other fed to plumpness and softness, but made up both in her complexion, so as to seem fairer and rosier than she really was, and in her gesture, so as to seem more upright than she naturally was; she had her eyes wide open, and a robe through which her beauty would readily show itself; she frequently contemplated her figure, and looked about to see if any one else was observing her; and she frequently glanced back at her own shadow. As they approached nearer to Hercules, she, whom I first described, came for-

ward at the same pace, but the other, eager to get before her, ran up to Hercules, and exclaimed, "I see that you are hesitating, Hercules, by what path you shall enter upon life; if, then, you make a friend of me, I will conduct you by the most delightful and easy road, and you shall taste of every species of pleasure, and pass through life without experiencing difficulties. In the first place, you shall take no thought of wars or state affairs, but shall pass your time considering what meat or drink you may find to gratify your appetite, what you may delight yourself by seeing or hearing, what you may be pleased with smelling or touching, with what objects of affection you may have most pleasure in associating, how you may sleep most softly, and how you may secure all these enjoyments with the least degree of trouble. If an apprehension of want of means, by which such delights may be obtained, should ever arise in you, there is no fear that I shall urge you to procure them by toil or suffering either of body or mind; but you shall enjoy what others acquire by labor, abstaining from nothing by which it may be possible to profit, for I give my followers liberty to benefit themselves from any source whatever."

Hercules, on hearing this address, said, "And what, O woman, is your name?" "My friends," she replied, "call me Happiness, but those who hate me, give me, to my disparagement, the name of Vice."

In the meantime the other female approached, and said, "I also am come to address you, Hercules, because I know your parents, and have observed your disposition in the training of your childhood, from which I entertain hopes that if you direct your steps along the path that leads to my dwelling, you will become an excellent performer of whatever is honorable and noble, and that I shall appear more honorable and distinguished in goodness. I will not deceive you, however, with promises of pleasure, but will set before you things as they really are, and as the gods have appointed them; for of what is valuable and excellent, the gods grant nothing to mankind without labor and care; and if you wish the gods,

therefore, to be propitious to you, you must worship the gods; if you seek to be beloved by your friends, you must serve your friends; if you desire to be honored by any city, you must benefit that city; if you claim to be admired by all Greece for your merit, you must endeavor to be of advantage to all Greece; if you are anxious that the earth should yield you abundance of fruit, you must cultivate the earth; if you think that you should enrich yourself from herds of cattle, you must bestow care upon herds of cattle; if you are eager to increase your means of war, and to secure freedom to your friends and subdue your enemies, you must learn the arts of war, and learn them from such as understand them, and practice how to use them in the right way; or if you wish to be vigorous in body, you must accustom your body to obey your mind, and exercise it with toil and exertion."

Here Vice, interrupting her speech, said (as Prodicus relates), "Do you see, Hercules, how difficult and tedious a road to gratification this woman describes to you, while I shall lead you, by an easy and short path, to perfect happiness?"

"Wretched being," rejoined Virtue, "of what good are you in possession? Or what real pleasure do you experience, when you are unwilling to do anything for the attainment of it? You, who do not even wait for the natural desire of gratification, but fill yourself with all manner of dainties before you have an appetite for them, eating before you are hungry, drinking before you are thirsty, procuring cooks that you may eat with pleasure, buying costly wines that you may drink with pleasure, and running about seeking for snow in summer; while, in order to sleep with pleasure, you prepare not only soft beds, but couches, with rockers under your couches, for you do not desire sleep in consequence of labor, but in consequence of having nothing to do; you force the sensual inclinations before they require gratification, using every species of contrivance for the purpose, and abusing male and female; for thus it is that you treat your friends, insulting their modesty at night, and mak-

ing them sleep away the most useful part of their day. Though you are one of the immortals, you are cast out from the society of the gods, and despised by the good among mankind; the sweetest of all sounds, the praises of yourself, you have never heard, nor have you ever seen the most pleasing of all sights, for you have never beheld one meritorious work of your own hand. Who would believe you when you give your word for anything? Or who would assist you when in need of anything? Or who, that has proper feeling, would venture to join your company of revelers? for while they are young they grow impotent in body, and when they are older they are impotent in mind; they live without labor, and in fatness, through their youth, and pass laboriously, and in wretchedness, through old age; ashamed of what they have done, oppressed with what they have to do, having run through their pleasures in early years, and laid up afflictions for the close of life. But I am the companion of the gods; I associate with virtuous men; no honorable deed, divine or human, is done without me; I am honored, most of all, by the deities, and by those among men to whom it belongs to honor me, being a welcome coöperator with artisans, a faithful household guardian to masters, a benevolent assistant to servants, a benign promoter of the labors of peace, a constant auxiliary to the efforts of war, an excellent sharer in friendship. My friends have a sweet and untroubled enjoyment of meat and drink, for they refrain from them till they feel an appetite. They have also sweeter sleep than the idle; and are neither annoyed if they lose a portion of it, nor neglect to do their duties for the sake of it. The young are pleased with praises from the old; the old are delighted with honors from the young. They remember their former acts with pleasure, and rejoice to perform their present occupations with success; being, through my influence, dear to the gods, beloved by their friends, and honored by their country. And when the destined end of life comes, they do not lie in oblivion and dishonor, but, celebrated with songs of praise, flourish forever in the memory of man-

kind. By such a course of conduct, O Hercules, son of noble parents, you may secure the most exalted happiness."

Socrates discourses at length on friendship, and the introduction to his speech is as follows:

I heard him, also, on one occasion, holding a discourse concerning friends, by which, as it seems to me, a person might be greatly benefited, both as to the acquisition and use of friends; for he said that he had heard many people observe that a true and honest friend was the most valuable of all possessions, but that he saw the greater part of mankind attending to anything rather than securing friends. He observed them, he added, industriously endeavoring to procure houses and lands, slaves, cattle, and furniture; but as for a friend, whom they called the greatest of blessings, he saw the majority considering neither how to procure one, nor how those whom they had might be retained. Even when friends and slaves were sick, he said that he noticed people calling in physicians to their slaves, and carefully providing other means for their recovery, but paying no attention to their friends; and that, if both died, they grieved for their slaves, and thought that they had suffered a loss, but considered that they lost nothing in losing friends. Of their other possessions they left nothing untended or unheeded, but when their friends required attention, they utterly neglected them.

In addition to these remarks, he observed that he saw the greater part of mankind acquainted with the number of their other possessions, although they might be very numerous, but of their friends, though but few, they were not only ignorant of the number, but even when they attempted to reckon it to such as asked them, they set aside again some that they had previously counted among their friends; so little do they allow their friends to occupy their thoughts. Yet in comparison with what possession, of all others, would not a good friend appear far more valuable? What sort of horse,

or yoke of oxen, is so useful as a truly good friend? What slave is so well-disposed or so attached, or what other acquisition so beneficial? For a good friend interests himself in whatever is wanting on the part of his friend, whether in his private affairs, or for the public interests; if he is required to do a service to any one, he assists him with the means; if any apprehension alarms him, he lends him his aid, sometimes sharing expenditure with him, sometimes coöperating with him, sometimes joining with him to persuade others, sometimes using force towards others; frequently cheering him when he is successful, and frequently supporting him when he is in danger of falling. What the hands do, what the eyes foresee, what the ears hear, what the feet accomplish, for each individual, his friend, of all such services, fails to perform no one; and oftentimes, what a person has not effected for himself, or has not seen, or has not heard, or has not accomplished, a friend has succeeded in executing for his friend; and yet, while people try to foster trees for the sake of their fruit, the greater portion of mankind are heedless and neglectful of that most productive possession which is called a friend.

Socrates persuades Eutherus, who was working for wages, to secure more eligible employment, as follows:

Seeing an old friend one day, after a considerable interval of time, he said, "Whence do you come, Eutherus?" "I am returned, Socrates," replied Eutherus, "from my retirement abroad at the conclusion of the war; and I come now from the immediate neighborhood; for since we were robbed of all our possessions beyond the borders, and my father left me nothing in Attica, I am obliged to live in the city and work with my own hands to procure the necessaries of life; but this seems to me better than to ask aid of anybody, especially as I have nothing on which I could borrow." "And how long," said Socrates, "do you think that your body is able to work for hire?" "Not very long, by Jupiter," replied

Eutherus. "Then," said Socrates, "when you grow older, you will doubtless be in want of money for your expenses, and no one will be willing to give you wages for your bodily labor." "What you say is true," rejoined Eutherus. "It will be better for you, therefore," continued Socrates, "to apply yourself immediately to some employment which will maintain you when you are old, and, attaching yourself to some one of those that have larger fortunes (who requires a person to assist him), and, superintending his works, helping to gather in his fruits, and preserve his property, to benefit him, and to be benefited by him in return." "I should with great reluctance, Socrates," said he, "submit to slavery." "Yet those who have the superintendence in states, and who take care of the public interests, are not the more like slaves on that account, but are thought to have more of the free-man." "In a word, however," rejoined Eutherus, "I am not at all willing to make myself responsible to any one." "But assuredly, Eurethus," said Socrates, "it is not very easy to find an employment in which a person would not be responsible; for it is difficult to do anything so as to commit no error; and it is difficult, even if you have done it without error, to meet with a considerate judge; for even in the occupation in which you are now engaged I should wonder if it be easy for you to go through it without blame. But you must endeavor to avoid such employers as are given to censure, and seek such as are candid; to undertake such duties as you are able to do, and to decline such as you cannot fulfill; and to execute whatever you take upon you in the best manner and with the utmost zeal; for I think that, by such conduct, you will be least exposed to censure, you will most readily find assistance in time of need, and you will live with the greatest ease and freedom from danger, and with the best provision for old age."

In reply to the captious questioning of Aristippus, Socrates presents the following conclusions concerning goodness and beauty:

When Aristippus attempted to confute Socrates, as he himself had previously been confuted by him, Socrates, wishing to benefit those who were with him, gave his answers, not like those who are on their guard lest their words be perverted, but like those who are persuaded that they ought above all things to do what is right. What Aristippus had asked him, was, whether he knew anything good, in order that if he should say any such thing as food, or drink, or money, or health, or strength, or courage, he might prove that it was sometimes an evil. But Socrates, reflecting that if anything troubles us, we want something to relieve us from it, replied, as it seemed best to do, "Do you ask me whether I know anything good for a fever?" "I do not." "Anything good for soreness of the eyes?" "No." "For hunger?" "No, nor for hunger either." "Well then," concluded Socrates, "if you ask me whether I know anything good that is good for nothing, I neither know anything, nor wish to know."

Aristippus again asking him if he knew anything beautiful, he replied, "Many things." "Are they then," inquired Aristippus, "all like each other?" "Some of them," answered Socrates, "are as unlike one another as it is possible for them to be." "How then," said he, "can what is beautiful be unlike what is beautiful?" "Because, assuredly," replied Socrates, "one man, who is beautifully formed for wrestling, is unlike another who is beautifully formed for running; and a shield, which is beautifully formed for defense, is as unlike as possible to a dart, which is beautifully formed for being forcibly and swiftly hurled." "You answer me," said Aristippus, "in the same manner as when I asked you whether you knew anything good." "And do you imagine," said Socrates, "that the good is one thing, and the beautiful another? Do you not know that with reference to the same objects all things are both beautiful and good? Virtue, for instance, is not good with regard to some things and beautiful with regard to others; and persons, in the same way, are called beautiful and good with reference

to the same objects; and human bodies, too, with reference to the same objects, appear beautiful and good; and in like manner all other things, whatever men use, are considered beautiful and good with reference to the objects for which they are serviceable." "Can a dung-basket, then," said Aristippus, "be a beautiful thing?" "Yes, by Jupiter," returned Socrates, "and a golden shield may be an ugly thing, if the one be beautifully formed for its particular uses, and the other ill formed." "Do you say, then, that the same things may be both beautiful and ugly?" "Yes, undoubtedly, and also that they may be good and bad; for oftentimes what is good for hunger is bad for fever, and what is good for fever is bad for hunger; oftentimes what is beautiful in regard to running is the reverse in regard to wrestling, and what is beautiful in regard to wrestling is the reverse in regard to running; for whatever is good is also beautiful, in regard to purposes for which it is well adapted, and whatever is bad is the reverse of beautiful, in regard to purposes for which it is ill adapted."

The beauty of Theodota, an abandoned woman of Athens, was said to be so great that it was beyond description, and Socrates remarked that he and his friends ought to visit her, for it is not possible to comprehend by hearing that which surpasses description. In his discourse with her he explains how true friends are acquired and proceeds as follows:

"It becomes you, therefore," proceeded Socrates, "in the first place, to request of your lovers only such favors as they will perform with least cost to themselves; and you must then make a return by obliging them in a similar way; for thus they will become most sincerely attached to you, and will love you longest, and benefit you most. But you will please them most, if you grant them favors only when they solicit them; for you see that even

the most savory meats, if a person offer them to another before he has an appetite for them, appear to him distasteful; and in the satisfied they excite even loathing; but if one offers food to another after having raised an appetite in him, it seems, though it be of a very ordinary kind, extremely agreeable." "How then can I," said she, "excite such an appetite in any one of those that visit me?" "If when they are satiated," said he, "you, in the first place, neither offer yourself to them, nor remind them of you, until, coming to an end of their satiety, they again feel a desire for you; and, when they do feel such desire, remind them (of your fondness) by the most modest address, and by showing yourself willing to gratify them, holding back, at the same time, until they are filled with impatient longing; for it is far better to grant the same favors at such a time, than before they had an appetite for them." "Why do not you, then, Socrates," said she, "become my helper in securing friends?" "I will indeed," said he, "if you can persuade me." "And how then," said she, "can I persuade you?" "You yourself will seek and find means to do so, if you should at all need me." "Come often to see me, then," said she. Then Socrates, joking upon her easy life, said, "But, Theodota, it is not easy for me to find leisure; for my own numerous occupations, private and public, allow me no rest; and I have female friends also, who will not suffer me to leave them day or night, learning from me love-charms and incantations." "Do you then know such arts, too, Socrates?" said Theodota. "Through what other influence do you suppose that Apollodorus here, and Antisthenes, never leave me? and through what other influence do you suppose that Cebes and Simmias come to me from Thebes? Be assured, that such effects were not produced without many love-charms, incantations, and magic wheels." "Lend me, then, your magic wheel," said she, "that I may set it a-going, first of all, against yourself." "But, by Jupiter," exclaimed Socrates, "I do not wish that I should be drawn to you, but that you should come to me." "I will come then,"

said she, "only take care to let me in." "I will let you in," replied he, "if another more acceptable than you be not within."

Xenophon makes the following remarks on the Socratic method of arguments:

Whenever any person contradicted him on any point, who had nothing definite to say, and who perhaps asserted, without proof, that some person, whom he mentioned, was wiser, or better skilled in political affairs, or possessed of greater courage, or worthier in some such respect [than some other whom Socrates had mentioned], he would recall the whole argument, in some such way as the following, to the primary proposition: "Do you say that he whom you commend, is *a better citizen* than he whom I commend?" "I do say so." "Why did we not then consider, in the first place, what is the duty of *a good citizen?*" "Let us do so." "Would not he then be superior in the management of the public money who should make the state richer?" "Undoubtedly." "And he in war who should make it victorious over its enemies?" "Assuredly." "And in an embassy he who should make friends of foes?" "Doubtless." "And he in addressing the people who should check dissension and inspire them with unanimity?" "I think so." When the discussion was thus brought back to fundamental principles, the truth was made evident to those who had opposed him.

When he himself went through any subject in argument, he proceeded upon propositions of which the truth was generally acknowledged, thinking that a sure foundation was thus formed for his reasoning. Accordingly, whenever he spoke, he, of all men that I have known, most readily prevailed on his hearers to assent to his arguments; and he used to say that Homer had attributed to Ulysses the character of *a sure orator,* as being able to form his reasoning on points acknowledged by all mankind.

The conclusions which led Socrates to face death calmly are thus stated by Xenophon:

I will also relate what I heard respecting him from Hermogenes, the son of Hipponicus, who said that after Meletus had laid the accusation against him, he heard him speaking on any subject rather than that of his trial, and remarked to him that he ought to consider what defense he should make, but that he said at first, "Do I not appear to you to have passed my whole life meditating on that subject?" and then, when he asked him "How so?" he said that he had gone through life doing nothing but considering what was just and abstaining from what was unjust, which he conceived to be the best meditation for his defense. Hermogenes said again, "Do you not see, Socrates, that the judges at Athens have already put to death many innocent persons, from being offended at their language, and have allowed many that were guilty to escape?" "But, by Jupiter, Hermogenes," replied he, "when I was proceeding, a while ago, to study my address to the judges, the daemon testified disapprobation." "You say what is strange," rejoined Hermogenes. "And do you think it strange," inquired Socrates, "that it should seem better to the divinity that I should now close my life? Do you not know, that, down to the present time, I would not admit to any man that he has lived either better or with more pleasure than myself? for I consider that those live best who study best to become as good as possible; and that those live with most pleasure who feel the most assurance that they are daily growing better and better. This assurance I have felt, to the present day, to be the case with respect to myself; and, associating with other men, and comparing myself with others, I have always retained this opinion respecting myself; and, not only I, but my friends also, maintain a similar feeling with regard to me, not because they love me (for those who love others may be thus affected towards the objects of their love), but because they think that while they associated with me they became greatly

advanced in virtue. If I shall live a longer period, perhaps I shall be destined to sustain the evils of old age, to find my sight and hearing weakened, to feel my intellect impaired, to become less apt to learn, and more forgetful, and, in fine, to grow inferior to others in all those qualities in which I was once superior to them. If I should be insensible to this deterioration, life would not be worth retaining; and, if I should feel it, how could I live otherwise than with less profit, and with less comfort? If I am to die unjustly, my death will be a disgrace to those who unjustly kill me; for if injustice is a disgrace, must it not be a disgrace to do anything unjustly? But what disgrace will it be to me, that others could not decide or act justly with regard to me? Of the men who have lived before me, I see that the estimation left among posterity with regard to such as have done wrong, and such as have suffered wrong, is by no means similar; and I know that I also, if I now die, shall obtain from mankind far different consideration from that which they will receive who took my life; for I know that they will always bear witness to me that I have never wronged any man, or rendered any man less virtuous, but that I have always endeavored to make those better who conversed with me." Such discourse he held with Hermogenes, and with others.

V. FROM THE "BANQUET." From Shelley's translation of Plato's *Banquet* we take this account of the incident previously related concerning the conduct of Socrates when on the campaign with Alcibiades. The *Banquet* is a report of a drinking feast at which were gathered a number of the friends of Socrates. The extract we take concerns the latter part of the bout:

Saying this he took the fillets, and having bound the head of Socrates, and again having reclined, said: "Come, my friends, you seem to be sober enough. You must not

flinch, but drink, for that was your agreement with me before I came in. I choose as president, until you have drunk enough—myself. Come, Agathon, if you have got a great goblet, fetch it out. But no matter, that wine-cooler will do; bring it, boy!'' And observing that it held more than eight cups, he first drank it off, and then ordered it to be filled for Socrates, and said:—''Observe, my friends, I cannot invent any scheme against Socrates, for he will drink as much as any one desires him, and not be in the least drunk.'' Socrates, after the boy had filled up, drank it off; and Eryximachus said:—''Shall we then have no conversation or singing over our cups, but drink down stupidly, just as if we were thirsty?'' And Alcibiades said: ''Ah, Eryximachus, I did not see you before; hail, you excellent son of a wise and excellent father!''—''Hail to you also,'' replied Eryximachus, ''but what shall we do?''—''Whatever you command, for we ought to submit to your directions; a physician is worth a hundred common men. Command us as you please.''—''Listen then,'' said Eryximachus, ''before you came in, each of us had agreed to deliver as eloquent a discourse as he could in praise of Love, beginning at the right hand; all the rest of us have fulfilled our engagement; you have not spoken, and yet have drunk with us: you ought to bear your part in the discussion; and having done so, command what you please to Socrates, who shall have the privilege of doing so to his right-hand neighbor, and so on to the others.''—''Indeed, there appears some justice in your proposal, Eryximachus, though it is rather unfair to induce a drunken man to set his discourse in competition with that of those who are sober. And, besides, did Socrates really persuade you that what he just said about me was true, or do you not know that matters are in fact exactly the reverse of his representation? For I seriously believe that, should I praise in his presence, be he god or man, any other beside himself, he would not keep his hands off me. But I assure you, Socrates, I will praise no one besides yourself in your presence.''

"Do so, then," said Eryximachus, "praise Socrates if you please."—"What," said Alcibiades, "shall I attack him, and punish him before you all?"—"What have you got into your head now," said Socrates, "are you going to expose me to ridicule, and to misrepresent me? Or what are you going to do?"—"I will only speak the truth; will you permit me on this condition?"—"I not only permit, but exhort you to say all the truth you know," replied Socrates.—"I obey you willingly," said Alcibiades, "and if I advance anything untrue, do you, if you please, interrupt me, and convict me of misrepresentation, for I would never willingly speak falsely. And bear with me if I do not relate things in their order, but just as I remember them, for it is not easy for a man in my present condition to enumerate systematically all your singularities.

"I will begin the praise of Socrates by comparing him to a certain statue. Perhaps he will think that this statue is introduced for the sake of ridicule, but I assure you that it is necessary for the illustration of truth. I assert, then, that Socrates is exactly like those Silenuses that sit in the sculptors' shops, and which are carved holding flutes or pipes, but which, when divided in two, are found to contain withinside the images of the gods. I assert that Socrates is like the satyr Marsyas. That your form and appearance are like these satyrs', I think that even you will not venture to deny; and how like you are to them in all other things, now hear. Are you not scornful and petulant? If you deny this, I will bring witnesses. Are you not a piper, and far more wonderful a one than he? For Marsyas, and whoever now pipes the music that he taught, for that music which is of heaven, and described as being taught by Marsyas, enchants men through the power of the mouth. For if any musician, be he skillful or not, awakens this music, it alone enables him to retain the minds of men, and from the divinity of its nature makes evident those who are in want of the gods and initiation. You differ only from Marsyas in this circumstance, that you effect without instruments, by

mere words, all that he can do. For when we hear Pericles, or any other accomplished orator, deliver a discourse, no one, as it were, cares anything about it. But when any one hears you, or even your words related by another, though ever so rude and unskillful a speaker, be that person a woman, man or child, we are struck and retained, as it were, by the discourse clinging to our mind.

"If I was not afraid that I am a great deal too drunk, I would confirm to you by an oath the strange effects which I assure you I have suffered from his words, and suffer still; for when I hear him speak, my heart leaps up far more than the hearts of those who celebrate the Corybantic mysteries; my tears are poured out as he talks, a thing I have seen happen to many others beside myself. I have heard Pericles and other excellent orators, and have been pleased with their discourses, but I suffered nothing of this kind; nor was my soul ever on those occasions disturbed and filled with self-reproach, as if it were slavishly laid prostrate. But this Marsyas here has often affected me in the way I describe, until the life which I lead seemed hardly worth living. Do not deny it, Socrates, for I well know that if even now I chose to listen to you, I could not resist, but should again suffer the same effects. For, my friends, he forces me to confess that while I myself am still in want of many things, I neglect my own necessities, and attend to those of the Athenians. I stop my ears, therefore, as from the Sirens, and flee away as fast as possible, that I may not sit down beside him and grow old in listening to his talk. For this man has reduced me to feel the sentiment of shame, which I imagine no one would readily believe was in me; he alone inspires me with remorse and awe. For I feel in his presence my incapacity of refuting what he says, or of refusing to do that which he directs; but when I depart from him, the glory which the multitude confers overwhelms me. I escape, therefore, and hide myself from him, and when I see him I am overwhelmed with humiliation, because I have neglected to do what I have confessed to him ought to be done; and often and often have

I wished that he were no longer to be seen among men. But if that were to happen, I well know that I should suffer far greater pain; so that where I can turn, or what I can do with this man, I know not. All this have I and many others suffered from the pipings of this satyr.

"And observe, how like he is to what I said, and what a wonderful power he possesses. Know that there is not one of you who is aware of the real nature of Socrates; but since I have begun, I will make him plain to you. You observe how passionately Socrates affects the intimacy of those who are beautiful, and how ignorant he professes himself to be; appearances in themselves excessively Silenic. This, my friends, is the external form with which, like one of the sculptured Sileni, he has clothed himself; for if you open him, you will find within admirable temperance and wisdom. For he cares not for mere beauty, but despises more than any one can imagine all external possessions, whether it be beauty or wealth, or glory, or any other thing for which the multitude felicitates the possessor. He esteems these things and us who honor them, as nothing, and lives among men, making all the objects of their admiration the playthings of his irony. But I know not if any one of you have ever seen the divine images which are within, when he has been opened and is serious. I have seen them, and they are so supremely beautiful, so golden, so divine, and wonderful, that everything which Socrates commands surely ought to be obeyed, even like the voice of a god.

"At one time we were fellow-soldiers, and had our mess together in the camp before Potidaea. Socrates there overcame not only me, but every one beside, in endurance of toils: when, as often happens in a campaign, we were reduced to few provisions, there were none who could sustain hunger like Socrates; and when we had plenty, he alone seemed to enjoy our military fare. He never drank much willingly, but when he was compelled he conquered all even in that to which he was least accustomed; and what is most astonishing, no person ever saw Socrates drunk either then or at any other time.

In the depth of winter (and the winters there are excessively rigid), he sustained calmly incredible hardships; and amongst other things, whilst the frost was intolerably severe, and no one went out of their tents, or if they went out, wrapt themselves up carefully, and put fleeces under their feet, and bound their legs with hairy skins, Socrates went out only with the same cloak on that he usually wore, and walked barefoot upon the ice; more easily, indeed, than those who had sandaled themselves so delicately: so that the soldiers thought that he did it to mock their want of fortitude. It would indeed be worth while to commemorate all that this brave man did and endured in that expedition. In one instance he was seen early in the morning, standing in one place wrapt in meditation; and as he seemed not to be able to unravel the subject of his thoughts, he still continued to stand as inquiring and discussing within himself, and when noon came, the soldiers observed him, and said to one another— 'Socrates has been standing there thinking, ever since the morning.' At last some Ionians came to the spot, and having supped, as it was summer, bringing their blankets, they lay down to sleep in the cool; they observed that Socrates continued to stand there the whole night until morning, and that, when the sun rose, he saluted it with a prayer and departed.

"I ought not to omit what Socrates is in battle. For in that battle after which the generals decreed to me the prize of courage, Socrates alone of all men was the savior of my life, standing by me when I had fallen and was wounded, and preserving both myself and my arms from the hands of the enemy. On that occasion I entreated the generals to decree the prize, as it was most due, to him. And this, O Socrates, you cannot deny, that the generals wishing to conciliate a person of my rank, desired to give me the prize; you were far more earnestly desirous than the generals that this glory should be attributed not to yourself, but me.

"But to see Socrates when our army was defeated and scattered in flight at [Delium], was a spectacle worthy

to behold. On that occasion I was among the cavalry, and he on foot, heavily armed. After the total rout of our troops, he and Laches retreated together; I came up by chance, and seeing them, bade them be of good cheer, for that I would not leave them. As I was on horseback, and therefore less occupied by a regard of my own situation, I could better observe than at Potidaea the beautiful spectacle exhibited by Socrates on this emergency. How superior was he to Laches in presence of mind and courage! Your representation of him on the stage, O Aristophanes, was not wholly unlike his real self on this occasion, for he walked and darted his regards around with a majestic composure, looking tranquilly both on his friends and enemies; so that it was evident to every one, even from afar, that whoever should venture to attack him would encounter a desperate resistance. He and his companion thus departed in safety; for those who are scattered in flight are pursued and killed, whilst men hesitate to touch those who exhibit such a countenance as that of Socrates even in defeat.

"Many other and most wonderful qualities might well be praised in Socrates; but such as these might singly be attributed to others. But that which is unparalleled in Socrates, is, that he is unlike, and above comparison, with all other men, whether those who have lived in ancient times, or those who exist now. For it may be conjectured, that Brasidas and many others are such as was Achilles. Pericles deserves comparison with Nestor and Antenor; and other excellent persons of various times may, with probability, be drawn into comparison with each other. But to such a singular man as this, both himself and his discourses are so uncommon, no one, should he seek, would find a parallel among the present or the past generations of mankind; unless they should say that he resembled those with whom I lately compared him, for, assuredly, he and his discourses are like nothing but the Sileni and the Satyrs. At first I forgot to make you observe how like his discourses are to those Satyrs when they are opened, for, if any one will listen to the talk of Socrates,

it will appear to him at first extremely ridiculous; the phrases and expressions which he employs, fold around his exterior the skin, as it were, of a rude and wanton Satyr. He is always talking about great market-asses, and brass-founders, and leather-cutters, and skin-dressers; and this is his perpetual custom, so that any dull and unobservant person might easily laugh at his discourse. But if any one should see it opened, as it were, and get within the sense of his words, he would then find that they alone of all that enters into the mind of man to utter, had a profound and persuasive meaning, and that they were most divine; and that they presented to the mind innumerable images of every excellence, and that they tended towards objects of the highest moment, or rather towards all that he who seeks the possession of what is supremely beautiful and good need regard as essential to the accomplishment of his ambition.

"These are the things, my friends, for which I praise Socrates."

Alcibiades having said this, the whole party burst into a laugh at his frankness, and Socrates said, "You seem to be sober enough, Alcibiades, else you would not have made such a circuit of words, only to hide the main design for which you made this long speech, and which, as it were carelessly, you just throw in at the last; now, as if you had not said all this for the mere purpose of dividing me and Agathon? You think that I ought to be your friend, and to care for no one else. I have found you out; it is evident enough for what design you invented all this Satyrical and Silenic drama. But, my dear Agathon, do not let his device succeed. I entreat you to permit no one to throw discord between us."—"No doubt," said Agathon, "he sat down between us only that he might divide us; but this shall not assist his scheme, for I will come and sit near you."—"Do so," said Socrates, "come, there is room for you by me."

—"Oh, Jupiter!" exclaimed Alcibiades, "what I endure from that man! He thinks to subdue every way; but, at least, I pray you, let Agathon remain between us."—

"Impossible," said Socrates, "you have just praised me; I ought to praise him sitting at my right hand. If Agathon is placed beside you, will he not praise me before I praise him? Now, my dear friend, allow the young man to receive what praise I can give him. I have a great desire to pronounce his encomium."—"Quick, quick, Alcibiades," said Agathon, "I cannot stay here, I must change my place, or Socrates will not praise me."—Agathon then arose to take his place near Socrates.

He had no sooner reclined than there came in a number of revelers—for some one who had gone out had left the door open—and took their places on the vacant couches, and everything became full of confusion; and no order being observed, every one was obliged to drink a great quantity of wine. Eryximachus, and Phaedrus, and some others, said Aristodemus, went home to bed; that, for his part, he went to sleep on his couch, and slept long and soundly—the nights were then long—until the cock crew in the morning. When he awoke he found that some were still fast asleep, and others had gone home, and that Aristophanes, Agathon, and Socrates had alone stood it out, and were still drinking out of a great goblet which they passed round and round. Socrates was disputing between them. The beginning of their discussion Aristodemus said that he did not recollect, because he was asleep; but it was terminated by Socrates forcing them to confess, that the same person is able to compose both tragedy and comedy, and that the foundations of the tragic and comic arts were essentially the same. They, rather convicted than convinced, went to sleep. Aristophanes first awoke, and then, it being broad daylight, Agathon. Socrates, having put them to sleep, went away, Aristodemus following him, and coming to the Lyceum he washed himself, as he would have done anywhere else, and after having spent the day there, went home in the evening.

VI. THE "PHAEDO." The long dialogue called by Plato *Phaedo,* or *The Immortality of*

the Soul, is devoted to the incidents of the last day Socrates spent on earth, and contains his conversation with the devoted friends who were gathered at his side. In our extracts, which are taken from the translation of Henry Cary, we cannot give an idea of the whole production, but will confine ourselves rather to showing by them the personality of Socrates during those trying hours. The dialogue begins:

Echecrates. Were you personally present, Phaedo, with Socrates on that day when he drank the poison in prison? or did you hear an account of it from some one else?

Phaedo. I was there myself, Echecrates.

Ech. What then did he say before his death? and how did he die? for I should be glad to hear: for scarcely any citizen of Phlius ever visits Athens now, nor has any stranger for a long time come from thence, who was able to give us a clear account of the particulars, except that he died from drinking poison; but he was unable to tell us anything more.

Phaed. And did you not hear about the trial, how it went off?

Ech. Yes; some one told me this; and I wondered, that as it took place so long ago, he appears to have died long afterwards. What was the reason of this, Phaedo?

Phaed. An accidental circumstance happened in his favor, Echecrates: for the poop of the ship which the Athenians send to Delos, chanced to be crowned on the day before the trial.

Ech. But what is this ship?

Phaed. It is the ship, as the Athenians say, in which Theseus formerly conveyed the fourteen boys and girls to Crete, and saved both them and himself. They, therefore, made a vow to Apollo on that occasion, as it is said,

THE PRISON OF SOCRATES

WHERE SOCRATES PASSED HIS LAST NIGHT IN CONVERSATION WITH HIS FRIENDS.

that if they were saved they would every year despatch a solemn embassy to Delos; which from that time to the present, they send yearly to the god. When they begin the preparations for this solemn embassy, they have a law that the city shall be purified during this period, and that no public execution shall take place until the ship has reached Delos, and returned to Athens: and this occasionally takes a long time, when the winds happen to impede their passage. The commencement of the embassy is when the priest of Apollo has crowned the poop of the ship. And this was done, as I said, on the day before the trial: on this account Socrates had a long interval in prison between the trial and his death.

Ech. And what, Phaedo, were the circumstances of his death? what was said and done? and who of his friends were with him? or would not the magistrates allow them to be present, but did he die destitute of friends?

Phaed. By no means; but some, indeed several, were present.

Ech. Take the trouble, then, to relate to me all the particulars as clearly as you can, unless you have any pressing business.

Phaed. I am at leisure, and will endeavor to give you a full account: for to call Socrates to mind, whether speaking myself or listening to some one else, is always most delightful to me.

Ech. And indeed, Phaedo, you have others to listen to you who are of the same mind. However, endeavor to relate everything as accurately as you can.

Phaed. I was indeed wonderfully affected by being present, for I was not impressed with a feeling of pity, like one present at the death of a friend; for the man appeared to me to be happy. Echecrates, both from his manner and discourse, so fearlessly and nobly did he meet his death: so much so, that it occurred to me, that in going to Hades he was not going without a divine destiny, but that when he arrived there he would be happy, if any one ever was. For this reason I was entirely un-

influenced by any feeling of pity, as would seem likely to be the case with one present on so mournful an occasion; nor was I affected by pleasure from being engaged in philosophical discussions, as was our custom; for our conversation was of that kind. But an altogether unaccountable feeling possessed me, a kind of unusual mixture compounded of pleasure and pain together, when I considered that he was immediately about to die. And all of us who were present were affected in much the same manner, at one time laughing, at another weeping, one of us especially, Apollodorus, for you know the man and his manner.

Ech. How should I not?

Phaed. He, then, was entirely overcome by these emotions; and I, too, was troubled, as well as the others.

. . . . . .

Ech. Well now: what do you say was the subject of conversation?

Phaed. I will endeavor to relate the whole to you from the beginning. On the preceding days I and the others were constantly in the habit of visiting Socrates, meeting early in the morning at the court-house where the trial took place, for it was near the prison. Here then we waited every day till the prison was opened, conversing with each other; for it was not opened very early, but, as soon as it was opened we went in to Socrates, and usually spent the day with him. On that occasion, however, we met earlier than usual; for on the preceding day, when we left the prison in the evening, we heard that the ship had arrived from Delos. We therefore urged each other to come as early as possible to the accustomed place; accordingly we came, and the porter, who used to admit us, coming out, told us to wait, and not enter until he called us. "For," he said, "the Eleven are now freeing Socrates from his bonds, and announcing to him that he must die to-day." But in no long time he returned, and bade us enter.

When we entered, we found Socrates just freed from his bonds, and Xanthippe, you know her, holding his little

boy and sitting by him. As soon as Xanthippe saw us, she wept aloud and said such things as women usually do on such occasions, as "Socrates, your friends will now converse with you for the last time and you with them." But Socrates, looking towards Crito, said, "Crito, let some one take her home." Upon which some of Crito's attendants led her away, wailing and beating herself.

But Socrates sitting up in bed, drew up his leg, and rubbed it with his hand, and as he rubbed it, said, "What an unaccountable thing, my friends, that seems to be, which men call pleasure; and how wonderfully is it related towards that which appears to be its contrary, pain; in that they will not both be present to a man at the same time, yet, if any one pursues and attains the one, he is almost always compelled to receive the other, as if they were both united together from one head.

"And it seems to me," he said, "that if Aesop had observed this he would have made a fable from it, how the deity, wishing to reconcile these warring principles, when he could not do so, united their heads together, and from hence whomsoever the one visits the other attends immediately after; as appears to be the case with me, since I suffered pain in my leg before from the chain, but now pleasure seems to have succeeded."

Hereupon Cebes, interrupting him, said, "By Jupiter, Socrates, you have done well in reminding me: with respect to the poems which you made, by putting into meter those fables of Aesop and the hymn to Apollo, several other persons asked me, and especially Evenus recently, with what design you made them after you came here, whereas before you had never made any. If, therefore, you care at all that I should be able to answer Evenus, when he asks me again, for I am sure he will do so, tell me what I must say to him."

"Tell him the truth then, Cebes," he replied, "that I did not make them from a wish to compete with him, or his poems, for I knew that this would be no easy matter; but that I might discover the meaning of certain dreams, and discharge my conscience, if this should

happen to be the music which they have often ordered me to apply myself to. For they were to the following purport; often in my past life the same dream visited me, appearing at different times in different forms, yet always saying the same thing, 'Socrates,' it said, 'apply yourself to and practice music.' And I formerly supposed that it exhorted and encouraged me to continue the pursuit I was engaged in, as those who cheer on racers, so that the dream encouraged me to continue the pursuit I was engaged in, namely, to apply myself to music, since philosophy is the highest music, and I was devoted to it. But now since my trial took place, and the festival of the god retarded my death, it appeared to me that, if by chance the dream so frequently enjoined me to apply myself to popular music, I ought not to disobey it but do so, for that it would be safer for me not to depart hence before I had discharged my conscience by making some poems in obedience to the dream. Thus, then, I first of all composed a hymn to the god whose festival was present, and after the god, considering that a poet, if he means to be a poet, ought to make fables and not discourses, and knowing that I was not skilled in making fables, I therefore put into verse those fables of Aesop, which were at hand, and were known to me, and which first occurred to me.

"Tell this then to Evenus, Cebes, and bid him farewell, and, if he is wise, to follow me as soon as he can. But I depart, as it seems, to-day; for so the Athenians order."

To this Simmias said, "What is this, Socrates, which you exhort Evenus to do? for I often meet with him; and from what I know of him, I am pretty certain that he will not at all be willing to comply with your advice."

"What then," said he, "is not Evenus a philosopher?"

"To me he seems to be so," said Simmias.

"Then he will be willing," rejoined Socrates, "and so will every one who worthily engages in this study; perhaps indeed he will not commit violence on himself, for that they say is not allowable." And as he said this

he let down his leg from the bed on the ground, and in this posture continued during the remainder of the discussion.

Cebes then asked him, "What do you mean, Socrates, by saying that it is not lawful to commit violence on oneself, but that a philosopher should be willing to follow one who is dying?"

"What, Cebes, have not you and Simmias, who have conversed familiarly with Philolaus on this subject, heard?"

"Nothing very clearly, Socrates."

"I however speak only from hearsay; what then I have heard I have no scruple in telling. And perhaps it is most becoming for one who is about to travel there, to inquire and speculate about the journey thither, what kind we think it is. What else can one do in the interval before sunset?"

"Why then, Socrates, do they say that it is not allowable to kill oneself? for I, as you asked just now, have heard both Philolaus, when he lived with us, and several others say that it was not right to do this; but I never heard anything clear upon the subject from any one."

"Then you should consider it attentively," said Socrates, "for perhaps you may hear: probably, however, it will appear wonderful to you, if this alone of all other things is an universal truth, and it never happens to a man, as is the case in all other things, that at some times and to some persons only it is better to die than to live; yet that these men for whom it is better to die—this probably will appear wonderful to you—may not without impiety do this good to themselves, but must await another benefactor."

Then Cebes, gently smiling, said, speaking in his own dialect, "Jove be witness."

"And indeed," said Socrates, "it would appear to be unreasonable, yet still perhaps it has some reason on its side. The maxim indeed given on this subject in the mystical doctrines, that we men are in a kind of prison,

and that we ought not to free ourselves from it and escape, appears to me difficult to be understood, and not easy to penetrate. This, however, appears to me, Cebes, to be well said, that the gods take care of us, and that we men are one of their possessions. Does it not seem so to you?''

''It does,'' replied Cebes.

''Therefore,'' said he, ''if one of your slaves were to kill himself, without your having intimated that you wished him to die, should you not be angry with him, and should you not punish him if you could?''

''Certainly,'' he replied.

''Perhaps then in this point of view, it is not unreasonable to assert, that a man ought not to kill himself before the deity lays him under a necessity of doing so, such as that now laid on me.''

''This, indeed,'' said Cebes, ''appears to be probable.''

The conversation touches upon many subjects, but in the main is devoted to those which naturally would suggest themselves on such occasions, as the following extract will show:

''But does not purification consist in this, as was said in a former part of our discourse, in separating as much as possible the soul from the body, and in accustoming it to gather and collect itself by itself on all sides apart from the body, and to dwell, as far as it can, both now and hereafter, alone by itself, delivered as it were from the shackles of the body?''

''Certainly,'' he replied.

''Is this then called death, this deliverance and separation of the soul from the body?''

''Assuredly,'' he answered.

''But, as we affirmed, those who pursue philosophy rightly, are especially and alone desirous to deliver it, and this is the very study of philosophers, the deliverance and separation of the soul from the body, is it not?''

''It appears so.''

"Then, as I said at first, would it not be ridiculous for a man who has endeavored throughout his life to live as near as possible to death, then, when death arrives, to grieve? would not this be ridiculous?"

"How should it not?"

"In reality then, Simmias," he continued, "those who pursue philosophy rightly study to die; and to them of all men death is least formidable. Judge from this. Since they altogether hate the body and desire to keep the soul by itself, would it not be irrational if, when this comes to pass, they should be afraid and grieve, and not be glad to go to that place, where on their arrival they may hope to obtain that which they longed for throughout life; but they longed for wisdom; and to be freed from association with that which they hated? Have many of their own accord wished to descend into Hades, on account of human objects of affection, their wives and sons, induced by this very hope of there seeing and being with those whom they have loved; and shall one who really loves wisdom, and firmly cherishes this very hope, that he shall nowhere else attain it in a manner worthy of the name, except in Hades, be grieved at dying, and not gladly go there? We must think that he would gladly go, my friend, if he be in truth a philosopher; for he will be firmly persuaded of this, that he will nowhere else but there attain wisdom in its purity; and if this be so, would it not be very irrational, as I just now said, if such a man were to be afraid of death?"

"Very much so, by Jupiter," he replied.

"Would not this then," he resumed, "be a sufficient proof to you, with respect to a man whom you should see grieved when about to die, that he was not a lover of wisdom but a lover of his body? and this same person is probably a lover of riches and a lover of honor, one or both of these."

"It certainly is as you say," he replied.

"Does not then," he said, "that which is called fortitude, Simmias, eminently belong to philosophers?"

"By all means," he answered.

"And temperance also, which even the multitude call temperance, and which consists in not being carried away by the passions, but in holding them in contempt, and keeping them in subjection, does not this belong to those only who most despise the body, and live in the study of philosophy?" "Necessarily so," he replied.

"For," he continued, "if you will consider the fortitude and temperance of others, they will appear to you to be absurd."

"How so, Socrates?"

"Do you know," he said, "that all others consider death among the great evils?"

"They do indeed," he answered.

"Then do the brave amongst them endure death, when they do endure it, through dread of greater evils?"

"It is so."

"All men, therefore, except philosophers, are brave through being afraid and through fear; though it is absurd that any one should be brave through fear and cowardice."

"Certainly."

"But what? are not these amongst them who keep their passions in subjection, affected in the same way? and are they not temperate through a kind of intemperance? and although we may say, perhaps, that this is impossible, nevertheless the manner in which they are affected with respect to this silly temperance resembles this; for, fearing to be deprived of other pleasures, and desiring them, they abstain from some, being mastered by others. And though they call intemperance the being governed by pleasures, yet it happens to them that, by being mastered by some pleasures, they master others; and this is similar to what was just now said, that in a certain manner they become temperate through intemperance."

"So it seems."

"My dear Simmias, consider that this is not a right exchange for virtue, to barter pleasures for pleasures,

pains for pains, fear for fear, and the greater for the lesser, like pieces of money; but that that alone is the right coin, for which we ought to barter all these things, wisdom; and for this, and with this everything is in reality bought and sold, fortitude, temperance, and justice, and, in a word, true virtue subsists with wisdom, whether pleasures and fears, and everything else of the kind, are present or absent; but when separated from wisdom, and changed one for another, consider whether such virtue is not a mere outline, and in realty servile, possessing neither soundness nor truth; but the really true virtue is a purification from all such things, and temperance, justice, fortitude, and wisdom itself, are a kind of initiatory purification. And those who instituted the mysteries for us appear to have been by no means contemptible, but in reality to have intimated long since that whoever shall arrive in Hades unexpiated and uninitiated shall lie in mud, but he that arrives there purified and initiated, shall dwell with the gods. 'For there are,' say those who preside at the mysteries, 'many wand-bearers, but few inspired.' These last, in my opinion, are no other than those who have pursued philosophy rightly: that I might be of their number, I have, to the utmost of my ability, left no means untried, but have endeavored to the utmost of my power. But whether I have endeavored rightly and have in any respect succeeded, on arriving there I shall know clearly, if it please God, very shortly, as it appears to me.

"Such then, Simmias and Cebes," he added, "is the defense I make, for that I, on good grounds, do not repine or grieve at leaving you and my masters here, being persuaded that there, no less than here, I shall meet with good masters and friends. But to the multitude this is incredible. If, however, I have succeeded better with you in my defense than I did with the Athenian judges, it is well."

The first argument for the immortality of the soul is set thus forth:

Upon this Cebes, smiling, said, "Endeavor to teach us better, Socrates, as if we were afraid, or rather not as if we were afraid, though perhaps there is some boy within us who has such a dread. Let us, then, endeavor to persuade him not to be afraid of death, as of hobgoblins."

"But you must charm him every day," said Socrates, "until you have quieted his fears."

"But whence, Socrates," he said, "can we procure a skillful charmer for such a case, now that you are about to leave us?"

"Greece is wide, Cebes," he replied, "and in it surely there are skillful men, there are also many barbarous nations, all of which you should search through, seeking such a charmer, sparing neither money nor toil, as there is nothing on which you can more seasonably spend your money. You should also seek for him among yourselves; for perhaps you could not easily find any more competent than yourselves to do this."

"This shall be done," said Cebes, "but, if it is agreeable to you, let us return to the point from whence we digressed."

"It will be agreeable to me, for how should it not?"

"You say well," rejoined Cebes.

"We ought then," said Socrates, "to ask ourselves some such question as this, to what kind of thing it appertains to be thus affected, namely to be dispersed, and for what we ought to fear, lest it should be so affected, and for what not. And after this, we should consider which of the two the soul is; and in the result should either be confident or fearful for our soul."

"You speak truly," said he.

"Does it not, then, appertain to that which is formed by composition, and is naturally compounded, to be thus affected, to be dissolved in the same manner as that in which it was compounded; and if there is anything not compounded, does it not appertain to this alone, if to anything, not to be thus affected?"

"It appears to me to be so," said Cebes.

"Is it not most probable then that things which are always the same, and in the same state, are uncompounded, but that things which are constantly changing, and are never in the same state, are compounded?"

"To me it appears so."

"Let us return then," he said, "to the subjects on which we before discoursed. Whether is essence itself, of which we gave this account that it exists, both in our questions and answers, always the same, or does it sometimes change? Does equality itself, the beautiful itself, and each several thing which is, ever undergo any change, however small? Or does each of them which exists, being an unmixed essence by itself, continue always the same, and in the same state, and never undergo any variation at all under any circumstances?"

"They must of necessity continue the same and in the same state, Socrates," said Cebes.

"But what shall we say of the many beautiful things, such as men, horses, garments, or other things of the kind, whether equal, or beautiful, or of all things synonymous with them? Do they continue the same, or, quite contrary to the former, are they never at any time, so to say, the same, either with respect to themselves or one another?"

"These, on the other hand," replied Cebes, "never continue the same."

"These then you can touch, or see, or perceive by the other senses; but those that continue the same, you cannot apprehend in any other way than by the exercise of thought; for such things are invisible, and are not seen?"

"You say what is strictly true," replied Cebes.

"We may assume then, if you please," he continued, "that there are two species of things, the one visible, the other invisible?"

"We may," he said.

"And the invisible always continuing the same, but the visible never the same?"

"This too," he said, "we may assume."

"Come then," he asked, "is there anything else be-

longing to us, than on the one hand body, and on the other soul?"

"Nothing else," he replied.

"To which species, then, shall we say the body is more like, and more nearly allied?"

"It is clear to every one," he said, "that it is to the visible."

"But what of the soul? Is it visible or invisible?"

"It is not visible to men, Socrates," he replied.

"But we speak of things which are visible or not so to the nature of men: or to some other nature, think you?"

"To that of men."

"What then shall we say of the soul, that it is visible, or not visible?"

"Not visible."

"Is it then invisible?"

"Yes."

"The soul then is more like the invisible than the body, and the body, the visible?"

"It must needs be so, Socrates."

"And did we not some time since say this too, that the soul, when it employs the body to examine anything, either by means of the sight or hearing, or any other sense (for to examine anything by means of the body is to do so by the senses), is then drawn by the body to things that never continue the same, and wanders and is confused, and reels as if intoxicated through coming into contact with things of this kind?"

"Certainly."

"But when it examines anything by itself, does it approach that which is pure, eternal, immortal, and unchangeable, and, as being allied to it, continue constantly with it, so long as it subsists by itself, and has the power, and does it cease from its wandering, and constantly continue the same with respect to those things, through coming into contact with things of this kind? and is this affection of the soul called wisdom?"

"You speak well and truly, Socrates."

"To which species of the two, then, both from what was before, and now said, does the soul appear to you to be more like and more nearly allied?"

"Every one, I think, would allow, Socrates," he replied, "even the dullest person, from this method of reasoning that the soul is in every respect more like that which continues constantly the same, than that which does not so."

"But what as to the body?"

"It is more like the other."

"Consider it also thus, that, when soul and body are together, nature enjoins the latter to be subservient and obey, the former to rule and exercise dominion. And in this way, which of the two appears to you to be like the divine, and which the mortal? Does it not appear to you to be natural that the divine should rule and command, but the mortal obey and be subservient?"

"To me it does so."

"Which, then, does the soul resemble?"

"It is clear, Socrates, that the soul resembles the divine, but the body, the mortal."

"Consider then, Cebes," said he, "whether, from all that has been said, these conclusions follow, that the soul is most like that which is divine, immortal, intelligent, uniform, indissoluble, and which always continues in the same state, but that the body on the other hand is most like that which is human, mortal, unintelligent, multiform, dissoluble, and which never continues in the same state. Can we say anything against this, my dear Cebes, to show that it is not so?"

"We cannot."

"What then? Since these things are so, does it not appertain to the body to be quickly dissolved, but to the soul, on the contrary, to be altogether indissoluble, or nearly so?"

"How not?"

"You perceive, however," he said, "that when a man dies, the visible part of him, the body, which is exposed to sight, and which we call a corpse, to which it apper-

tains to be dissolved, to fall asunder and be dispersed, does not immediately undergo any of these affections, but remains for a considerable time, and especially so if any one should die with his body in full vigor, and at a corresponding age; for when the body has collapsed and been embalmed, as those that are embalmed in Egypt, it remains almost entire for an incredible length of time; and some parts of the body, even though it does decay, such as the bones and nerves, and everything of that kind, are nevertheless, as one may say, immortal. Is it not so?''

''Yes.''

''Can the soul, then, which is invisible, and which goes to another place like itself, excellent, pure, and invisible, and therefore truly called the invisible world, to the presence of a good and wise God (whither if God will, my soul also must shortly go), can this soul of ours, I ask, being such and of such a nature, when separated from the body be immediately dispersed and destroyed, as most men assert? Far from it, my dear Cebes and Simmias. But the case is much rather thus: if it is separated in a pure state, taking nothing of the body with it, as not having willingly communicated with it in the present life, but having shunned it and gathered itself within itself, as constantly studying this; but this is nothing else than to pursue philosophy aright, and in reality to study how to die easily; would not this be to study how to die?''

''Most assuredly.''

''Does not the soul, then, when in this state, depart to that which resembles itself, the invisible, the divine, immortal, and wise? and on its arrival there, is it not its lot to be happy, free from error, ignorance, fears, wild passions, and all the other evils to which human nature is subject, and, as is said of the initiated, does it not in truth pass the rest of its time with the gods? Must we affirm that it is so, Cebes, or otherwise?''

''So, by Jupiter,'' said Cebes.

''But, I think, if it departs from the body polluted and impure, as having constantly held communion with

the body, and having served and loved it, and been bewitched by it, through desires and pleasures, so as to think that there is nothing real except what is corporeal, which one can touch and see, and drink and eat, and employ for sensual purposes; but what is dark and invisible to the eyes, which is intellectual and apprehended by philosophy, having been accustomed to hate, fear, and shun this, do you think that a soul thus affected can depart from the body by itself, and uncontaminated?"

"By no means whatever," he replied.

"But I think it will be impressed with that which is corporeal, which the intercourse and communion of the body, through constant association and great attention, have made natural to it."

"Certainly."

"We must think, my dear Cebes, that this is ponderous and heavy, earthly and visible, by possessing which such a soul is weighed down, and drawn again into the visible world through dread of the invisible and of Hades, wandering, as it is said, amongst monuments and tombs, about which, indeed, certain shadowy phantoms of souls have been seen, being such images as those souls produced which have not departed pure from the body, but which partake of the visible, on which account also they are visible."

"That is probable, Socrates."

"Probable indeed, Cebes; and not that these are the souls of the good, but of the wicked, which are compelled to wander about such places, paying the penalty of their former conduct, which was evil; and they wander about so long, until, through the desire of the corporeal nature that accompanies them, they are again united to a body; and they are united, as is probable, to animals having the same habits as those they have given themselves up to during life."

"But what do you say these are, Socrates?"

"For instance, those who have given themselves up to gluttony, wantonness, and drinking, and having put no restraint on themselves, will probably be clothed in the

form of asses and brutes of that kind. Do you not think so?''

''You say what is very probable.''

''And that such as have set great value on injustice, tyranny and rapine, will be clothed in the species of wolves, hawks and kites? Where else can we say such souls go?''

''Without doubt,'' said Cebes, ''into such as these.''

''Is it not then evident,'' he continued, ''as to the rest, whither each will go, according to the resemblances of their several pursuits?''

''It is evident,'' he replied, ''how not?''

''Of these, then,'' he said, ''are not they the most happy, and do they not go to the best place, who have practiced that social and civilized virtue, which they call temperance and justice, and which is produced from habit and exercise, without philosophy and reflection?''

''In what respect are these the most happy?''

''Because it is probable that these should again migrate into a corresponding civilized and peaceable kind of animals, such as bees perhaps, or wasps, or ants, or even into the same human species again, and from these become moderate men.''

''It is probable.''

''But it is not lawful for any one, who has not studied philosophy and departed this life perfectly pure, to pass into the rank of gods, but only for the true lover of wisdom. And on this account, my friends Simmias and Cebes, those who philosophize rightly abstain from all bodily desires, and persevere in doing so, and do not give themselves up to them, not fearing the loss of property and poverty, as the generality of men and the lovers of wealth; nor again dreading disgrace and ignominy like those who are lovers of power and honor, do they then abstain from them.''

''For it would not become them to do so, Socrates,'' says Cebes.

''It would not, by Jupiter,'' he rejoined. ''Wherefore, Cebes, they who care at all for their soul, and do

not spend their lives in the culture of their bodies, despising all these, proceed not in the same way with them, as being ignorant whither they are going, but being convinced that they ought not to act contrary to philosophy, but in accordance with the freedom and purification she affords, they give themselves up to her direction, following her wherever she leads."

Not wholly convinced by this argument, considerable discussion ensues on the same subject, which, however, is concluded in this manner:

"Observe then," said he, "what I wish to prove. It is this, that it appears, not only that these contraries do not admit each other, but that even such things as are not contrary to each other, and yet always possess contraries, do not appear to admit that idea which is contrary to the idea that exists in themselves, but, when it approaches, perish or depart. Shall we not allow that the number three would first perish, and suffer anything whatever, rather than endure, while it is still three, to become even?"

"Most certainly," said Cebes.

"And yet," said he, "the number two is not contrary to three."

"Surely not."

"Not only, then, do ideas that are contrary never allow the approach of each other, but some other things also do not allow the approach of contraries."

"You say very truly," he replied.

"Do you wish, then," he said, "that, if we are able, we should define what these things are?"

"Certainly."

"Would they not then, Cebes," he said, "be such things as whatever they occupy, compel that thing not only to retain its own idea, but also that of something which is always a contrary?"

"How do you mean?"

"As we just now said. For you know surely, that

whatever things the idea of three occupies must of necessity not only be three, but also odd?"

"Certainly."

"To such a thing, then, we assert, that the idea contrary to that form which constitutes this can never come."

"It cannot."

"But did the odd make it so?"

"Yes."

"And is the contrary to this the idea of the even?"

"Yes."

"The idea of the even, then, will never come to the three?"

"No, surely."

"Three, then, has no part in the even?"

"None whatever."

"The number three is uneven?"

"Yes."

"What therefore I said should be defined, namely, what things they are which, though not contrary to some particular thing, yet do not admit of the contrary itself, as in the present instance, the number three though not contrary to the even, does not any the more admit it, for it always brings the contrary with it, just as the number two does to the odd, fire to cold, and many other particulars; consider then, whether you would thus define, not only that a contrary does not admit a contrary, but also that that which brings with it a contrary to that to which it approaches, will never admit the contrary of that which it brings with it. But call it to mind again, for it will not be useless to hear it often repeated. Five will not admit the idea of the even, nor ten, its double, that of the odd. This double then, though it is itself contrary to something else, yet will not admit the idea of the odd; nor will half as much again, nor other things of the kind, such as the half and the third part admit the idea of the whole, if you follow me and agree with me that it is so."

"I entirely agree with you," he said, "and follow you."

"Tell me again, then," he said, "from the beginning; and do not answer me in the terms in which I put the question, but in different ones, imitating my example. For I say this because, besides that safe mode of answering, which I mentioned at first, from what has now been said, I see another no less safe one. For if you should ask me what that is, which if it be in the body will cause it to be hot, I should not give you that safe but unlearned answer, that it is heat, but one more elegant, from what we have just now said, that it is fire; nor, if you should ask me what that is, which if it be in the body, will cause it to be diseased, should I say that it is disease, but fever; nor, if you should ask what that is, which if it be in number, will cause it to be odd, should I say that it is unevenness, but unity, and so with other things. But consider whether you sufficiently understand what I mean."

"Perfectly so," he replied.

"Answer me then," he said, "what that is, which when it is in the body, the body will be alive?"

"Soul," he replied.

"Is not this, then, always the case?"

"How should it not be?" said he.

"Does the soul, then, always bring life to whatever it occupies?"

"It does indeed," he replied.

"Whether, then, is there anything contrary to life or not?"

"There is," he replied.

"What?"

"Death."

"The soul, then, will never admit the contrary of that which it brings with it, as has been already allowed?"

"Most assuredly," replied Cebes.

"What then? how do we denominate that which does not admit the idea of the even?"

"Uneven," he replied.

"And that which does not admit the just, nor the musical?"

"Unmusical," he said, "and unjust."

"Be it so. But what do we call that which does not admit death?"

"Immortal," he replied.

"Therefore does not the soul admit death?"

"No."

"Is the soul, then, immortal?"

"Immortal."

"Be it so," he said. "Shall we say then, that this has been now demonstrated? or how think you?"

"Most completely, Socrates."

"What then," said he, "Cebes, if it were necessary for the uneven to be imperishable, would the number three be otherwise than imperishable?"

"How should it not?"

"If, therefore, it were also necessary that what is without heat should be imperishable, when any one should introduce heat to snow, would not the snow withdraw itself, safe and unmelted? For it would not perish; nor yet would it stay and admit the heat."

"You say truly," he replied.

"In like manner, I think, if that which is insusceptible of cold were imperishable, that when anything cold approached the fire, it would neither be extinguished nor perish, but would depart quite safe."

"Of necessity," he said.

"Must we not then of necessity," he continued, "speak thus of that which is immortal? if that which is immortal is imperishable, it is impossible for the soul to perish, when death approaches it. For, from what has been said already, it will not admit death, nor will ever be dead, just as we said that three will never be even, nor again will the odd, nor will fire be cold, nor yet the heat that is in fire. But some one may say, what hinders, though the odd can never become even by the approach of the even, as we have allowed, yet, when the odd is destroyed, that the even should succeed in its place? We could not contend with him who should make this objection, that it is not destroyed; for the uneven is not

imperishable; since, if this were granted us, we might easily have contended, that on the approach of the even the odd and the three depart; and we might have contended in the same way with respect to fire, heat, and the rest; might we not?"

"Certainly."

"Wherefore, with respect to the immortal, if we have allowed that it is imperishable, the soul, in addition to its being immortal, must also be imperishable; if not, there will be need of other arguments."

"But there is no need," he said, "as far as that is concerned; for scarcely could anything not admit of corruption, if that which is immortal and eternal is liable to it."

"The deity, indeed, I think," said Socrates, "and the idea itself of life, and if anything else is immortal, must be allowed by all beings to be incapable of dissolution."

Omitting the remainder of the discussions, we give this account of the closing hours of that last day:

"On account of these things, then, a man ought to be confident about his soul, who during this life has disregarded all the pleasures and ornaments of the body as foreign from his nature, and who, having thought that they do more harm than good, has zealously applied himself to the acquirement of knowledge, and who having adorned his soul not with a foreign but its own proper ornament, temperance, justice, fortitude, freedom, and truth, thus waits for his passage to Hades, as one who is ready to depart whenever destiny shall summon him. You then," he continued, "Simmias and Cebes, and the rest, will each of you depart at some future time; but now destiny summons me, as a tragic writer would say, and it is nearly time for me to betake myself to the bath; for it appears to me to be better to drink the poison after I have bathed myself, and not to trouble the women with washing my dead body."

When he had thus spoken, Crito said, "So be it, Socrates, but what commands have you to give to these or to me, either respecting your children, or any other matter, in attending to which we can most oblige you?"

"What I always say, Crito," he replied, "nothing new; that by taking care of yourselves you will oblige both me and mine, and yourselves, whatever you do, though you should not now promise it; but if you neglect yourselves, and will not live as it were in the footsteps of what has been now and formerly said, even though you should promise much at present, and that earnestly, you will do no good at all."

"We will endeavor then so to do," he said; "but how shall we bury you?"

"Just as you please," he said, "if only you can catch me, and I do not escape from you." And at the same time smiling gently, and looking round on us, he said: "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am that Socrates who is now conversing with you, and who methodizes each part of the discourse; but he thinks that I am he whom he will shortly behold dead, and asks how he should bury me. But that which I some time since argued at length, that when I have drunk the poison I shall no longer remain with you, but shall depart to some happy state of the blessed, this I seem to have urged to him in vain, though I meant at the same time to console both you and myself. Be ye then my sureties to Crito," he said, "in an obligation contrary to that which he made to the judges; for he undertook that I should remain; but do you be sureties that, when I die, I shall not remain, but shall depart, that Crito may more easily bear it, and when he sees my body either burnt or buried, may not be afflicted for me, as if I suffered some dreadful thing, nor say at my interment that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. For be well assured," he said, "most excellent Crito, that to speak improperly is not only culpable as to the thing itself, but likewise occasions some injury to our souls. You must have a good courage then, and say that you bury my

body, and bury it in such a manner as is pleasing to you, and as you think is most agreeable to our laws."

When he had said thus he rose, and went into a chamber to bathe, and Crito followed him, but he directed us to wait for him. We waited, therefore, conversing among ourselves about what had been said, and considering it again, and sometimes speaking about our calamity, how severe it would be to us, sincerely thinking that, like those who are deprived of a father, we should pass the rest of our life as orphans. When he had bathed, and his children were brought to him, for he had two little sons and one grown up, and the women belonging to his family were come, having conversed with them in the presence of Crito, and given them such injunctions as he wished, he directed the women and children to go away, and then returned to us. And it was now near sun-set; for he spent a considerable time within. But when he came from bathing he sat down, and did not speak much afterwards; then the officer of the Eleven came in, and standing near him, said, "Socrates, I shall not have to find that fault with you that I do with others, that they are angry with me, and curse me, when, by order of the archons, I bid them drink the poison. But you, on all other occasions during the time you have been here, I have found to be the most noble, meek, and excellent man of all that ever came into this place: and, therefore, I am now well convinced that you will not be angry with me, for you know who are to blame, but with them. Now, then, for you know what I came to announce to you, farewell, and endeavor to bear what is inevitable as easily as possible." And at the same time, bursting into tears, he turned away and withdrew.

And Socrates, looking after him, said, "And thou, too, farewell, we will do as you direct." At the same time turning to us, he said, "How courteous the man is; during the whole time I have been here he has visited me, and conversed with me sometimes, and proved the worthiest of men; and now how generously he weeps for me. But come, Crito, let us obey him, and let some one

bring the poison, if it is ready pounded, but if not, let the man pound it."

Then Crito said, "But I think, Socrates, that the sun is still on the mountains, and has not yet set. Besides, I know that others have drunk the poison very late, after it had been announced to them, and have supped and drunk freely, and some even have enjoyed the objects of their love. Do not hasten then, for there is yet time."

Upon this Socrates replied, "These men whom you mention, Crito, do these things with good reason, for they think they shall gain by so doing, and I too with good reason shall not do so; for I think I shall gain nothing by drinking a little later, except to become ridiculous to myself, in being so fond of life, and sparing of it when none any longer remains. Go then," he said, "obey, and do not resist."

Crito having heard this, nodded to the boy that stood near. And the boy having gone out, and stayed for some time, came, bringing with him the man that was to administer the poison, who brought it ready pounded in a cup. And Socrates, on seeing the man, said, "Well, as you are skilled in these matters, what must I do?"

"Nothing else," he replied, "than when you have drunk it walk about, until there is a heaviness in your legs, then lie down; thus it will do its purpose." And at the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. And he having received it very cheerfully, Echecrates, neither trembling, nor changing at all in color or countenance, but, as he was wont, looking steadfastly at the man, said, "What say you of this potion, with respect to making a libation to any one, is it lawful or not?"

"We only pound so much, Socrates," he said, "as we think sufficient to drink."

"I understand you," he said, "but it is certainly both lawful and right to pray to the gods, that my departure hence thither may be happy; which therefore I pray, and so may it be." And as he said this he drank it off readily and calmly. Thus far, most of us were with difficulty able to restrain ourselves from weeping, but

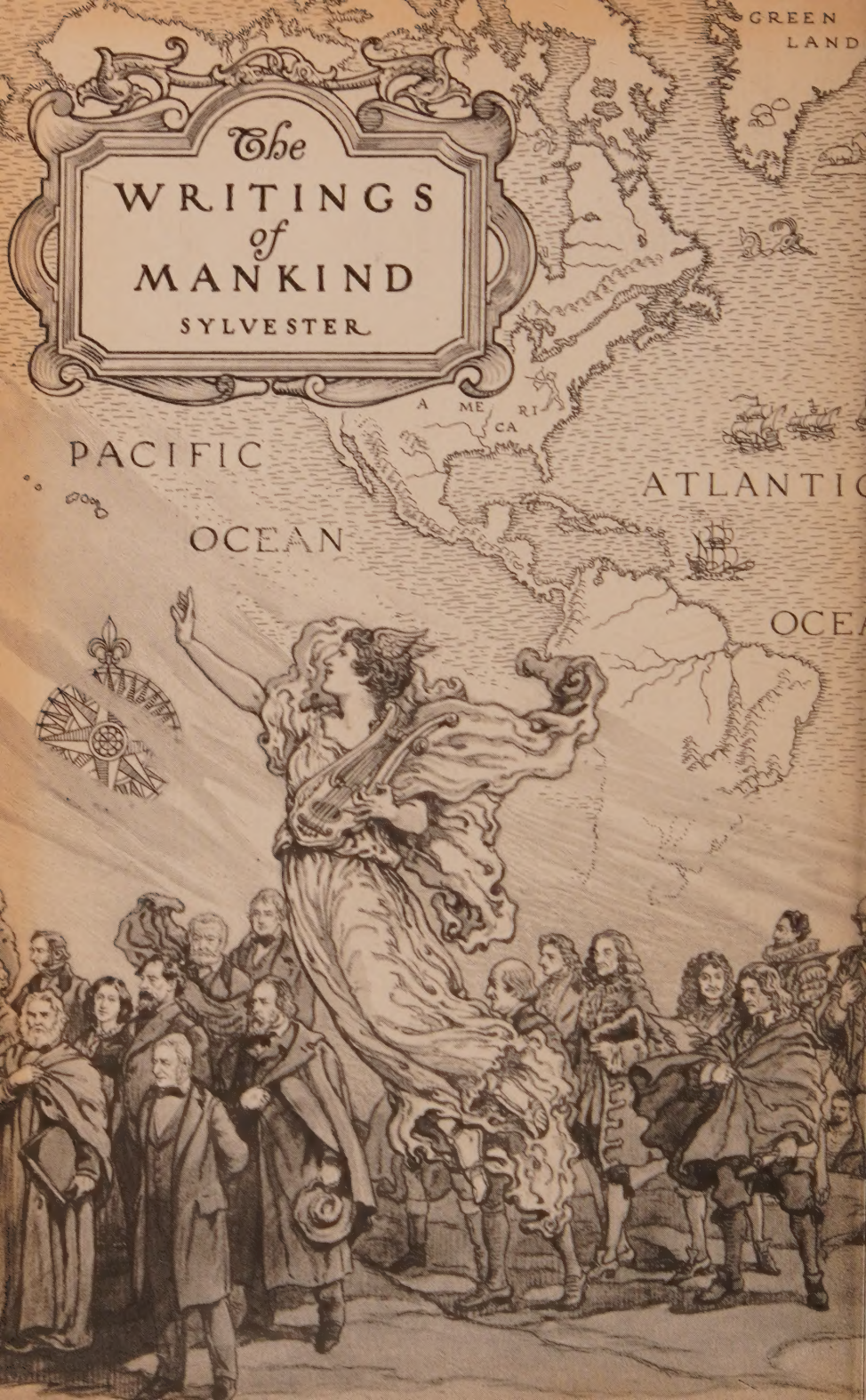
when we saw him drinking, and having finished the draught, we could do so no longer; but in spite of myself the tears came in full torrent, so that, covering my face, I wept for myself, for I did not weep for him, but for my own fortune, in being deprived of such a friend. But Crito, even before me, when he could not restrain his tears, had risen up. But Apollodorus even before this had not ceased weeping, and then bursting into an agony of grief, weeping and lamenting, he pierced the heart of every one present, except Socrates himself. But he said, "What are you doing, my admirable friends? I indeed, for this reason chiefly, sent away the women, that they might not commit any folly of this kind. For I have heard that it is right to die with good omens. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up."

When we heard this we were ashamed, and restrained our tears. But he, having walked about, when he said that his legs were growing heavy, laid down on his back; for the man so directed him. And at the same time he who gave him the poison, taking hold of him, after a short interval examined his feet and legs; and then having pressed his foot hard, he asked if he felt it: he said that he did not. And after this he pressed his thighs; and thus going higher, he showed us that he was growing cold and stiff. Then Socrates touched himself, and said, that when the poison reached his heart he should then depart. But now the parts around the lower belly were almost cold; when uncovering himself, for he had been covered over, he said, and they were his last words, "Crito, we owe a cock to Aesculapius; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it."

"It shall be done," said Crito, "but consider whether you have anything else to say."

To this question he gave no reply; but shortly after he gave a convulsive movement, and the man covered him, and his eyes were fixed.

This, Echecrates, was the end of our friend, a man, as we may say, the best of all of his time that we have known, and moreover, the most wise and just.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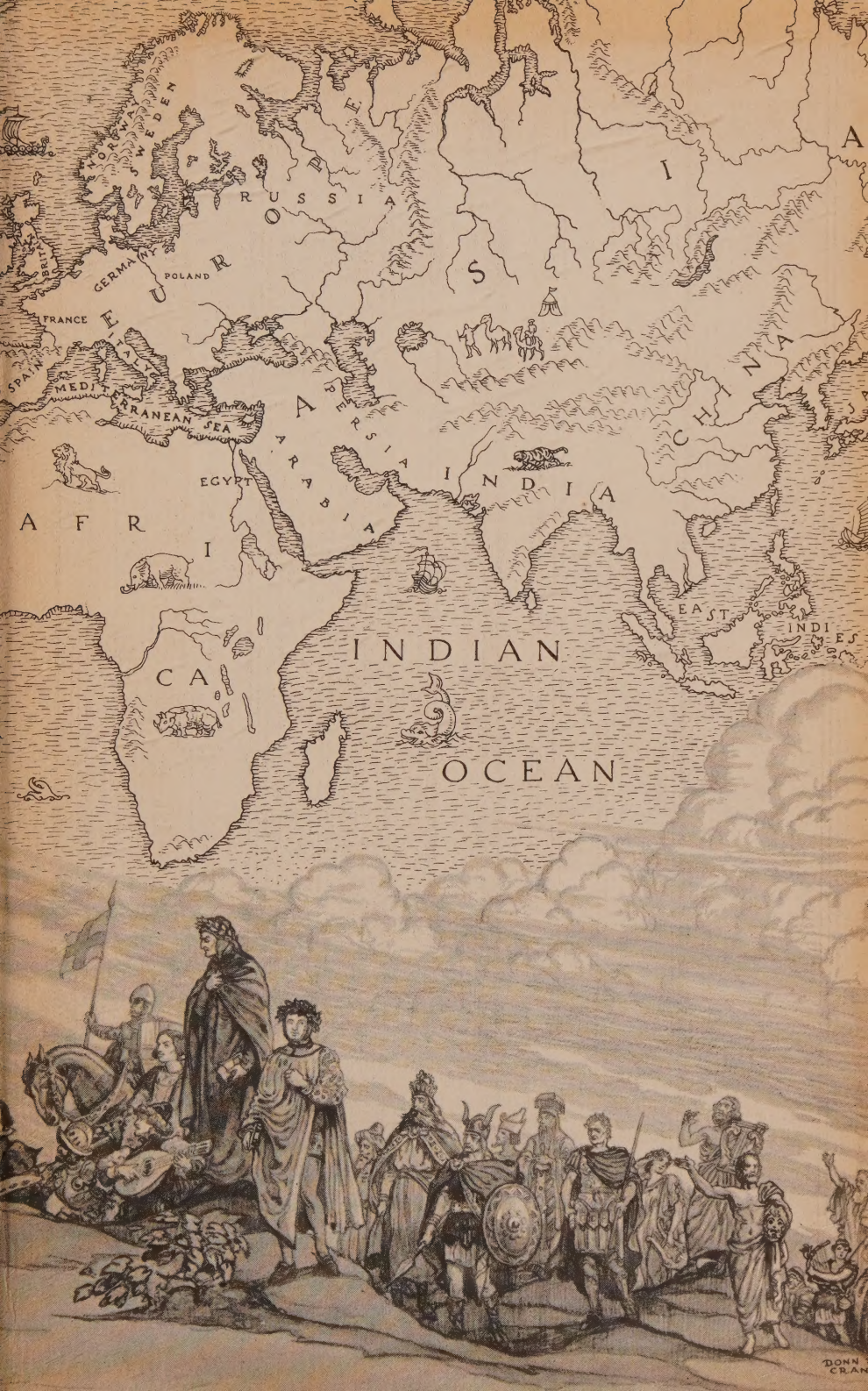
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